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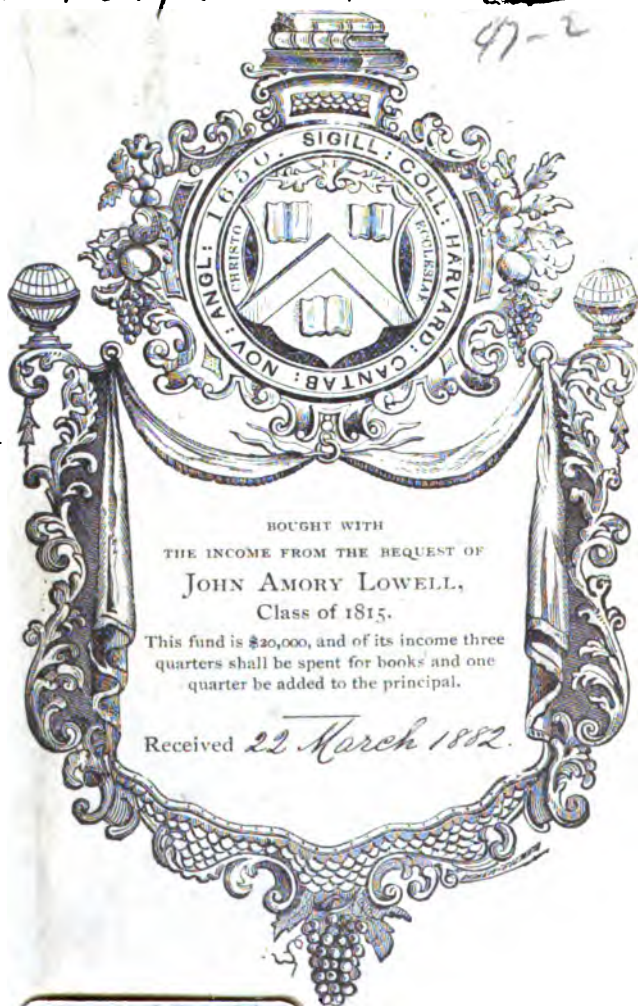
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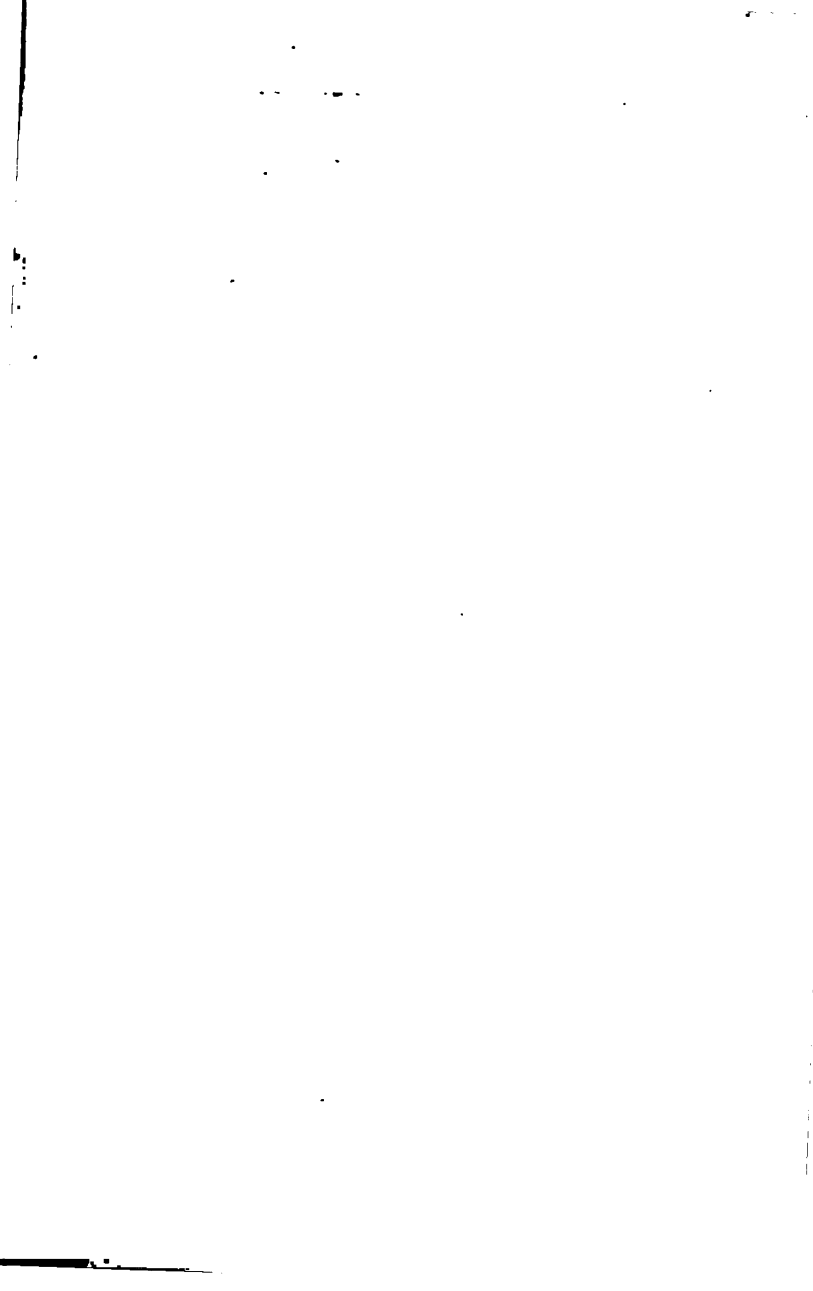
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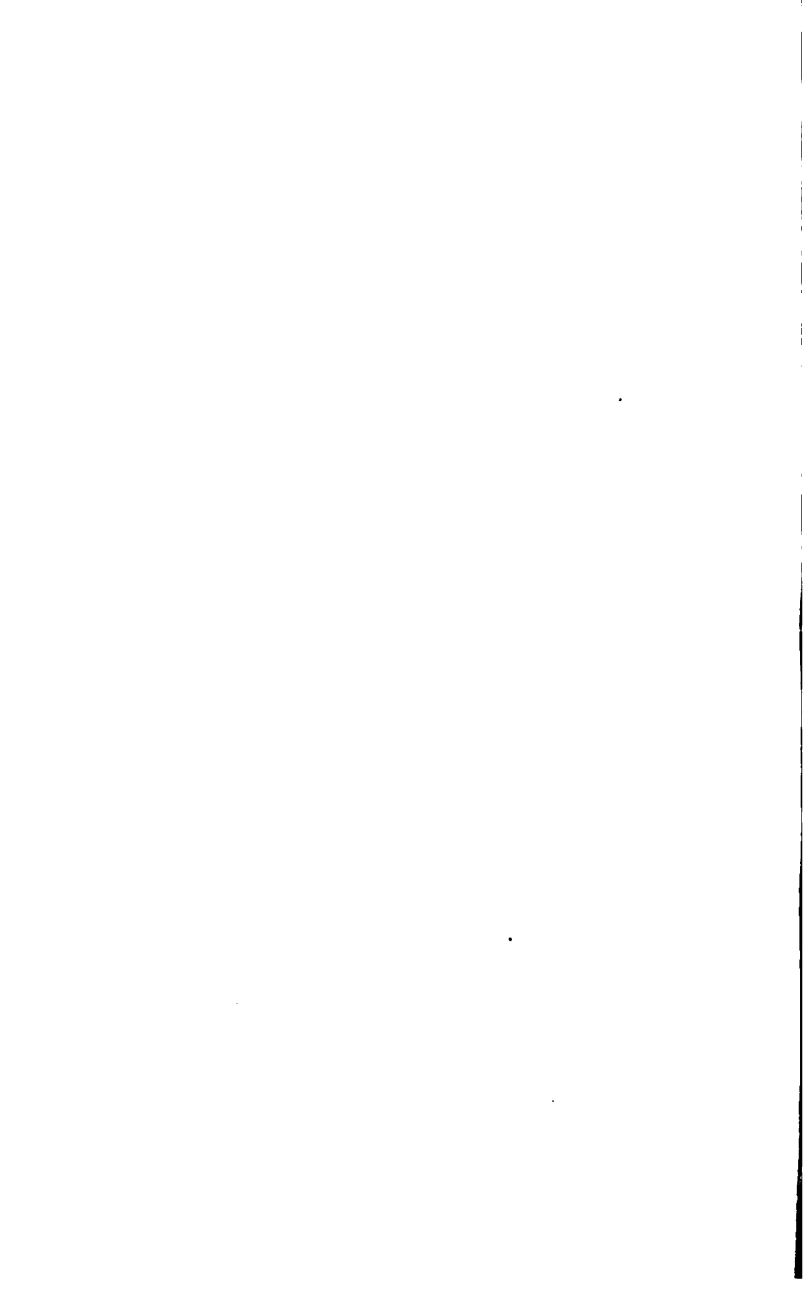
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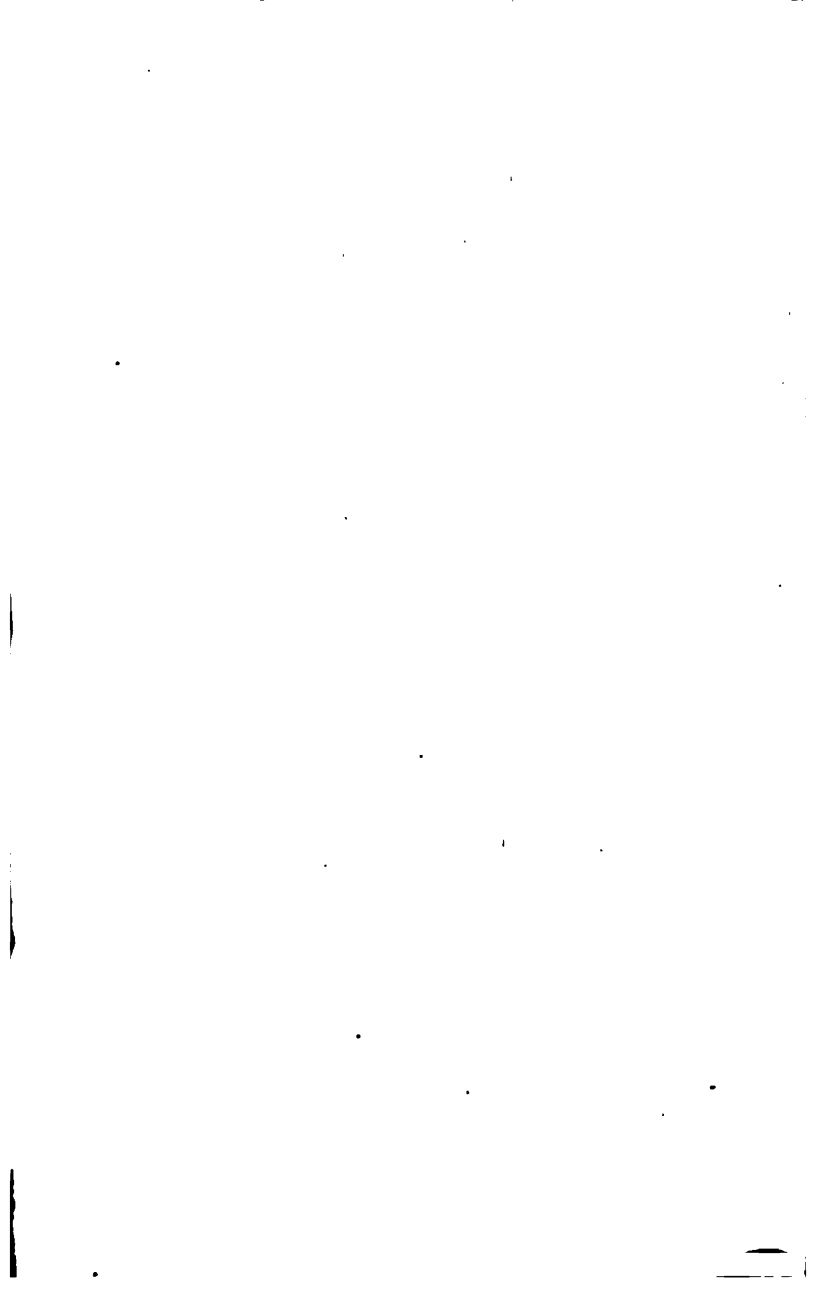
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BEST THINGS

FROM

BEST AUTHORS,

NO. 2.



HUMOR, PATHOS, AND ELOQUENCE.

DESIGNED FOR

PUBLIC AND SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENT

AND FOR USE IN

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

COMPRISING

Numbers Four, Five, and Six

OF THE

ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

EDITED BY

J. W. SHOEMAKER, A. M.,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION AND ORATORY.



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PHILADELPHIA:

National School of Elocution and Oratory.

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PREFACE.

NO subject within the range of English education has given more evidence of progress within the last ten years than that of oral expression. This progress has shown itself not only in the greater attention which is bestowed upon popular recitation, but also in a demand on the part of artist and teacher for a purer literature and a truer art. It has been the conscientious aim of the editor, in the several numbers of **THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL** which have succeeded the numbers comprising **BEST THINGS**, No. 1, to follow faithfully the most healthful demand, and to stimulate in young and old an appreciation of the true, the beautiful, and the good. **BEST THINGS**, No. 2, combines Nos. 4, 5, and 6 of **THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL**. Its leading features are uniform with No. 1, where they have been defined as follows:

1. **LITERARY CHARACTER.** The "best things from the best authors" has been a conscientious thought in making the selections throughout all the

numbers. If we have seemed to depart from the standard in a few instances, it has been to represent a character or a phase of life at the sacrifice of literary merit. The accompanying index of authors is our guaranty for the corresponding part of the title.

2. ELOCUTIONARY OPPORTUNITY. Each number is designed to represent, as far as possible, every phase of voice and expression, thus giving to the teacher and student of elocution the widest opportunity for the purposes of drill and training.

To secure this end, a list of subjects is arranged, beginning with conversation, and covering every division of vocal quality, articulation, modulation, and gesture, extending into dialects, special characters, conditions of life, etc., and one or more selections chosen to represent each subject.

3. ADAPTATION TO OCCASION. By a similar method the selections are systematically varied in adaptation to time and occasion. The family and home, school exhibitions, festivals, church gatherings, social gatherings, temperance and patriotic occasions, anniversaries, harvest home, and the whole round of holidays, have all been arrayed before us, and assigned their appropriate part.

4. THE FIRESIDE. We feel that we have been somewhat partial to the home, especially the country home. We know something of its wants, and we

are sure there will be much found in these pages to give joy and cheer to the fireside.

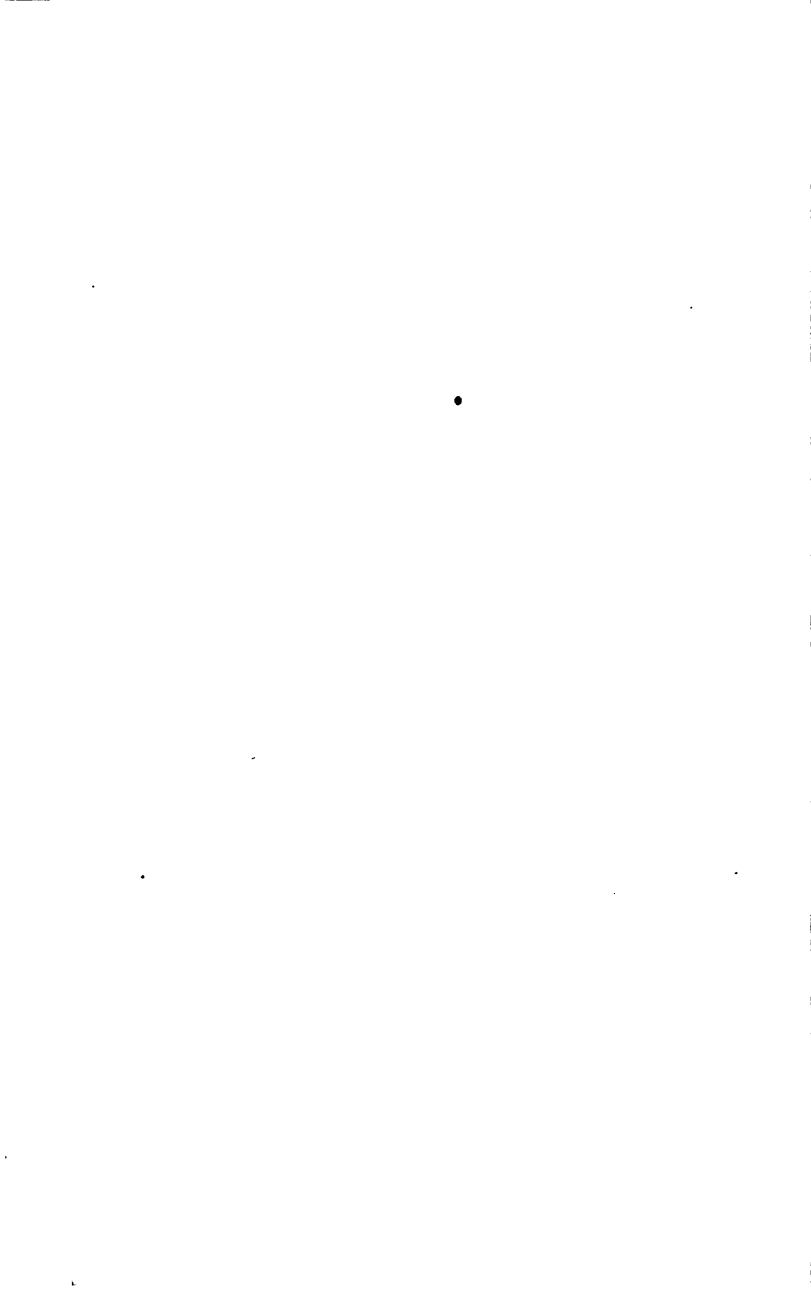
5. INDEXES. An index both of subjects and authors has been carefully arranged, and will be found convenient for ready reference. In the former, selections have been intentionally repeated under the *several* titles by which they are familiarly known.

We are indebted to many good friends for the mention of popular selections, and we earnestly solicit their thought of us in the future for our "annual sheaf." To them, and to publishers and authors who have shown us favor in this work, we are sincerely grateful.

J. W. SHOEMAKER.

PHILADELPHIA,

September 1, 1878.



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PART FIRST.



THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

NUMBER 4.

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

July 4, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident:—That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient

causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature,—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise, the State remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these States; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people, and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws; giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation,—

For quartering large bodies of armed troops among us:

For protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these States:

For cutting off our trade with all parts of the world:

For imposing taxes on us without our consent:

For depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury :

For transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences :

For abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies :

For taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our governments :

For suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny, already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must, therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the Representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of

right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

AN ODE TO INDEPENDENCE HALL.

NO sculptured marble greets the Pilgrim's view;
No gothic dome the ambient zephyrs fan;
No golden spires salute the ethereal blue—
Shrine of enfranchised man!

Thou Mecca of a freedom-loving land!
Voice to all nations struggling to be free!
May thy plain walls in after ages stand,
And tyrants bend to thee.

Ye who have wandered o'er historic climes,
Who've stood upon the seven hills of Rome,
And drank the music of St. Peter's chimes,
And trod beneath its dome;

Ye who have stood on Britain's royal isle,
And paused enraptured with some sacred hymn
Which echoed through St. Paul's aspiring pile,
Like answering cherubim;

Ye who have trod the imperial streets of Gaul—
Where waved of old the golden oriflamme—
And paused to catch the vespers as they fall
And float from Notre Dame;—

Forget not this memorial of our love—
 This silent witness of a noble deed,—
 Hallowed beyond all storied piles of yore,
 By freedom's bond decreed.

Thy ancient bell, from out its brazen throat,
 Still echoes music that it pealed of yore;
 And through the listening ages it shall float,
 A hope for evermore.—J. STEVENSON MITCHELL.



THE ANGELS OF BUENA VISTA.

At the terrible fight of Buena Vista, Mexican women were seen hovering near the field of death, for the purpose of giving aid and succor to the wounded. One poor woman was found surrounded by the maimed and suffering of both armies, ministering to the wants of Americans as well as Mexicans with impartial tenderness.

SPEAK and tell us, our Ximena, looking northward
 far away,
 O'er the camp of the invaders, o'er the Mexican array,
 Who is losing? who is winning? are they far or come
 they near?
 Look abroad, and tell us, sister, whither rolls the storm
 we hear?

"Down the hills of Angostura still the storm of battle
 rolls;
 Blood is flowing, men are dying; God have mercy on
 their souls!"
 Who is losing? who is winning? "Over hill and over
 plain,
 I see but smoke of cannon, clouding through the moun-
 tain rain."

Holy Mother, keep our brothers! Look, Ximena, look
once more;

"Still I see the fearful whirlwind rolling darkly as
before,

Bearing on, in strange confusion, friend and foeman,
foot and horse,

Like some wild and troubled torrent sweeping down its
mountain course."

Look forth once more, Ximena! "Ah! the smoke has
rolled away;

And I see the Northern rifles gleaming down the ranks
of gray.

Hark! that sudden blast of bugles! there the troop of
Minon wheels;

There the Northern horses thunder, with the cannon at
their heels.

"Jesu, pity! how it thickens! now retreat and now
advance!

Right against the blazing cannon shivers Puebla's charg-
ing lance!

Down they go, the brave young riders; horse and foot
together fall;

Like a ploughshare in the fallow, through them ploughs
the Northern ball."

Nearer came the storm, and nearer, rolling fast and
frightful on.

Speak, Ximena, speak, and tell us who has lost and who
has won:

"Alas! alas! I know not; friend and foe together fall;
O'er the dying rush the living; pray, my sisters, for
them all!

“Lo! the wind the smoke is lifting; Blessed Mother,
save my brain!

I can see the wounded crawling slowly out from heaps
of slain;

Now they stagger, blind and bleeding; now they fall, and
strive to rise;

Hasten, sisters, haste and save them, lest they die before
our eyes!

“Oh, my heart’s love! oh, my dear one! lay thy poor
head on my knee;

Dost thou know the lips that kiss thee? Canst thou hear
me? Canst thou see?

Oh, my husband, brave and gentle! oh, my Bernal, look
once more

On the blessed cross before thee! Mercy! mercy! all is
o’er!”

Dry thy tears, my poor Ximena; lay thy dear one down
to rest;

Let his hands be meekly folded, lay the cross upon his
breast;

Let his dirge be sung hereafter, and his funeral masses said;
To-day, thou poor bereaved one, the living ask thy aid.

Close beside her, faintly moaning, fair and young, a sol-
dier lay,

Torn with shot and pierced with lances, bleeding slow
his life away;

But, as tenderly before him the lorn Ximena knelt,
She saw the Northern eagle shining on his pistol belt.

With a stifled cry of horror, straight she turned away
her head;

With a sad and bitter feeling looked she back upon her
dead;

But she heard the youth's low moaning, and his struggling breath of pain,
And she raised the cooling water to his parched lips again.

Whispered low the dying soldier, pressed her hand and faintly smiled ;
Was that pitying face his mother's ? did she watch beside her child ?
All his stranger words with meaning her woman's heart supplied ;
With her kiss upon his forehead, " Mother ! " murmured he, and died.

" A bitter curse upon them, poor boy, who led thee forth
From some gentle, sad-eyed mother, weeping lonely in the North ! "
Spake the mournful Mexic woman, as she laid him with her dead,
And turned to soothe the living still, and bind the wounds which bled.

Look forth once more, Ximena : " Like a cloud before the wind
Rolls the battle down the mountains, leaving blood and death behind ;
Ah ! they plead in vain for mercy ! in the dust the wounded strive ;
Hide your faces, holy angels ! O thou Christ of God, forgive ! "

Sink, O Night, among thy mountains ! let the cool, gray shadows fall ;
Dying brothers, fighting demons,—drop thy curtain over all !

Through the thickening winter twilight, wide apart the
battle rolled,
In its sheath the sabre rested, and the cannon's lips grew
cold.

But the noble Mexic women still their holy task
pursued,
Through that long dark night of sorrow, worn and faint
and lacking food ;
Over weak and suffering brothers with a tender care
they hung,
And the dying foeman blessed them in a strange and
Northern tongue.

Not wholly lost, O Father ! is this evil world of ours ;
Upward, through its blood and ashes, spring afresh the
Eden flowers ;
From its smoking hell of battle, Love and Pity send
their prayer,
And still thy white-winged angels hover dimly in our air.
JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AUNT KINDLY.

MISS KINDLY is aunt to everybody, and has been
so long that none remember to the contrary. The
little children love her ; she helped their grandmothers
to bridal ornaments three-score years ago. Nay, this
boy's grandfather found his way to college through her
pocket. Generations not her own, rise up and call her
blessed. To this man's father her patient toil gave the
first start in life. That great fortune—when it was a
seed she carried it in her hand. That wide river of repu-

tation ran out of the cup her bounty filled. Now she is old; very old. The little children who cling about her, with open mouth and great round eyes, wonder that anybody should ever be so old; or that Aunt Kindly ever had a mother to kiss her mouth. To them she is coeval with the sun, and, like that, an institution of the country. At Christmas they think she is the wife of Saint Nicholas himself, such an advent of blessings is there from her hand. She has helped to lay a blessing in many a poor man's crib.

Now these things are passed by. No, they are not passed by; they are remembered in the memory of the dear God, and every good deed she has done is treasured in her own heart. The bulb shuts up the summer in its breast which in winter will come out a fragrant hyacinth. Stratum after stratum her good works are laid up, imperishable in the geology of her character.

It is near noon. She is alone. She has been thoughtful all day, talking inwardly to herself. The family notice it, and say nothing. In a chamber, from a private drawer, she takes a little casket, and from thence a book, gilt-edged and clasped; but the clasp is worn, the gilding is old, the binding is faded by long use. Her hands tremble as she opens it. First she reads her own name on the fly-leaf; only her Christian name, "Agnes," and the date. Sixty-eight years ago this day it was written there, in a clear, youthful, clerkly hand—with a little tremble in it, as if the heart beat over it quick. It is a very well-worn, dear old Bible. It opens of its own accord at the fourteenth chapter of John. There is a little folded piece of paper there; it touches the first verse and the twenty-seventh. She sees neither; she reads both out of her soul; "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God; believe also in me."

"Peace I leave with you. My peace give I unto you. Not as the world giveth give I unto you." She opens the paper. There is a little brown dust in it; perhaps the remnant of a flower. She takes the precious relic in her hand, made cold by emotion. She drops a tear on it, and the dust is transfigured before her eyes; it is a red rose of the spring, not quite half blown, dewy fresh. She is old no longer. It is not Aunt Kindly now; it is sweet Agnes, as the maiden of eighteen was eight-and-sixty years ago, one day in May, when all nature was woosome and winning, and every flower-bell rung in the marriage of the year. Her lover had just put that red rose of the spring into her hand, and the good God another in her cheek, not quite half-blown, dewy fresh. The young man's arm is round her; her brown curls fall on his shoulder; she feels his breath on her face, his cheek on hers; their lips join, and, like two morning dew-drops in that rose, their two loves rush into one. But the youth must wander to a far land. They will think of each other as they look at the North Star. She bids him take her Bible. He saw the North Star hang over the turrets of many a foreign town. His soul went to God—there is as straight a road from India as from any other spot—and his Bible came back to her—the divine love in it, without the human lover; the leaf turned down at the blessed words of John, first and twenty-seventh of the fourteenth chapter. She put the rose there to note the spot; what marks the thought holds now the symbol of their youthful love. Now to-day her soul is with him, her maiden soul with his angel soul; and one day the two, like two dew-drops, will rush into one immortal wedlock, and the old age of earth shall become eternal youth in the Kingdom of Heaven.—THEO. PARKER.

THE RATIONALISTIC CHICKEN.

MOST strange!
Most queer—although most excellent a change!
Shades of the prison-house, ye disappear!
My fettered thoughts have won a wider range,
And, like my legs, are free;
No longer huddled up so pitiably;
Free now to pry and probe, and peer and peer,
And make these mysteries out.
Shall a free-thinking chicken live in doubt?
For now in doubt undoubtedly I am;
This problem's very heavy on my mind;
And I'm not one to either shirk or sham;
I won't be blinded and I won't be blind!
Now, let me see:
First, I would know how did I get in there?
Then, where was I of yore?
Besides, why did n't I get out before?
Dear me!
Here are three puzzles (out of plenty more),
Enough to give me pip upon the brain!
But let me think again!
How do I know I ever was inside?
Now I reflect, it is, I do maintain,
Less than my reason, and beneath my pride,
To think that I could dwell
In such a paltry, miserable cell
As that old shell.
Of course I couldn't! How could I have lain—
Body and beak and feathers, legs and wings,
And my deep heart's sublime imaginings—
In there?

I meet the notion with profound disdain ;
 It's quite incredible ; since I declare
 (And I'm a chicken that you can't deceive),
 What I can't understand I won't believe !

Where did I come from, then ? Ah, where indeed ?
 This is a riddle monstrous hard to read.

I have it ! Why, of course,
 All things are moulded by some plastic force
 Out of some atoms somewhere up in space,
 Fortuitously concurrent anyhow.

There now !
 That's plain as is the beak upon my face.

What's that I hear ?
 My mother cackling at me—just her way,
 So prejudiced and ignorant, I say,
 So far behind the wisdom of the day.

What's old I can't revere.
 Hark at her. " You're a silly chick, my dear,
 That's quite as plain, alack !
 As is the piece of shell upon your back !"
 How bigoted ! Upon my back, indeed !

I don't believe it's there ;
 For I can't see it ; and I do declare,
 For all her fond deceivin',
 What I can't see, I never will believe in !



FAITH AND REASON.

TWO travellers started on a tour,
 With trust and knowledge laden ;
 One was a man with mighty brain,
 And one a gentle maiden.

They joined their hands and vowed to be
Companions for a season ;
The gentle maiden's name was *Faith*,
The mighty man's was *Reason*.

He sought all knowledge from the world,
And every world anear it ;
All *matter* and all *mind* were his,
But hers was only spirit.
If any stars were missed from heaven,
His telescope could find them ;
But while he only found the stars,
She found the God behind them.

He sought for truth above, below,
All hidden things revealing ;
She only sought it woman-wise,
And found it in her feeling.
He said, " This earth 's a rolling ball,
And so doth science prove it ;"
He but discovered that it moves,
She found the springs that move it.

He reads with geologic eye
The record of the ages ;
Unfolding strata, he translates
Earth's wonder-written pages.
He digs around a mountain base,
And measures it with plummet ;
She leaps it with a single bound,
And stands upon the summit.

He brings to light the hidden force
In Nature's labyrinths lurking,
And binds it to his onward car
To do his mighty working.

He sends his message 'cross the earth,
And down where sea gems glisten ;
She sendeth hers to God himself,
Who bends his ear to listen.

He tries, from earth, to forge a key
To ope the gate of heaven ;
That key is in the maiden's heart,
And back its bolts are driven.
They part. Without her all is dark,
His knowledge vain and hollow ;
For Faith has entered in with God,
Where Reason may not follow.

LIZZIE YORK CASE.

TRIBUTE TO WASHINGTON.

LAND of the West! though passing brief the record
of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—thine shall be
loudest far :
Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er
depart ;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the
coldest heart ;
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won,
Land of the West! it stands alone—it is thy Washington!
Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave ; but stain was on
his wreath :
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's
death.

France had its Eagle; but his wings, though lofty they
might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in
murder's gore.

Those hero-gods, whose mighty sway would fain have
chained the waves—

Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal, to make a
world of slaves—

Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely
waded on—

Oh, where shall be *their* "glory" by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck, but to
defend;

And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend.

He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle
word,

And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—
sword to sword.

He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage;

He showed no deep avenging hate—no burst of despot rage.

He stood for liberty and truth, and dauntlessly led on,

Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington.

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with
grief;

No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him
victor chief:

He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high
disdain;

And cast no sceptre from the links when he had crushed
the chain.

He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings
down
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly
crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such
a son—
To let a robe and title mask a noble Washington.

ELIZA COOK.

A LEAP-YEAR WOOING.

THIS time, four years ago, I lodged in Bath Street, with my old friend Tom Pidger. We lodged with a Mrs. Pritchard. There was a Mr. Pritchard, but Mr. Pritchard was nobody to speak of. As Tom used to say, "It's Mrs. Pritchard that wears the bre—, that is, in fact, the nether integuments."

It was an objection to the place, that Mrs. Pritchard had a whole family of small children, endowed with powerful lungs, and a constant disposition to use them. This was disagreeable. Nor did it add decidedly to our comfort in the morning to be awakened two hours before the time for getting up by a shrill Babel of voices from the nursery, pitched on two keys, from Master Billy's, which sounded like the roar of a young calf, up to baby's penny whistle.

This feature of the domestic life was undoubtedly a disadvantage. But then the rooms were neat, comfortable, and pleasantly situated, and Mrs. Pritchard was a tidy, honest, obliging woman, while Mr. Pritchard was a meek man in slippers, who dwelt in some unseen part of the house, and went messages, I believe, when wanted.

Tom Pidger, at the time I have named, was taking his last session at college; and I regret to say that one of the effects of his college training had been to make Tom one of the most slovenly of fellows. I don't mind saying so plainly,—first, because Tom is a very different fellow now; and, secondly, because at that time he would have considered the imputation rather a compliment than otherwise. Tom's great principle, which he had picked up at college, I suppose, and had inscribed in several of his books, was this: "On earth there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind."

It was not surprising that a fellow, acting on a transcendental principle like this, should have thought it beneath him to pay much attention to his habiliments. The consequence was, that Tom wore his boots until they began to gape at the sides. He went about the streets in an old black top-coat,—I mean, a top-coat that looked as if it had once been black,—but so rusty and threadbare now that I should have blushed to offer it even to an old-clothes man. As for his linen, I doubt if he would ever have changed it, had our landlady, Mrs. Pritchard, not made a point of taking his clean shirt into his bedroom every Sunday morning before Tom was up, and carrying the dirty one off. Then you should have seen Tom Pidger's hat! I have seen old hats in my time,—very old and shabby hats,—but I have never seen a hat like Tom's. I told him, if he persisted in going out with it, he would be taken for an hod-carrier! Tom would n't have cared though he had been taken for a gorilla.

If Tom ever looked worse than with his hat on, it was with his hat off. I never saw hair like Tom's; not that it had a bad color, but nothing would induce him ever to get it cut or brushed. One day it looked so very dry and frowzy that I could not forbear remonstrating.

"Positively, Tom," I said, "you must pay some attention to your personal appearance. Why, your head is like a mop!" Tom did n't seem to see the harm of that. And, really, to a fellow who thinks there is nothing great in man but mind, what does it matter though his head be like a mop?

I would have urged that the ladies would not tolerate his company if he kept himself so shockingly untidy; but as I knew Tom to be a woman-hater,—or, rather, a woman-scorner, for he did not think them worth hating,—I waived that point. So things went on as before.

I was not a woman-hater, for I had become enamored of Fanny Everdale,—such a noble little girl!—had wooed her, and last December proposed and was accepted.

"Tom," said I, one night, when we were having our usual pipe by the fireside before going to bed,—“Tom, you know Fanny Everdale?”

"If I don't, it is n't for want of hearing about her," replied Tom, satirically.

"Well, she and I are to be married next month."

Tom laughed. He thought I meant to be funny.

"On my honor, Tom, we are."

The tone struck him. His face became grave on the instant; and after looking steadily at me for a few moments, to assure himself that I was serious, he slowly took his pipe from his mouth and laid it on the mantel-piece. "Well, Dick," said he, in a tone of great solemnity, "I could n't have thought this of you." He looked mournfully into the fire for a while, and then resumed: "Have you considered this subject? Don't you know as well as I do, that, once married, you are done for? There is no backing out from that again. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you! Why, it's suicide,—moral and intellectual suicide! Oh, it cannot be! you're joking."

"I assure you I am perfectly serious."

"But look here, Dick. Look at the philosophy of the thing. A wife! *Cui bono?* What have you to complain of here? Mrs. Pritchard is punctual with your meals. Mrs. Pritchard darns your socks. Mrs. Pritchard looks after your washing. Mrs. Pritchard stitches on your buttons. What more do you want?"

"Why, Tom, you seem to know nothing of the poetry of love and marriage."

"Poetry! don't mention poetry in that connection. Wait until you are a while married. Wait until the curtain-lectures commence. You won't find much poetry in them. And children, too! Ah, my dear fellow, you'll have your house swarming with them before you know what you are about."

"There is my cousin at Bradford," said Tom, with increasing fervor, "married right off, and had six children in three years!"

"Oh! oh! pooh! nonsense!"

"It is a fact!" said Tom.

"Six children in three years! Impossible! You mean three children in six years, I suppose!"

Tom reflected, doubted, wouldn't be positive; but rather thought it was six, not three.

"You have no idea," he said, "how rapidly children multiply. Have you read Mr. Malthus's book,—his 'Essay on the Increase of Population?' Read that book. It will appall you."

"I have read it."

"Read it again, and apply it to your own case. Poetry! You will find precious little poetry about children! Hush! hear that," cried Tom, throwing up his finger suddenly, as the nursery door on the other side of the passage-way opened for a moment, and a gust

from half a dozen squalling voices reached our ears. "That's bad enough, but wait until you are in the midst of the Babel, and can't escape. Wait until you have to wipe the children's noses, like that poor wretch Pritchard, and be badgered out of bed on the frosty nights, whenever a child so much as squawks! You'll know what the poetry of love is then, my Trojan!"

Tom concluded with a prophetic jerk of his head, and relighted his pipe. He smoked sullenly for a moment or two, and then proceeded to give me a brief abstract of Mr. Malthus's book, in the middle of which I fell asleep, and nearly tumbled forward into the fire. So I got up and told him it was no use talking, as the thing was all settled. Tom got up, bade me good night with an air of profound compassion, and evidently gave me up for a lost sheep.

A PROBLEM WHICH IS SATISFACTORILY SOLVED.

It might be about a fortnight after, that Tom had occasion to be in Edinburgh for a day or two. On the evening of his return I observed that he looked very abstracted. He smoked by the fireside for an hour, I am sure, before retiring; yet all my efforts to get him to talk were fruitless. When I turned, after telling him anything, and said, "Don't you think so?" or, "Strange that, wasn't it?" Tom would start, and ejaculate, "Eh?" as if he had not the remotest idea of what I had been speaking about, as I really believe he had not.

When Tom came home to dinner next day, fancy my amazement on seeing that he had got his hair cut!

"Hallo, Tom!" I exclaimed, in irrepressible astonishment; "got your hair cut?"

"Yes," replied Tom, with something of irritation in his tone, I thought; "did you never see a fellow with his hair cut before?"

"I haven't seen *you* very often, Tom."

He made no reply, and as it seemed to annoy him, I said nothing more about it. But really it did astonish me; and my astonishment was by no means diminished when I found, the next morning, that he had brushed it carefully; oiled it too, I was convinced, it looked so smooth and shiny. What should I find him doing next but appearing in a clean shirt every second day or so, and actually quarrelling with Mrs. Pritchard herself for not starching the wristbands. Then came a fashionable hat; then a pair of new boots, so very small that I could have sworn Tom's feet would never get into them. My amazement was unbounded. I could not for the life of me account for it; but, as the change was a good one, and as I remembered the rebuff I got when I spoke about his hair, I considered it best to keep quiet.

And now Tom, who formerly could not be coaxed out of the house except at college hours, evinced a sudden propensity for afternoon walks, a positive passion for them. "Dick," he would say, at the very time when I used to enjoy a read by the fire,—“Dick, put on your hat, and let us have a stroll.”

It was vain expostulating.

"Confound it!" I used to say at last, tossing aside my book, "I wish you had thought of strolling in summer. This is most unseasonable weather for it."

"That's the greatest mistake, my dear fellow," Tom would say. "You should read *Strawl* on that point. Why, this is the most bracing season in the year. Come, let's have a stroll."

I went, but it was not a stroll. It was a regular, unvaried walk to Queen's Crescent, twice round the Crescent, and back again. It was the coldest, bleakest, and most dismal round which could possibly have been

selected. Yet this walk Tom would take, and no other. Soon, however, he gave over asking me to go,—seemed anxious, in fact, that I shouldn't go. One day, in particular, he suddenly appeared fully equipped, and said, "Well, I am off for a stroll."

"Wait one minute," I said, "and I shall be with you."

"Do n't mind," cried Tom, glancing out of the window for a moment; "I sha'n't be long. It looks as if it were going to rain,"—and hurried out. The afternoon wore away; tea-time came; yet Tom had not returned. He did not return until half-past ten.

"Hallo, Tom," I said; "you have taken a tolerably long stroll to-night."

Tom did not look straight at me, but seemed a little put about for an answer.

"I looked up to see my aunt," he said at last. "She's not very well just now."

"Your aunt?"

"Aunt Patterson,—mother's sister," added Tom, nervously. "By the way, I don't think you know her."

I certainly did not,—had never heard of her, to my knowledge.

Next day, when we had finished dinner, we drew our chairs to the fireside, and I proceeded to make some observations on the condition of Italy.

"Oh, hang it!" cried Tom, suddenly, clapping his hand upon his coat pocket, "I have forgotten to post that letter!" He threw on his hat and cloak, and was off. Half past ten again before he returned!

"Hallo, Tom," I said; "you have taken considerable time to post that letter?"

"Letter? Oh, I was up seeing my aunt!"

"Ah! I had forgotten. Is she better to-night?"

"Well, no," replied Tom, dubiously; "I am afraid she is rather in a bad way."

"I am sorry for that. Well, come and let us have a quiet pipe."

"Not to-night, thank you."

"What!" I exclaimed, with the utmost astonishment, for Tom smoked every night with the regularity of clock-work, "not a smoke before going to bed?"

"No, I find it isn't agreeing with me. It is said to be bad for the system. Dr. Prout says it is very bad. At any rate, it's worth experimenting without."

So Tom retired, and I sat and smoked alone, wondering whether Tom could be considered insane, and where this very extraordinary change might be expected to end.

Next night I was up making some arrangements with Fanny for our approaching marriage. "Oh, Dick," she said, "what a merry fellow Tom Pidger is!"

"Tom Pidger! where did you see him?"

"He took tea with us at Mrs. Purdy's last night."

"Mrs. Patterson's, you mean?"

"No, Mrs. Purdy's, Queen's Crescent. Julia Purdy, you know, was a school companion of mine. We had such fun getting a pipe out of Tom's pocket, and at last Julia made him go down on his knees and promise that he would give up smoking that very night, and never put a pipe or cigar in his mouth again."

Here was a revelation! Now I began to discern the secret of Tom's reformation; his walks to Queen's Crescent; the time it took him to post his letter; and, finally, the illness of his aunt!

I asked Fanny how Tom had become acquainted with Miss Purdy.

"He met her in the train, coming from Edinburgh, some weeks ago," Fanny replied, "and fell in love with

her, I suppose; and she (but you mustn't tell him, remember)—she fell in love with Tom. Oh, Tom is there almost every afternoon!"

This was precious news. Keeping it to myself, however, I went home and found Tom sitting ruminating over the fire. "Ah, Tom!" said I, "I thought I should have caught you smoking."

"No, Dick, you won't do that again. Do you know," he said, gravely tapping himself all over the waistcoat, "I find myself better without it already."

"Dear me, already! Then Dr. Prout must be quite correct. Oh! by the way,"—changing my tone,—“I have sad news for you to-night."

"What?" inquired Tom, with a very long face.

"Compose yourself, my dear Tom; I have just heard that your aunt is dead!"

"Eh!" cried Tom, wheeling round his chair, and fixing upon me a look of curious surprise which is quite indescribable, while his face reddened.

"Dead and gone, Tom, is your poor aunt,—your mother's sister, you know." A long pause,—“Mrs. Paterson.” Another long pause,—Tom's face scarlet now. “Not Miss Purdy,” I said at last, “Oh, no!”

You should have seen Tom's face all this time. Shame and merriment, curiosity and chagrin, chased each other off and on so rapidly that they sometimes appeared to be all mixed up in the same expression. At last the ludicrous prevailed, and Tom broke into shouts of laughter, which it would have done your heart good to hear. He looked very red in the face though, being clearly a good deal ashamed of himself. He made me tell him how the secret had come out, and, finding that it really *was* out, he became quite gushing. He made me sit by him at the fireside, and gave me a minute and circumstantial

account of the whole transaction. How, in returning by express from Edinburgh, he found himself in the same carriage with a fine old gentleman and his daughter,—“such a beautiful girl, Dick!”—and how he and the old gentleman conversed, and she listened,—listened with such interest that he thought within himself, “Well, here is a sensible girl for once.” Then how the old gentleman ensconced himself in the corner and fell asleep, and Tom found that he could not keep his eyes off the young lady,—“a most beautiful girl, Dick!”—and, more than that, he caught her every now and then peeping at him, and when he caught her, “how she blushed!” “I do believe,” said Tom, “that *I* blushed too; I felt such a— a sort of—funny all over, you know,” cried Tom, with an explanatory wave of his hands.

Then how the old gentleman woke up when the tickets were called for, and chatted again, and presently discovered, to the surprise and delight of all parties, that he and Tom’s uncle—not Mr. Patterson, but a real uncle this time—had served together in India. So he made Tom shake hands with his daughter, and gave Tom his card, and told him he would be delighted to see him at Queen’s Crescent whenever he could find it convenient to call.

“Now, to-morrow,” said Tom, when he had finished his story, and we were parting for the night, “we might call together, and see Julia. You will be sure to *like* her, she is such a beautiful girl, Dick.”

Next morning we did call, and Julia turned out to be really a beautiful girl. I don’t think I have ever seen a sweeter little girl,—Fanny, of course, excepted. A week after, Fanny and I were married, and left town on our marriage-jaunt.

A DIFFICULTY WHICH IS SATISFACTORILY OVERCOME.

The week following our return I had a note from Tom, stating that he would call that afternoon on very particular business, as he understood that I was to be alone. I mentioned it to Fanny, who laughed, and appeared to have some suspicion of what this very "particular business" would turn out to be. Tom came in time for tea; but took next to nothing, and seemed uncommonly nervous. "This 'very particular business' of yours, Tom," I said, broaching the subject at last, "what is it?"

"Well," said Tom, fingering his cup nervously, "I shall tell you what it is. You know—Julia?"

"Of course I do."

Tom gulped down a quantity of tea, and resumed,—
"Well, I have been thinking—*am* thinking, in fact—that is—I want to marry Julia—if she'll *have* me;" and Tom, who had blushed the deepest crimson to the very roots of his hair, made another gulp at his hot tea, and nearly choked himself. It was with great difficulty that I could keep from laughing at his embarrassment, but I did.

"Tom," I said, with great solemnity, "I didn't expect this of you. At your time of life, too, with the world all before you! Why, it is suicide,—moral and intellectual suicide! You think it is all poetry. Ah, my boy! wait till the curtain lectures commence—"

"O, come, come, Dick; this is too bad!" said Tom, stirring his tea violently.

"But tell me this, Tom; have you read Mr. Malthus's book 'On the Increase of Population?' Have you forgotten your cousin at Bradford? O, Tom, Tom!" I could refrain no longer, and laughed right out, to the infinite relief of Tom, who laughed too, and got excessively jolly at his own expense.

"Now, then," said he at length, "you know what I want. Tell me how to go about it."

"Go about it! Why, propose."

"Propose! Of course; but *how* to propose. There's the rub. I attempted it on four different occasions, and always stuck just at the ticklish point. Then I thought of proposing by letter, and began half a dozen different sheets, but couldn't write one to please me. I even tried poetry, but failed there too. Now, Dick, what I want is this. I want you to tell me exactly how *you* managed it, and perhaps I could do it so, too."

"Well," I said, laughing, "I popped the question in a very simple way,—quite unpremeditated, too. I had been spending an evening with Fanny, and at last got up and said (pulling out my watch,—this one), 'It's late, I must be off.' 'O, no,' she said, 'it can't be ten yet.' 'Look for yourself,' I said, turning the watch towards her. She looked and observed this landscape on the face here. 'O, what a sweet little cottage!' she said, pointing to it. 'Dear me,' I said, 'so it is; I never looked at it particularly before. What would you say, Fanny, to our taking a nice little cottage like that for ourselves, eh? and settling down there?' Well, she blushed, and I kissed her. 'Shall we, love?' And she squeezed my hand as much as to say, 'O, do let us!' And so the thing was settled."

"By Jove!" cried Tom, jumping up excitedly, and striking the table with his hand, "that's admirable! I could manage that, I think. Dick, give me your watch for the night,—there's nothing on the face of mine." The watches were exchanged at once, and Tom, who couldn't wait a minute longer, put on his hat and started for Queen's Crescent in a state of intense excitement.

He reached Colonel Purdy's about six o'clock, and in

the course of half an hour or so found himself alone with Julia. Apprehensive that, if he lost this opportunity, he might get no other that night, he pulled out the watch and said, "Getting late, Julia ; I must be off."

"Late ! why it isn't seven yet."

"Isn't it? Look for yourself," said Tom, turning the watch towards her. "Ah ! your watch is not right ; look here."

Julia looked. "Why, it isn't seven on yours, either."

"Dear me !" said Tom, with an assumption of great astonishment, "neither it is ! Pretty landscape that ?—this here," and he put his finger tremblingly on the watch-glass.

"So it is," Julia said with a smile, as she bent her face towards it,— "a very sweet cottage."

"Very sweet cottage !" repeated Tom, with startling energy, "Remarkably sweet cottage ! Julia !" he continued, in soft and persuasive tones,— "I say, Julia, what would you—what would you say—it—it would cost to engrave that ?"

Alas for Tom, he had failed once more.

Of this, however, I was ignorant, and called next morning to ascertain how he had succeeded. Tom was out, and as I could not wait, I sat down to scribble a note, inviting him up that evening to tell me the result. I took his desk, and was rummaging for a scrap of paper, when my eye fell on a sheet scribbled and blotted all over with what I at once perceived to be Tom's matrimonial proposals in verse. On the first page he had collected a host of rhyming words, to be introduced as they might happen to suit his turn. There were "bliss" and "kiss," "sing" and "ring," "life" and "wife," and many other sentimental monosyllables. Then there were "Julia" and "peculiar," with a query after the latter ;

also, "Purdy," with "sturdy" and "hurdy-gurdy," but Tom had drawn his pen through these. He had even attempted "Pidger," but apparently without success. On the next page were his numerous efforts to put these together, after various models.

"To be or not to be, that's the question."

Then a blank line under, with the word "digestion"—scored out.

Then came an adaptation of part of a popular song:—

Beautiful star! for star thou art,
Twinkling o'er my smitten heart;
O that I could call thee mine!
Star of my bosom! star divine!"

After this were some curious hexameters about—

"His hearth being cold and black, and his home full of sadness and sorrow;"

and, at last, half a dozen copies with varieties of his greatest and final effort, which was fairly copied out by itself in the centre of the last page:—

"I am thine;
Wilt thou be mine?
Tell me, tell me, sweetest Julia,
Say the wordie,
Darling Purdy!
None can love you more or truller.
My heart is fond,
All parallel beyond,
Although my poetry 's peculiar,"—

which it certainly was.

I had scarcely finished my note when Tom came in. His abject look told his story at once. "Come, come, Tom," I said; "you mustn't get down-hearted. 'Never say die,' you know, 'while there's a shot in the locker!'" Tom shook his head despairingly, as if conscious that the locker had been completely emptied on the night before. I cheered him up as best I could and left him.

"Fanny," I said, when I got home, "we must manage this business for Tom ourselves. The poor fellow is getting worse and worse. An idea struck me on the way home. This is *Leap-Year*, you know. Now don't you think you could persuade Julia to pop the question?"

Fanny was exceedingly shocked at the idea at first, but I brought her round to my way of thinking, and we set ourselves to arrange how it could best be carried out. It was finally arranged that Fanny should go and tell Julia all about it, show her Tom's letters on the subject, and tell about his consultation with me; that, as Tom was to be there that night, Julia should watch her opportunity, and in an off-hand manner ask him to let her see that cottage on the watch-face again; that, when Tom could n't, not having the watch, Julia should say, "Never mind, Tom, we can get one like it for ourselves, can't we? This is *Leap-Year*, you know; so I propose we should"—or something to that effect. And I felt sure, from the mischievous expression of Julia's eyes, that she was just the one to do it, though it were for nothing but the fun of the thing.

Accordingly Fanny set out for Queen's Crescent, and I expected to hear nothing more of it until her return; but just as I was sitting down to tea a cab pulled up at the door, the bell rang furiously, and in the twinkling of an eye Tom burst into the room, in a perfect transport of delight, with his head more like a mop than the day I told him it was, and a hat far too small for him (Colonel Purdy's, it must have been) stuck on the very back of his head.

"Shake my hand, old fellow," cried Tom, stumbling over the cat, and nearly overturning the tea-things; "shake away, it's all right, it's all settled."

"What's right?"

"Julia, of course. What year is this?—The year—be quick, man! Confound it! Don't you know what year it is?" And Tom in his impatience accompanied each word with a fresh poke of his knuckles.

"Why, eighteen hundred and—"

"*Leap-Year!*" cried Tom, giving me a frightful dig in the ribs that sent me staggering against the wall,—
"Leap-Year, you old fellow, and Julia has popped the question. Ha, ha!"

"You don't mean it?"

"It's a fact, I assure you. She asked for a look of the cottage,—on your watch, you know,—and I thought, O what a *splendid* chance, if I had it! But of course I had n't. 'Never mind,' said Julia, getting very red in the face, and bending down to pick something off the carpet, 'this is Leap-Year, you know; so I propose that we get a cottage just like it for ourselves.' She did, Dick, upon my word. Did you ever hear of anything so extraordinary? The very thing, you know, that I was to have said! Well, I felt something jump right up into my throat, and not a word could I utter; but I ran over and—and—"

Tom could say no more for chuckling, but he made a violent demonstration of claspingsome one in his *arms*, which was sufficiently expressive; and then, in the exuberance of his joy, began to beat the devil's tattoo on Colonel Purdy's hat, and to execute a dance a shade or two wilder than the Highland Fling round and round the table.

To which exhilarating exercise I shall leave him, to advise all young ladies who have beaux like Tom Pidger to glean the moral from my story, and not forget that Leap-Year has come round once more.—DAVID MACRAE.

THE BURNING PRAIRIE.

THE prairie stretched as smooth as a floor,
As far as the eye could see,
And the settler sat at his cabin door,
With his little girl on his knee;
Striving her letters to repeat,
And pulling her apron over her feet.
His face was wrinkled but not old,
For he bore an upright form,
And his shirt sleeves back to the elbow rolled,
They showed a brawny arm.
And near in the grass, with toes upturned,
Was a pair of old shoes, cracked and burned.
A dog with his head betwixt his paws
Lay lazily dozing near,
Now and then snapping his tar black jaws
At the fly that buzzed in his ear;
And near was the cow-pen, made of rails,
And a bench that held two milking-pails.
In the open door an ox-yoke lay,
The mother's odd redoubt,
To keep the little one, at her play
On the floor, from falling out;
While she swept the hearth with a turkey wing,
And filled her tea-kettle at the spring.
The little girl on her father's knee,
With eyes so bright and blue,
From A, B, C, to X, Y, Z,
Had said her lesson through;
When a wind came over the prairie land,
And caught the primer out of her hand.

The watch dog whined, the cattle lowed

And tossed their horns about,

The air grew gray as if it snowed,

"There will be a storm, no doubt,"

So to himself the settler said ;

"But, father, why is the sky so red ?"

The little girl slid off his knee,

And all of a tremble stood ;

"Good wife," he cried, "come out and see,

The skies are as red as blood."

"God save us!" cried the settler's wife,

"The prairie's a-fire, we must run for life!"

She caught the baby up, "Come,

Are ye mad? to your heels, my man ;"

He followed, terror-stricken, dumb,

And so they ran and ran.

Close upon them was the snort and swing

Of buffaloes madly galloping.

The wild wind, like a sower, sows

The ground with sparkles red ;

And the flapping wings of the bats and crows,

And the ashes overhead,

And the bellowing deer, and the hissing snake.

What a swirl of terrible sounds they make

No gleam of the river water yet,

And the flames leap on and on,

A crash and a fiercer whirl and jet,

And the settler's house is gone.

The air grows hot; "This fluttering curl

Would burn like flax," said the little girl.

And as the smoke against her drifts,
And the lizard slips close by her,
She tells how the little cow uplifts
Her speckled face from the fire ;
For she cannot be hindered from looking back,
At the fiery dragon on their track.

They hear the crackling grass and sedge,
The flames as they whirl and rave,
On, on ! they are close to the water's edge,—
They are breast-deep in the wave ;
And lifting their little one high o'er the tide,
“ We are saved, thank God, we are saved ! ” they
cried.—ALICE CAREY.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling
camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews
and damps ;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
lamps.
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:

"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,

Since God is marching on."

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat:

Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him! Be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

"CURFEW MUST NOT RING TO-NIGHT."

SLOWLY England's sun was setting o'er the hilltops far away,

Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day,

And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair,—

He with footsteps slow and weary, she with sunny, floating hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips
all cold and white,
Struggled to keep back the murmur,—
“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

“Sexton,” Bessie’s white lips faltered, pointing to the
prison old,
With its turrets tall and gloomy, with its walls dark,
damp, and cold,
“I’ve a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to
die,
At the ringing of the curfew—and no earthly help is
nigh;
Cromwell will not come till sunset,” and her lips grew
strangely white
As she breathed the husky whisper,—
“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

“Bessie,” calmly spoke the sexton, every word pierced
her young heart
Like the piercing of an arrow, like a deadly, poisoned dart,
“Long, long years I’ve rung the curfew from that
gloomy, shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight
hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I’m old I still must do it,
Curfew it must ring to-night.”

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her
thoughtful brow,
And within her secret bosom Bessie made a solemn vow.
She had listened while the judges read without a tear or
sigh,
“At the ringing of the curfew, Basil Underwood must
die.”

And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew
large and bright—

In an undertone she murmured,—

“Curfew must not ring to-night.”

She with quick steps bounded forward, sprung within
the old church door,

Left the old man threading slowly paths so oft he'd trod
before;

Not one moment paused the maiden, but with eye and
cheek aglow,

Mounted up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to
and fro;

And she climbed the dusty ladder on which fell no ray
of light,

Up and up—her white lips saying—

“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the
great dark bell;

Awful is the gloom beneath her, like a pathway down to
hell.

Lo, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of
curfew now,

And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath,
and paled her brow.

Shall she let it ring? No, never! Flash her eyes with
sudden light,

And she springs and grasps it firmly—

“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a speck of light
below,

Twixt heaven and earth her form suspended, as the bell
swung to and fro,

And the sexton at the bell-rope, old and deaf, heard not
the bell,
But he thought it still was ringing fair young Basil's
funeral knell.
Still the maiden clung most firmly, and with trembling
lips and white,
Said to hush her heart's wild beating,—
“Curfew shall not ring to-night.”

It was o'er, the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden
stepped once more
Firmly on the dark old ladder, where for hundred years
before,
Human foot had not been planted. The brave deed
that she had done
Should be told long ages after, as the rays of setting
sun
Should illumine the sky with beauty; aged sires with
heads of white,
Long should tell the little children,
Curfew did not ring that night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell; Bessie sees him,
and her brow,
Full of hope and full of gladness, has no anxious traces
now.
At his feet she tells her story, shows her hands all
bruised and torn;
And her face so sweet and pleading, yet with sorrow pale
and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity, lit his eye with
misty light:
“Go, your lover lives,” said Cromwell,
“Curfew shall not ring to-night!”

THE ANNUITY.

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
An unco week it proved to be—
For there I met a waesome wife
Lamentin' her viduity.
Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
And,—I was sae left to mysel',—
I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enetigh—
She just was turned o' saxty-three—
I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
By human ingenuity.
But years have come, and years have gane,
And there she's yet as stieve as stane—
The limmers growin' young again,
Since she got her annuity.

She's crined' awa' to bane and skin,
But that, it seems, is nought to me;
She's like to live—although she's in
The last stage o' tenuity.
She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
An' stumps about on legs o' thrums;
But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
To ca' for her annuity.

I read the tables drawn wi' care
For an insurance company;
Her chance o' life was stated there,
Wi' perfect perspicuity.

But tables here or tables there,
She's lived ten years beyond her share,
An's like to live a dozen mair,
 To ca' for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' host,
 I thought a kink might set me free—
I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.
But diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
And miss'd the auld anatomy—
It just cost me a tooth, for bye
 Discharging her annuity.

If there's a sough o' cholera,
 Or typhus,—wha sae gleg as she?
She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccan superfluity!
She doesna need—she's fever proof—
The pest walked o'er her very roof—
She tauld me sae—au' then her loof
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak—
 A compound fracture as could be—
Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.
It's cured! She handles't like a flail—
It does as weel in bits as hale—
But I'm a broken man mysel'
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh and broken banes
 Are weel as flesh and banes can be;
She beats the toads that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity!

They die when they're exposed to air—
They canna thole the atmosphere—
But her!—expose her onywhere—
She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
I'd justify't—an' do it tae.
But how to fell a wither'd wife
That's carved out o' the tree of life—
The timmer limmer, dares the knife
To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot—but whar's the mark?
Her vital parts are hid frae me;
Her backbone wanders through her sark
In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
She's palsified—an' shakes her head
Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't,
It's past the power o' steel or lead
To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned; but go she'll not
Within a mile o' loch or sea;
Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
O' siccan exiguity.
It's fitter far to hang the rope—
It draws out like a telescope;
'Twad tak' a dreadfu' length o' drop
To settle her annuity.

Will poison do it? It has been tried,
But be't in hash or fricasse,
That's just the dish she can't abide,
Whatever kind o' gont it hae.

It's needless to assail her doubts,
 She gangs by instinct—like the brutes,—
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits
 Hersel' and her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore and ten, perchance, may be;
 She's ninety-four. Let them who can,
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the flood—
 She's come o' patriarchal blood,
 She's some auld Pagan mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and oot—
 She's sauted to the last degree—
 There's pickle in her very snoot
 Sae caper-like an' cruelty.
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
 They've kyanized the useless knir,
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drop wears out the rock,
 As this eternal jaud wears me;
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm charged for her annuity.

GEORGE OUTRAM.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE—Oh, I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time!
Methought that I had broken from the tower,
And was embarked to cross to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we looked toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befallen us. As we passed along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that sought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Oh, Heaven! Methought what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
What sights of ugly death within my eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls: and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
(As 't were in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak.—Had you such leisure, in the time of death,
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar.—Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
But smothered it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak.—Awaked you not with this sore agony ?

Clar.—No, no ! my dream was lengthened after life ;
Oh, then began the tempest to my soul !
I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cried aloud—“ *What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ?* ”
And so he vanished. Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud—
“ *CLARENCE is come,—false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,—
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury ;—
SEIZE on him, furies ! take him to your torments !* ”
With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
Environed me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
Could not believe but that I was in hell,—
Such terrible impression made my dream.—SHAKSPEARE.

ODE TO THE DEITY.

The following ode is from the Russian Anthology, and was composed by Derzhaven, who had never seen our Scriptures. It was translated into Japanese by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jedda. It has been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written upon silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.

OH! Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
 All space doth occupy—all motion guide;
 Unchang'd through time's devastating flight,
 Thou, only, God! There is no God beside.
 Being above all beings! Mighty One,
 Whom none can comprehend, and none explore;
 Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone;
 All-embracing, all-supporting, ruling o'er—
 Being whom we call God—and know no more.

In its sublime research, Philosophy
 May measure out the ocean deep—may count
 The sands or the sun's rays—but God! for Thee
 There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
 Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
 Though aided by thy light, in vain would try
 To trace thy counsels infinite and dark,
 And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high;
 Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou, from primeval nothingness didst call,
 First chaos, then existence— Lord, on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation; all
 Sprang forth from Thee—of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin—all life, all beauty, Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great!
 Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasur'd Universe surround ;
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life with death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee;
And, as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander, unwearied, thro' the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them?—Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou, to these, art as the noon to night!

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost;
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee?
And what am I then? Heaven's unnumbered host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weigh'd
Against Thy goodness!—is a cypher brought
Against Infinity! What am I then? Naught!

Naught!—But the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading world, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my being doth Thy being shine
As shine the sunbeams in a drop of dew.

Naught!—but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly,
Eager, toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity:
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee!
Control my Spirit—guide my wand'ring heart,
Tho' but an atom 'midst immensity.
Still, I am something, fashioned by Thy hand;
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth;
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land.

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust,
A monarch, and a slave, a worm, a god;
Whence came I here? and how?—so marvellously
Constructed and conceiv'd?—unknown! This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy,
For, of itself alone, it could not be!

Creator! Yes, Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me! Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even in its source to Thee, its Author, there.

Oh, thought ineffable! Oh, visions blest!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar,
Thus seek Thy presence, Being, wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

TRANSLATED BY DR. BOWRING.

AGE.

AS the barometer foretells the storm,
While still the skies are clear, the weather warm,
So something in us, as old age draws near,
Betrays the pressure of the atmosphere.
The nimble mercury, ere we are aware,
Descends the elastic ladder of the air;
The tell-tale blood, in artery and vein
Sinks from its higher levels in the brain;
Whatever poet, orator, or sage
May say of it, old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon,
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon;
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern—
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.

What then? Shall we sit idly down and say
The night hath come—it is no longer day?
The night hath not yet come; we are not quite
Cut off from labor by the failing light.
Something remains for us to do and dare—
Even the oldest tree some fruit may bear.
For age is opportunity no less
Than youth itself, though in another dress;
And as the evening twilight fades away,
The sky is filled with stars invisible by day.

LONGFELLOW.

REST.

MY feet are wearied and my hands are tired,
My soul oppressed;
And with desire have I long desired
Rest—only rest.

'Tis hard to toil—when toil is almost vain,
In barren ways;
'Tis hard to sow and never garner grain
In harvest days;
The burden of my days is hard to bear,
But God knows best;
And I have prayed—but vain has been my prayer—
For rest—sweet rest.

'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap
The autumn yield;
'Tis hard to till, and when 'tis tilled, to weep
O'er fruitless field.

And so I cry a weak and human cry,
So heart oppressed;
And so I sigh a weak and human sigh,
For rest—for rest.

My way has wound across the desert years,
 And cares infest
 My path, and through the flowing of hot tears
 I pine for rest.

'Twas always so when still a child I laid
 On mother's breast,
 My wearied little head; e'en then I prayed;
 As now, for rest.

And I am restless still; 't will soon be o'er;
 For down the west
 Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore
 Where I shall rest.—FATHER RYAN.



“LOVE YOUR NEIGHBOR AS YOURSELF.”

“**L**OVE your neighbor as yourself”—
 So the parson preaches;
 That's one-half the decalogue
 So the prayer-book teaches.
 Half my duty I can do
 With but little labor,
 For with all my heart and soul
 I do love my neighbor.

Mighty little credit that,
 To my self-denial:
 Not to love her, though, might be
 Something of a trial.
 Why, the rosy light that peeps
 Through the glass above her
 Lingers round her lips; you see
 E'en the sunbeams love her.

So, to make my merit more,
I'll go beyond the letter ;
Love my neighbor as myself?
Yes ; and ten times better.
For she's sweeter than the breath
Of the spring that passes
Through the fragrant budding woods,
O'er the meadow grasses.

And I've preached the word, I know,
For it was my duty
To convert the stubborn heart
Of the little beauty.
Once again success has crowned
Missionary labor,
For her sweet eyes own that she
Also loves her neighbor.

GEORGE A. BAKER, JR.

OUR OWN.

IF I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind
I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But we vex " our own "
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
 You may give me the kiss of peace,
 Yet it might be
 That never for me,
 The pain of the heart should cease.
How many go forth in the morning,
 That never come home at night!
 And hearts have broken
 For harsh words spoken
 That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thoughts for the stranger,
 And smiles for the sometime guest.
 But oft for "our own"
 The bitter tone,
 Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
 Ah, brow with that look of scorn!
 'Twere a cruel fate,
 Were the night too late
 To undo the work of morn.—S. H. T.



A MODEST WIT.

A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the East—
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich—
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which—
 Had in his family a humble youth,
 Who went from England in his patron's suite,
 An unassuming boy, and in truth
 A lad of decent parts, and good reputa.

This youth had sense and spirit ;
But yet, with all his sense,
Excessive diffidence
Obscured his merit.

One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
Conceived it would be vastly fine
To crack a joke upon his secretary.

"Young man," he said, "by what art, craft, or trade,
Did your good father gain a livelihood?"

"He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
"And in his time was reckon'd good."

"A saddler, eh ! and taught you Greek,
Instead of teaching you to sew !
Pray, why did not your father make
A saddler, sir, of you ?"

Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.

At length Modestus, bowing low,
Said (craving pardon, if too free he made),

"Sir, by your leave, I fain would know
Your father's trade !"

"My father's trade ! by heaven, that's too bad !
My father's trade ? Why, blockhead, are you mad ?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."

"Excuse the liberty I take,"

Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you ?"

THE DEAD CHURCH.

WILD, wild wind, wilt thou never cease thy sighing?
 Dark, dark night, wilt thou never wear away?
 Cold, cold church, in thy death-sleep lying,
 Thy Lent is past, thy Passion here, but not thine
 Easter day.

Peace, faint heart, though the night be dark and sighing :
 Rest, fair corpse, where thy Lord Himself hath lain.
 Weep, dear Lord, where Thy bride is lying ;
 Thy tears shall wake her frozen limbs to life and
 health again.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CONTENTMENT.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
 Shall be my lot,
 If that wherein my hopes delight
 Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
 Toil's heavy chain ;
 Or day and night, my meat be tears
 On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
 With smiles and glee ;
 Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
 Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted from the strand
 By breath divine,
 And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail,
 I have on board ;
 Above the raging of the gale
 I have my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite ;
 I shall not fall.
 If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
 He tempers all.

Safe to the land ! safe to the land !
 The end is this,
 And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.—DEAN ALFORD.



CENTENNIAL ORATION.

Peroration from the oration delivered upon the occasion of the Centennial Anniversary of the meeting of the first Colonial Congress in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia.

THE conditions of life are always changing, and the experience of the fathers is rarely the experience of the sons. The temptations which are trying us are not the temptations which beset their footsteps, nor the dangers which threaten our pathway the dangers which surrounded them. These men were few in number ; we are many. They were poor, but we are rich. They were weak, but we are strong. What is it, countrymen, that we need to-day ? Wealth ? Behold it in your hands. Power ? God hath given it you. Liberty ? It is your birthright. Peace ? It dwells amongst you. You have a Government founded in the heart of men, built by the people for the common good. You have a land flowing with milk and honey ; your homes are happy, your workshops busy, your barns are full. The

school, the railway, the telegraph, the printing press, have welded you together into one. Descend those mines that honeycomb the hills! Behold that commerce whitening every sea! Stand by your gates and see that multitude pour through them from the corners of the earth, grafting the qualities of older stocks upon one stem; mingling the blood of many races in a common stream, and swelling the rich volume of our English speech with varied music from an hundred tongues. You have a long and glorious history, a past glittering with heroic deeds, an ancestry full of lofty and unperishable examples. You have passed through danger, endured privation, been acquainted with sorrow, been tried by suffering. You have journeyed in safety through the wilderness and crossed in triumph the Red Sea of civil strife, and the foot of Him who led you hath not faltered nor the light of His countenance been turned away.

It is a question for us now, not of the founding of a new government, but of the preservation of one already old; not of the formation of an independent power, but of the purification of a nation's life; not of the conquest of a foreign foe, but of the subjection of ourselves. The capacity of man to rule himself is to be proven in the days to come, not by the greatness of his wealth; not by his valor in the field; not by the extent of his dominion, nor by the splendor of his genius. The dangers of to-day come from within. The worship of self, the love of power, the lust for gold, the weakening of faith, the decay of public virtue, the lack of private worth—these are the perils which threaten our future; these are the enemies we have to fear; these are the traitors which infest the camp; and the danger was far less when Cataline knocked with his army at the gates of Rome, than when he sat smiling in the Senate House.

We see them daily face to face; in the walk of virtue; in the road to wealth; in the path to honor; on the way to happiness. There is no peace between them and our safety. Nor can we avoid them and turn back. It is not enough to rest upon the past. No man or nation can stand still. We must mount upward or go down. We must grow worse or better. It is the Eternal Law—we cannot change it.

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that lie before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe them as we will. The future of our country rests upon us; the happiness of posterity depends upon us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken to deaf ears, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous—building up public virtue by private worth; seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic—loving our country before all other things; her happiness our happiness, her honor ours, her fame our own. It asks us, in the name of justice, in the name of charity, in the name of freedom, in the name of God.

My countrymen: this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken, the hour has passed from us: the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead. The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on this threshold of the future, the voice of humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come; danger for our courage; temptation for our virtue; doubt for our faith; suffering for our fortitude. A thousand

shall fall before us, and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath our feet, and century follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten; to-day and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.—HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

THE CHRISTMAS SHEAF.

[In Norway the last sheaf from the harvest field is never threshed, but is always reserved till Christmas-Eve, when it is set up on the roof as a feast for the hungry birds.]

“NOW, good-wife, bring your precious hoard,”
The Norland farmer cried;

“And heap the hearth, and heap the board,
For the blessed Christmas-tide.

“And bid the children fetch,” he said,
“The last ripe sheaf of wheat,
And set it on the roof o’erhead,
That the birds may come and eat.

“And this we do for His dear sake,
The Master kind and good,
Who, of the loaves He blest and brake,
Fed all the multitude.”

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
When they heard their father’s words,
Put up the sheaf, and one and all
Seemed merry as the birds.

Till suddenly the maiden sighed,
The boys were hushed in fear,
As, covering all her face, she cried,
"If Hansei were but here!"

And when, at dark, about the hearth
They gathered still and slow,
You heard no more the childish mirth
So loud an hour ago.

And on their tender cheeks the tears
Shone in the flickering light;
For they were four in other years
Who are but three to-night.

And tears are in the mother's tone;
As she speaks, she trembles too;
"Come, children, come, for the supper's done,
And your father waits for you."

Then Fredrica, and Franz, and Paul,
Stood each beside his chair;
The boys were comely lads and tall,
The girl was good and fair.

The father's hand was raised to crave
A grace before the meat,
When the daughter spake; her words were brave,
But her voice was low and sweet:

"Dear father, should we give the wheat
To all the birds of the air?
Shall we let the kite and the raven eat
Such choice and dainty fare?"

"For if to-morrow from our store
We drive them not away,
The good little birds will get no more
Than the evil birds of prey."

"Nay, nay, my child," he gravely said,
"You have spoken to your shame,
For the good, good Father overhead,
"Feeds all the birds the same."

"He hears the ravens when they cry,
He keeps the fowls of the air;
And a single sparrow cannot lie
On the ground without His care."

"Yea, father, yea; and tell me this,"—
Her words came fast and wild,—
"Are not a thousand sparrows less
To Him than a single child?"

"Even though it sinned and strayed from home?"
The father groaned in pain
As she cried, "O, let our Hansei come
And live with us again!"

"I know he did what was not right"—
Sadly he shook his head;
"If he knew I longed for him to-night,
He would not come," he said.

"He went from me in wrath and pride;
God! shield him tenderly!
For I hear the wild wind cry outside,
Like a soul in agony."

"Nay, it is a soul!" O eagerly
The maiden answered then;
"And, father, what if it should be he,
Come back to us again!"

She stops—the portal open flies;
Her fear is turned to joy:
"Hansei!" the startled father cries;
And the mother sobs, "My boy!"

'Tis a bowed and humbled man they greet,
With loving lips and eyes,
Who fain would kneel at his father's feet,
But he softly bids him rise;

And he says, "I bless thee, O mine own;
Yea, and thou shalt be blest!"
While the happy mother holds her son
Like a baby on her breast.

Their house-and love again to share,
The Prodigal has come!
And now there will be no empty chair,
Nor empty heart in their home.

And they think, as they see their joy and pride
Safe back in the sheltering fold,
Of the child that was born at Christmas-tide
In Bethlehem of old.

And all the hours glide swift away,
With loving, hopeful words,
Till the Christmas sheaf at break of day
Is alive with happy birds!

WHAT THE OLD MAN SAID.

WELL, yes, sir, yes, sir, thankee
So, so, for my time of life ;
I'm pretty gray, and bent with pains
That cut my nerves like a knife.
The winters bear hard upon me,
The summers scorch me sore ;
I'm sort o' weary of all the world,
And I'm only turned three-score.

My old father is ninety,
And as hearty as a buck ;
You won't find many men of his age
So full of vigor and pluck ;
He felled the first tree cut in the place,
And laid the first log down ;
And living an honest, temperate life,
He's the head man of the town.

But, you see, when I was twenty or so,
I wanted to go to the city ;
And I got with a wild set over there,
That were neither wise nor witty ;
And so, I laid the foundation, sir,
Of what you see to-day—
Old, little apast the prime of life,
And a general wasting away.

'Tain't a natural fever, this, sir ;
It's one no doctor can cure ;
I was made to bear strong burdens—
Ox-like, and slow but sure.

And I only lived for my pleasures,
Though I had been Christian bred—
I lived for self, sir, and here's the end,
Crawling about half-dead.

Well, well, 't won't do to think on't;
I try to forget my pain,
My poisoned blood, and my shattered nerves,
My wreck of body and brain;
Only I saw you drinking just now,
Drinking that devil's drain;
There's where I liked to have stepped into hell,
And gone by the fastest train.

You don't like my blunt speech, mebbe;
Well, 't isn't the nicest cut,
Only when a man's looked over the brink,
He knows what he's talking about;
And if, with his eyes wide open,
He's walked straight into the flame,
And nothing less than the mercy of God,
Has turned his glory to shame.

Then, when he says there's a drunkard's hell,
You'd better believe it's true;
I've fought with the Devil hand to hand,
And tested him through and through;
We know, who've bartered body and soul,
What body and soul are worth;
And there's nothing like to a drunkard's woe
In all God's beautiful earth.

Wife! children! Haven't I had them? Yes;
No man has had sweeter than I;
But children and wife are dead and dust—
Why what could they do *but* die?

Don't ask me to tell you of them, because
 It blots out God's mercy even;
 And it don't seem sure, though I've left my cups,
 That my sin *can* be forgiven.

I tell you it's hard for a shattered hulk
 To drift into harbor safe;
 And I feel sometimes, with my three-score years,
 Like a hopeless, homeless waif;
 But there's one thing certain, I've overcome!
 And I'll fight while I draw a breath,
 When I see a fine young fellow like you
 Going down to the gates of death.

You'll laugh, perhaps, at an old man's zeal;
 I laughed in a young man's glee;
 But God forbid, if you reach three-score,
 You should be a wreck like me.

ALICE ROBBINS.

YE BAGGAGE SMASHER.

CANTO PRIMUS.

PETE was a Tip Up baggage-man, he ran on Number 4,
 Where the tears and groans of traveling folks un-
 flinchingly he bore.
 He cared not how the women wept, or strong men raved
 and tore,
 While he mutilated sample cases, desolated Saratogas,
 annihilated ordinary luggage, immolated carpet-
 bags, exterminated band-boxes, and extinguished
 travelers' outfits by the score,
 This fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern
 time.

CANTO SECUNDUS.

But Thursday afternoon there came a modest traveling man,
Who smiled, and watched how ruthlessly the baggage
Pete did slam ;
Then, as he pointed out his trunk for him to smash and jam,
He said, " Dear friend, my worldly possessions are few
and humble ; silver and gold have I none, but
such as I have are in that trunk. Handle it tenderly,
for it is frail and I am poor ; and if there's
a man traveling who watches and weeps and
prays over his baggage, then that's the kind of
a man I am."
You're a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the
modern time.

CANTO TERTIUS.

But Peter seized his shabby trunk with snorts of wrath
and scorn,
And in two seconds both the handles from the ends had
torn,
And heedless of the pleadings of the passengers forlorn,
He banged the trunk down on the platform, and then
threw it over the top of the car and let an omnibus
run over it, and then whacked it over a
bumper and threw it off the end of the bridge
and shot into it with his revolver, and finally
hugged it in his arms, took a flying leap into the
baggage car with it, and lit on it in a corner with
his heels, head and stomach, and mashed it into
pieces, and the next second that baggage-car was
just alive with one interested baggage-man and
more crawling, squirming, wriggling, rattling,
coiling rattlesnakes than you would believe had
ever been born.

What a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern time.

CANTO QUÁRTUS.

In vain the muse essays to tell how Pete, the smasher,
tore,
And yelled and shrieked and howled and roared and
raved upon the floor,
And scratched and slashed and sweat and struck and
scrambled for the door,
And turned blue as indigo, and swelled up to nine times
the size of a double-decker Saratoga trunk, and
died in two minutes after he got out of the car,
while the modest traveler viewing his exaggerated
remains, smiled sadly, and said, "He never knew
a baggage-man so fond of snakes before."
O, a fine old railway baggage-man, one of the modern
time.

REVELATION XXII.

AND he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear
as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and
of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on
either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which
bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every
month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing
of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of
God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants
shall serve him. And they shall see his face; and his
name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no
night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the

sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true : and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to show unto his servants the things which must shortly be done. Behold, I come quickly : blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.

And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not : for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book : worship God.

And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book ; for the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still : and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still : and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still : and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And, behold, I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.—BIBLE

THE UNION.

“Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!”—WEBSTER.

THE Union ! The Union ! The hope of the free !
Howsoe'er we may differ, in this we agree :—
Our glorious banner no traitor shall mar,
By effacing a stripe, or destroying a star !

Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! 'T was purchased with blood!
Side by side, to secure it, our forefathers stood :—
From the North to the South, through the length of the
land

Ran the war-cry which summon'd that patriot band!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! At Lexington first,
Through the clouds of oppression, its radiance burst :—
But at Yorktown roll'd back the last vapory crest,
And, a bright constellation, it blazed in the West!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! Its heavenly light
Cheers the hearts of the nations who grope in the night,—
And, athwart the wide ocean, falls, gilding the tides,
A path to the country where Freedom abides!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

The Union! The Union! In God we repose!
We confide in the power that vanquish'd our foes!
The God of our fathers,—oh, still may He be
The strength of the Union, the hope of the free!
Division! No, never! The Union forever!
And cursed be the hand that our country would sever!

FRANCIS DE HAES JANVIER.

RIENZI'S ADDRESS.

FRRIENDS: I come not here to talk. Ye know too well
The story of our thralldom ;—we are slaves !
The bright sun rises to his course, and lights
A race of slaves ! He sets, and his last beam
Falls on a slave !—not such as, swept along
By the full tide of power, the conqueror leads
To crimson glory and undying fame ;
But base, ignoble slaves—slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—
Strong in some hundred spearsmen—only great
In that strange spell, a name ! Each hour, dark fraud,
Or open rapine, or protected murder,
Cries out against them. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
The badge of Ursini ! because, forsooth,
He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
At sight of that great ruffian ! Be we men,
And suffer such dishonor ? Men, and wash not
The stain away in blood ? Such shames are common.
I have known deeper wrongs. I, that speak to you—
I had a brother once,—a gracious boy,
Full of all gentleness, of calmest hope,
Of sweet and quiet joy ; there was the look
Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
To the beloved disciple. How I loved
That gracious boy ! Younger by fifteen years,
Brother at once and son ! He left my side,
A summer bloom on his fair cheeks, a smile

Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 The pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look, in the next fierce brawl,
 To see them die! Have ye daughters fair? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored! and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash! Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman
 Was greater than a king! And once again—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus!—once again I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free!—M. R. MITFORD.



JUDGE PITMAN ON VARIOUS KINDS OF WEATHER.

JUDGE PITMAN is the only man in the world of whom I know anything who is always satisfied with the weather. No matter what the condition of the atmosphere, he is contented and happy, and willing to affirm that the state of things at any given moment is the very best that could have been devised.

In summer, when the mercury bolted up among the nineties, the judge would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing out all over his red face, and would look at the sky and say, "Splendid! perfectly splendid! Noble weather for the poor and for the ice companies and the washerwomen! I never saw

sich magnificent weather for dryin' clothes. They do n't shake up any such climate as this in Italy. Gimme my umbreller, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it."

In winter, when the mercury would creep down fifteen degrees below zero, and the cold was nearly severe enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the centre of the globe, Pitman would sit out on my fence and exclaim, "By gracious, Adeler! did you ever see sich weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up yer very marrer. It helps the coal trade an' gives us good skeetin'. Don't talk of summer-time to me. Gimme cold, and give it to me stiff."

When there was a drought, Pitman used to meet me in the street and remark, "No rain yet, I see! Magnificent, isn't? I want my weather dry, I want it with the dampness left out. Moisture breeds fevers and ague, an' ruins yer boots. If there's anything I despise, it's to carry an umbreller. No rain for me, if you please."

When it rained for a week and flooded the country, the judge often dropped in to see me and to observe, "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, Adeler, but it allers seems to me that the heavens never drop no blessin's but when we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump, an' cleans the sewers, an' keeps the springs from gittin' too dry. I would n't give a cent to live in a climate where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile, an' I'd die in a week. Soak me through an' through to the inside of my bones, and I feel as if life was bright and beautiful, an' sorrer of no account."

On a showery day, when the sun shone brightly at one moment and at the next the rain poured in torrents, the judge has been known to stand at the window and exclaim, "Harriet, if you'd've asked me how I liked the

weather, I'd 'ave said, just as it is now. What I want is weather that is streaked like a piece of fat an' lean bacon—a little shine an' a little rain. Mix 'em up an' give us plenty of both, an' I'm yer man."

The judge is always happy in a thunder-storm, and one day, after the lightning had knocked down two of his best apple-trees and splintered them into fragments, and the wind had torn his chimney to pieces, I went over to see him. He was standing by the prostrate trees, and he at once remarked, "Did you ever know of a man havin' sich luck as this? I was goin' to chop down them two trees to-morrer, an' as that chimney never draw'd well, I had concluded to have it rebuilt. An' that gorgeous old storm has fixed things just the way I want 'em. Put me in a thunder-storm an' let the lightnin' play around me, an' I'm at home. I'd rather have one storm that'd tear the bowels out of the American continent than a dozen of yer little dribblin' waterin'-pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' and roarin' storm, I don't want none."

They say here in the village, but I do not believe it, that one day the judge was upon his roof fixing a shingle, when a tornado struck him, lifted him off, carried him a quarter of a mile, and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence that his leg was broken. As they carried him home, he opened his eyes languidly and said, "Immortal Moses! what a storm that was! When it does blow, it suits me if it blows hard. I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—I—" Then he fainted.

If contentment is happiness, then the life of Pitman is one uninterrupted condition of bliss.—MAX ADELER.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

IS there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor, for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea's stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man, for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, tho' ne'er sac poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'ed a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that.
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he maunna fa' that!

For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that ;
It's coming yet, for a' that ;
When man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

ROBERT BURNS.

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

LISTEN, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five,—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year,—
He said to his friend : " If the British march
By land or sea, from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea ;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and arm."

Then he said " Good-night ! " and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boat on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch,
On the sombre rafters, that round him make
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
By the trembling ladder steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.
Beneath, in the church-yard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like the sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell

Of the place and the hour, and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead ;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore marched Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his horse's girth ;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still,
And lo ! as he looks on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light !
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns.

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet ;
That was all ! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night ;
And the spark struck out by that steed in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town ;
He heard the crowing of the cock
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town ;
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall—
Who that day would be lying dead—
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and farm-yard wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness, and peril, and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

LONGFELLOW.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

Ecclesiastes XII.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened nor the clouds return after the rain.

In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and

all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity. And moreover, because the preacher was wise, he still taught the people knowledge; yea, he gave good heed, and sought out and set in order many proverbs. The preacher sought to find out acceptable words: and that which was written was upright, even words of truth.

The words of the wise are as goads, and as nails fastened by the masters of assemblies, which are given from one shepherd. And further, by these, my son, be admonished: of making many books there is no end; and much study is a weariness of the flesh.

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God; and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil.—BIBLE.



GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

TIS like stirring living embers, when, at eighty, one remembers
All the achings and the quakings of "the times that tried
men's souls;"

When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel*
story,

To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning
coals.

I had heard the musket's rattle of the April running
battle ;

Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
still ;

But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up
before me,

When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of
Bunker Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first
thing gave us warning

Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the
shore :

" Child," says grandma, " what's the matter, what is all
this noise and clatter ?

Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us
once more ? "

Poor old soul ! my sides were shaking in the midst of all
my quaking,

To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar :

She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and
the pillage,

When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets
through his door.

Then I said, " Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and
worry any,

For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is
work or play ;

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute"—

For a minute then I started. I was gone the live-long day.

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping

Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,

With a knot of women round him—it was lucky I had found him,

So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched before.

They were making for the steeple—the old soldier and his people;

The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair:

Just across the narrow river—O, so close it made me shiver,

Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,

Though the earth-work hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb;

Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon each other,

And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannon's deafening thrill,

When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode
sedately ;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me ; he commanded on
the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his
manly figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so
straight and tall ;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for
pleasure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked
around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coat's
ranks were forming ;
At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers ;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked
far down and listened
To the trampling and the drum beat of the belted grena-
diers.

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed
faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on
their backs,
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight
slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood
upon their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they
formed in order ;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers,
soldiers still ;

The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and
fasting—

At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up
the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines
advancing—

Now the front rank fires a volley—they have thrown
away their shot ;

For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above
them flying :

Our people need not hurry ; so they wait and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear some-
times, and tippie—

He had heard the bullets whistle in the old French
war before—)

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were
hearing,

And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor :—

“O, fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's
shillin's,

But ye'll waste a ton of powder before a ' rebel ' falls ;

You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as
Dan'l Malcolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered
with your balls !”

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer—
nearer—nearer,

When a flash—a curling smoke-wreath—then a crash—
the steeple shakes—

The deadly truce is ended ; the tempest shroud is
rended ;

Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it
breaks !

O, the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke
blows over !

The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes
his hay ;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is
flying

Like a billow that has broken, and is shivered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed ! They are beat
—it can't be doubted !

God be thanked, the fight is over !" — Ah ! the grim old
soldier's smile !

"Tell us, tell us why you look so ?" (We could hardly
speak, we shook so.)

"Are they beaten ? *Are* they beaten ? **ARE** they
beaten ?" — "Wait a while."

O, the trembling and the terror ! for too soon we saw
our error :

They are baffled, not defeated ; we have driven them
back in vain ;

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors
that were tattered,

Toward the sullen, silent fortress, turn their belted
breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo, the roofs of Charles-
town blazing !

They have fired the harmless village ; in an hour it will
be down !

The Lord in heaven confound them, rain His fire and
brimstone round them—

The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a
peaceful town !

They are marching, stern and solemn ; we can see each
massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless
haste departed ?

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied,
or asleep ?

Now the walls they're almost under ! scarce a rod the
foes asunder !

Not a firelock flashed against them ! up the earthwork
they will swarm !

But the words have scarce been spoken, when the omin-
ous calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of
the storm !

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to
the water,

Fly Pigot's running heroes and the frightened braves of
Howe ;

And we shout, "At last they're done for ; it's their barges
they have run for ;

They are beaten, beaten, beaten ; and the battle's over
now !"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features,

Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would
ask :

"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet—once more, I guess,
they'll try it—

Here's damnation to the cut-throats!"—then he handed
me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of old
Jamaiky;

I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is
done;"

So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt,
and hollow,

Standing there from early morning when the firing was
begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm
clock dial,

As the hands kept creeping, creeping—they were creep-
ing round to four—

When the old man said, "They're forming, with their
bayonets fixed for storming;

It's the death-grip that's a coming—they will try the
works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them
glaring,

The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold un-
coiling—

Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning, the reverberating
drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory—shall I tell the fearful
story,

How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks
o'er a deck;

How driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men
retreated,
With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I
fainted,
And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair.



HOW A MARRIED MAN SEWS ON A BUTTON.

IT is bad enough to see a bachelor sew on a button, but he is the embodiment of grace alongside a married man. Necessity has compelled experience in the case of the former, but the latter has depended upon some one else for this service, and fortunately for the sake of society, it is rarely he is obliged to resort to the needle himself. Sometimes the patient wife scalds her right hand, or runs a sliver under the nail of the index finger of that hand, and it is then the man clutches the needle around the neck, and, forgetting to tie a knot on the thread, commences to put on the button. It is always in the morning, and from five to twenty minutes after this he is expected to be down street. He lays the button exactly on the site of its predecessor, and pushes the needle through one eye, and carefully draws the thread after, leaving about three inches of it sticking up for leeway. He says to himself, "Well, if women don't have the easiest time I ever see." Then he comes back the other way and gets the needle through the cloth easy enough, and lays himself out to find the eye, but, in spite

of a great deal of patient jabbing, the needle point persists in bucking against the solid parts of the button, and finally, when he loses patience, his fingers catch the thread, and that three inches he has left to hold the button slips through the eye in a twinkling, and the button rolls leisurely across the floor. He picks it up without a single remark, out of respect for his children, and makes another attempt to fasten it. This time, when coming back with the needle, he keeps both the thread and button from slipping, by covering them with his thumb; and it is out of regard for that part of him that he feels around for the eye in a very careful and judicious manner, but eventually losing his philosophy as the search becomes more and more hopeless, he falls to jabbing about in a loose and savage manner, and it is just then the needle finds the opening and comes up the button and part way through his thumb with a celerity that no human ingenuity can guard against. Then he lays down the things with a few familiar quotations, and presses the injured hand between his knees, and then holds it under the other arm, and finally jams it into his mouth, and all the while he prances and calls upon heaven and earth to witness that there has never been anything like it since the world was created, and howls, and whistles, and moans and sobs. After a while he calms down and puts on his pants and fastens them together with a stick, and goes to his business a changed man.—DANBURY NEWSMAN.

KENTUCKY BELLE.

SUMMER of 'sixty-three, sir, and Conrad was gone
away—

Gone to the county-town, sir, to sell our first load of
hay—

We lived in the log-house yonder, poor as ever you've
seen ;

Röschen there was a baby, and I was only nineteen.

Conrad, he took the oxen, but he left Kentucky Belle ;
How much we thought of Kentuck, I could n't begin
to tell—

Came from the Blue-Grass country ; my father gave her
to me

When I rode North with Conrad, away from the Tennessee.

Conrad lived in Ohio—a German he is, you know—
The house stood in broad corn-fields, stretching on, row
after row :

The old folks made me welcome ; they were kind as kind
could be ;

But I kept longing, longing, for the hills of the Tennessee.

O, for a sight of water, the shadowed slope of a hill !
Clouds that hang on the summit, a wind that never is
still !

But the level land went stretching away to meet the sky—
Never a rise, from north to south, to rest the weary eye !

From east to west, no river to shine out under the moon,
Nothing to make a shadow in the yellow afternoon :
Only the breathless sunshine, as I looked out, all forlorn ;
Only the "rustle, rustle," as I walked among the corn.

When I fell sick with pining, we did n't wait any more,
But moved away from the corn-lands out to this river
shore—

The Tuscarawas it's called, sir—off there's a hill, you see—
And now I've grown to like it next best to the Tennessee.

I was at work that morning. Some one came riding like
mad

Over the bridge and up the road—Farmer Rouf's little lad:
Bareback he rode; he had no hat; he hardly stopped to
say,

“Morgan's men are coming, Fra; they're galloping on
this way.

“I'm sent to warn the neighbors. He is n't a mile behind;
He sweeps up all the horses—every horse that he can find:
Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men,
With bowie-knives and pistols, are galloping up the glen.”

The lad rode down the valley, and I stood still at the door;
The baby laughed and prattled, playing with spools on
the floor;

Kentuck was out in the pasture; Conrad, my man, was
gone:

Near, nearer Morgan's men were galloping, galloping on!

Sudden I picked up baby, and ran to the pasture-bar:

“Kentuck!” I called; “Kentucky!” She knew me ever
so far!

I led her down the gully that turns off there to the right,
And tied her to the bushes; her head was just out of sight.

As I ran back to the log-house, at once there came a
sound—

The ring of hoofs, galloping hoofs, trembling over the
ground—

Coming into the turnpike out from the White-Woman
Glen—

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and Morgan's terrible men.

As near they drew and nearer, my heart beat fast in
alarm ;

But still I stood in the doorway, with baby on my arm.
They came ; they passed ; with spur and whip in haste
they sped along—

Morgan, Morgan the raider, and his band six hundred
strong.

Weary they looked and jaded, riding through night and
through day ;

Pushing on East to the river, many long miles away,
To the border-strip where Virginia runs up into the West,
And ford the Upper Ohio before they could stop to rest.

On like the wind they hurried, and Morgan rode in
advance :

Bright were his eyes like live coals, as he gave me a
sideways glance ;

And I was just breathing freely, after my choking pain,
When the last one of the troopers suddenly drew his rein.

Frightened I was to death, sir ; I scarce dared look in his
face,

As he asked for a drink of water, and glanced around
the place :

I gave him a cup, and he smiled—'t was only a boy, you
see ;

Faint and worn, with dim blue eyes ; and he'd sailed on
the Tennessee.

Only sixteen he was, sir—a fond mother's only son—
Off and away with Morgan before his life had begun !

The damp drops stood on his temples ; drawn was the
boyish mouth ;
And I thought me of the mother waiting down in the
South !

O, pluck was he to the backbone, and clear grit through
and through ;
Boasted and bragged like a trooper ; but the big words
would n't do :
The boy was dying, sir, dying, as plain as plain could be,
Worn out by his ride with Morgan up from the Tennessee.

But, when I told the laddie that I too was from the South,
Water came in his dim eyes, and quivers around his
mouth :

“Do you know the Blue-Grass country?” he wistful
began to say ;
Then swayed like a willow sapling, and fainted dead
away.

I had him into the log-house, and worked and brought
him to ;
I fed him, and coaxed him, as I thought his mother 'd do ;
And, when the lad got better, and the noise in his head
was gone,
Morgan's men were miles away, galloping, galloping on.

“O, I must go,” he muttered ; “I must be up and away !
Morgan, Morgan is waiting for me ! O, what will
Morgan say ?”

But I heard a sound of tramping, and kept him back
from the door—

The ringing sound of horses' hoofs that I had heard
before.

And on, on came the soldiers—the Michigan cavalry—
And fast they rode, and black they looked, galloping
rapidly :

They had followed hard on Morgan's track ; they had
followed day and night ;

But of Morgan and Morgan's raiders they had never
caught a sight.

And rich Ohio sat startled through all those summer
days ;

For strange, wild men were galloping over her broad
highways ;

Now here, now there, now seen, now gone, now north,
now east, now west,

Through river-valleys and corn-land farms, sweeping
away her best.

A bold ride and a long ride ! But they were taken at last :
They almost reached the river by galloping hard and fast ;
But the boys in blue were upon them ere ever they gained
the ford,

And Morgan, Morgan the raider, laid down his terrible
sword.

Well, I kept the boy till evening—kept him against his
will—

But he was too weak to follow, and sat there pale and still :
When it was cool and dusky—you'll wonder to hear
me tell—

But I stole down to that gully, and brought up Kentucky
Belle.

I kissed the star on her forehead—my pretty, gentle
lass—

But I knew that she'd be happy back in the old Blue-
Grass :

A suit of clothes of Conrad's, with all the money I had,
And Kentuck, pretty Kentuck, I gave to the worn-out
lad.

I guided him to the southward as well as I knew how :
The boy rode off with many thanks, and many a back-
ward bow ;

And then the glow it faded, and my heart began to swell,
As down the glen away she went, my lost Kentucky Belle!

When Conrad came in the evening, the moon was shining
high ;

Baby and I were both crying—I couldn't tell him
why—

But a battered suit of rebel gray was hanging on the
wall,

And a thin old horse with drooping head stood in Ken-
tucky's stall.

Well, he was kind, and never once said a hard word
to me ;

He knew I could n't help it—'t was all for the Tennessee :
But, after the war was over, just think what came to
pass—

A letter, sir ; and the two were safe back in the old Blue-
Grass.

The lad had got across the border, riding Kentucky
Belle ;

And Kentuck she was thriving, and fat, and hearty, and
well ;

He cared for her, and kept her, nor touched her with
whip or spur :

Ah ! we've had many horses, but never a horse like her !

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

THE "GREAT BEEF CONTRACT."

IN as few words as possible I wish to lay before the nation what share, howsoever small, I have had in this matter—this matter which has so exercised the public mind, engendered so much ill-feeling, and so filled the newspapers of both continents with distorted statements and extravagant comments.

The origin of this distressful thing was this—and I assert here that every fact in the following *résumé* can be amply proved by the official records of the General Government.

John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government, on or about the 10th day of October, 1861, to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef. Very well. He started after Sherman with the beef, but when he got to Washington, Sherman had gone to Manassas; so he took the beef and followed him there, but arrived too late; he followed him to Nashville, and from Nashville to Chattanooga, and from Chattanooga to Atlanta—but he never could overtake him. At Atlanta he took a fresh start and followed him clear through his march to the sea. He arrived too late again by a few days, but hearing that Sherman was going out in the Quaker City excursion to the Holy Land, he took shipping for Beirut, calculating to head off the other vessel. When he arrived in Jerusalem with his beef, he learned that Sherman had not sailed in the Quaker City, but had gone to the Plains to fight the Indians. He returned to America, and started for the Rocky Mountains. After eighteen days of arduous travel on the Plains, and when he had got within four miles of

Sherman's head-quarters, he was tomahawked and scalped, and the Indians got the beef. They got all of it but one barrel. Sherman's army captured that, and so, even in death, the bold navigator partly fulfilled his contract. In his will, which he had kept like a journal, he bequeathed the contract to his son Bartholomew W. Bartholomew W. made out the following bill and then died :

THE UNITED STATES

<i>In acct. with</i> JOHN WILSON MACKENZIE, of New Jersey, deceased,		Dr.
To thirty barrels of beef for Gen. Sherman,		
@ \$100.....	\$3,000	
To traveling expenses and transportation.....	14,000	
Total.....	\$17,000	
Rec'd Pay't.		

He died then; but he left the contract to Wm. J. Martin, who tried to collect it, but died before he got through. He left it to Barker J. Allen, and he tried to collect it also. He did not survive. Barker J. Allen left it to Anson G. Rogers, who attempted to collect it, and got along as far as the Ninth Auditor's office, when Death, the great Leveller, came all unsummoned, and foreclosed on *him* also. He left the bill to a relative of his in Connecticut, Vengeance Hopkins by name, who lasted four weeks and two days, and made the best time on record, coming within one of reaching the Twelfth Auditor. In his will he gave the contract bill to his uncle, by the name of O-be-joyful Johnson. It was too undermining for Joyful. His last words were: "Weep not for me—I am willing to go." And so he was, poor soul! Seven people inherited the contract after that. But they all died. So it came into my hands at last. It fell to me through a relative by the name of Hubbard,

—Bethlehem Hubbard of Indiana. He had had a grudge against me for a long time: but in his last moments he sent for me, and forgave me everything, and, weeping, gave me the beef contract.

This ends the history of it up to the time that I succeeded to the property. I will now endeavor to set myself straight before the nation in everything that concerns my share in the matter. I took this beef contract, and the bill for mileage and transportation, to the President of the United States. He said:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" I said:

"Sire: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

He stopped me there, and dismissed me from his presence, kindly, but firmly. The next day I called on the Secretary of State. He said:

"Well, sir?"

I said, "Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—"

"That will do, sir—that will do: this office has nothing to do with contracts for beef."

I was bowed out. I thought the matter all over, and finally, the following day, I visited the Secretary of the Navy, who said, "Speak quickly, sir; do not keep me waiting." I said:

"Your Royal Highness: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Mackenzie, of Rotterdam, Chemung County, New Jersey, deceased, contracted with

the General Government to furnish to General Sherman the sum total of thirty barrels of beef—”

Well, it was as far as I could get. *He* had nothing to do with beef contracts for General Sherman either. I began to think it was a curious kind of a government. It looked somewhat as if they wanted to get out of paying for that beef. The following day I went to the Secretary of the Interior. I said:

“Your Imperial Highness: On or about the 10th day of October—”

“That is sufficient, sir—I have heard of you before. Go—take your infamous beef-contract out of this establishment. The Interior Department has nothing whatever to do with subsistence for the army.”

I went away. But I was exasperated now. I said I would haunt them; I would infest every department of this iniquitous government till that contract business was settled; I would collect that bill, or fall, as fell my predecessors, trying. I assailed the Postmaster-General; I besieged the Agricultural Department; I waylaid the Speaker of the House of Representatives. *They* had nothing to do with army contracts for beef. I moved upon the Commissioner of the Patent-Office. I said:

“Your august Excellency: On or about—”

“Perdition! have you got *here* with your incendiary beef-contract, at last? We have *nothing* to do with beef-contracts for the army, my dear sir.”

“Oh, that is all very well—but *somebody* has got to pay for that beef! It has got to be paid *now*, too, or I’ll confiscate this old Patent-Office and everything in it.”

“But, my dear sir—”

“It don’t make any difference, sir. The Patent-Office is liable for that beef, I reckon; and, liable or not liable, the Patent-Office has got to pay for it.”

Never mind the details. It ended in a fight. The Patent-Office won. But I found out something to my advantage. I was told that the Treasury Department was the proper place for me to go to. I went there. I waited two hours and a half, and then I was admitted to the First Lord of the Treasury. I said:

"Most noble, grave, and reverend Signor: On or about the 10th day of October, 1861, John Wilson Macken—"

"That is sufficient, sir. I have heard of you. Go to the First Auditor of the Treasury."

I did so. He sent me to the Second Auditor. The Second Auditor sent me to the Third, and the Third sent me to the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. This began to look like business. He examined his books and all his loose papers, but found no minute of the beef-contract. I went to the Second Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division. He examined his books and his loose papers, but with no success. I was encouraged. During that week I got as far as the Sixth Comptroller in that division; the next week I got through the Claims Department; the third week I began and completed the Mislaid Contracts Department, and got a foot-hold in the Dead Reckoning Department. I finished that in three days. There was only one place left for it now. I laid siege to the Commissioner of Odds and Ends; to his clerk, rather,—he was not there himself. There were sixteen beautiful young ladies in the room, writing in books, and there were seven well-favored young clerks showing them how. The young women smiled up over their shoulders, and the clerks smiled back at them, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Two or three clerks that were reading the newspapers looked at me rather hard, but went on reading, and nobody said anything. However, I had been used to this kind of alacrity from

Fourth-Assistant-Junior Clerks all through my eventful career, from the very day I entered the first office of the Corn-Beef Bureau clear till I passed out of the last one in the Dead Reckoning Division. I had got so accomplished by this time that I could stand on one foot from the moment I entered an office till a clerk spoke to me without changing more than two, or maybe three times.

So I stood there till I had changed four different times. Then I said to one of the clerks who was reading:

"Illustrious Vagrant, where is the Grand Turk?"

"What do you mean, sir? whom do you mean? If you mean the Chief of the Bureau, he is out."

"Will he visit the harem to-day?"

The young man glared upon me a while, and then went on reading his paper. But I knew the ways of those clerks. I knew I was safe, if he got through before another New York mail arrived. He only had two more papers left. After a while he finished them, and then he yawned, and asked me what I wanted.

"Renowned and honored Imbecile: On or about—"

"You are the beef-contract man. Give me your papers."

He took them, and for a long time he ransacked his odds and ends. Finally he found the Northwest Passage, as *I* regarded it,—he found the long-lost record of that beef-contract,—he found the rock upon which so many of my ancestors had split before they ever got to it. I was deeply moved. And yet I rejoiced,—for I had survived. I said with emotion, "Give it me. The government will settle now." He waved me back, and said there was something yet to be done first.

"Where is this John Wilson Mackenzie?" said he.

"Dead."

"When did he die?"

"He did n't die at all—he was killed."

"How?"

"Tomahawked."

"Who tomahawked him?"

"Why, an Indian, of course. You did n't suppose it was a superintendent of a Sunday-school, did you?"

"No. An Indian, was it?"

"The same."

"Name of the Indian?"

"His name! I do n't know his name."

"*Must* have his name. Who saw the tomahawking done?"

"I do n't know."

"You were not present yourself, then?"

"Which you can see by my hair. I was absent."

"Then how do you know that Mackenzie is dead?"

"Because he certainly died at that time, and I have every reason to believe that he has been dead ever since. *I know* he has, in fact."

"We must have proofs. Have you got the Indian?"

"Of course not."

"Well, you must get him. Have you got the tomahawk?"

"I never thought of such a thing."

"You must get the tomahawk. You must produce the Indian and the tomahawk. If Mackenzie's death can be proven by these, you can then go before the commission appointed to audit claims, with some show of getting your bill under such headway that your children may possibly live to receive the money and enjoy it. But that man's death *must* be proven. However, I may as well tell you that the government will never pay that transportation and those traveling expenses of the lamented Mackenzie. It *may* possibly pay for the barrel

of beef that Sherman's soldiers captured, if you can get a relief bill through Congress making an appropriation for that purpose; but it will not pay for the twenty-nine barrels the Indians ate."

"Then there is only a hundred dollars due me, and *that* isn't certain! After all Mackenzie's travels in Europe, Asia, and America with that beef; after all his trials and tribulations and transportation; after the slaughter of all those innocents that tried to collect that bill! Young man, why did n't the First Comptroller of the Corn-Beef Division tell me this?"

"He did n't know anything about the genuineness of your claim."

"Why did n't the Second tell me? why did n't the Third? Why did n't all those divisions and departments tell me?"

"None of them knew. We do things by routine here. You have followed the routine and found out what you wanted to know. It is the best way. It is the only way. It is very regular, and very slow, but it is very certain."

"Yes, certain death. It has been, to the most of our tribe. I begin to feel that I, too, am called. Young man, you love the bright creature yonder with the gentle-blue eyes and the steel pens behind her ears,—I see it in your soft glances; you wish to marry her,—but you are poor. Here, hold out your hand,—here is the beef-contract; go, take her and be happy! Heaven bless you, my children!"—MARK TWAIN.



AN APPEAL TO THE "SEXTANT" FOR AIR.

O SEXTANT of the meetin house, wich sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to! and makes fires,
 And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
 in wich case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile;
 And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dies,
 to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths;
 And for the servusses gets \$100 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it;
 Gettin up before starlite in all wethers and
 Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlin;
 i would n't be hired to do it for no sum,—
 But O Sextant! there are 1 kermoddity
 Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin,
 Worth more than anything except the sole of man!
 i mean power *Are*, Sextant, i mean power are!
 O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
 Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts!
 in short, it's jest as "free as are" out dores.
 But O Sextant, in our church, it's scarce as buty,
 Scarce as bank bills, when agints beg for mischuns,
 Wich some say is purty often ('tain't nothin to me, wat
 I give ain't nothin to nobody) but, O Sextant,
 U shet 500 men, wimmin and children,
 Speshally the latter, up in a tite place, \,
 Some has bad breths, none ain't 2 sweet,
 Some is fevery, some is scrofilous, some has bad teeth
 And some hain't none, and some ain't over clean;
 But every 1 on 'em brethes in and out, and out and
 in,

Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half breths an
our.

Now how long will a church ful of *are* last at that rate,
I ask you—say 15 minits— and then wat's to be did?

Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
At least 10 times, and let it up agin; and wat's more
The same individoal don't have the priviledge
of brethin his own *are*, and no one's else,
Each one must take whatever comes to him.

O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out;
and how can bellusses blo without wind,

And ain't wind *are*? i put it to your conschens.

Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,

Or little pills unto an omepath,

Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe;

What signifies who preaches if i can't brethe?

Wats Pol? Wats Pollus to sinners who are ded?

Ded for want of breath, why, Sextant, when we dy,
It's only coz we can't brethe no more, that's all.

And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you
To let a little *are* into our church.

(Pewer *are* is sertain proper for the pews)

And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,

It ain't much trouble, only make a hole

And the *are* will come of itself;

(It luv's to come where it can git warm)

And O how it will rouze the people up,

And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,

And yawns, and figgits, as effectoal

As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels of.—A GASPER.

THE FIRE.

HUSH, hark, that knell!
What means that bell—
That rousing swell?
It dies, it sinks in parted links.

Again it thrills! Again it fills!
Waking, shaking, leaping higher,
Hoarse and deep with embodied fire.

See that smoke! See that cloud!
Darker, denser, wider growing,
Rising, falling, searching, blowing.

Again that stroke! See that crowd!
Rushing, pushing, shouting, yelling,
Love to save, each bosom swelling—
Swelling, swelling, swelling.

Place the engine! Seize the hose!
Let the water boldly float
On the fiendish fiery foes,
And the engine puff her throat.

O the flames! O the flames!
Winding, wafting, twisting, turning,
Cracking, scorching, blazing, burning!
Burning, burning, burning!

Hear those names! Hear those claims!
Save me, father! Save me, mother!
Sister, save me! Save me, brother!
O hear our angel baby's cry!
No more. Its lips in ashes lie.

Hush ! that clash ! Gods, that crash !
Madly rising, tearing, dashing !
Wildly flouncing, flaring, flashing !
Red flames lash the broken sash.

Hark, hark, within—a breath, a din !
Groaning, moaning, clinging, grasping,
Life on fire, a fireman clasping !
Clasping, clasping, clasping !
Such love of kin should glory win.

Now, now you see the flames are free !
Spouting, spreading, waving, soaring,
Plunging, tossing, raging, roaring,
In one hot sea of dread decree.

The high-raised throws from spurting hose,
Tending, bending, warping, winding,
Seeking, chasing, meeting, blinding
Each blast that blows from fiery foes.

O God, that wail ! That prayer, that fall !
Ruin, wreck and desolation,
Ravage, waste and devastation,
Spread Death's sad pall dark over all.

That lurid glare ! That ghastly stare !
Bruised, maimed, and gashed, soiled, stained, and broken,
Of former looks scarce left a token.

Could those lips speak, how they could tell
Of direful woe and fortune fell !
For mother's grief those eyes have shed ;
For brother's pain that still heart bled.

What now is light, or gloom, or earth, or air,
To that wild stare ?
Or friend or foe, or joy or woe,
Or frown or smile, or trust or guile,
To that dead glare ?
Truth rests but in the tomb.

HUGH F. McDERMOTT.

THE CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE.

OUR enterprise is in advance of the public sentiment, and those who carry it on are glorious iconoclasts, who are going to break down the drunken Dagon worshipped by their fathers. Count 'me over the chosen heroes of this earth, and I will show you men that stood alone—ay, alone, while those they toiled, and labored, and agonized for, hurled at them contumely, scorn and contempt. They stood alone; they looked into the future calmly, and with faith; they saw the golden beam inclining to the side of perfect justice; and they fought on amidst the storm of persecution. In Great Britain they tell me when I go to see such a prison: “Here is such a dungeon, in which such a one was confined;” “Here, among the ruins of an old castle, we will show you where such a one had his ears cut off, and where another was murdered.” Then they will show me monuments towering up to the heavens. “There is a monument to such a one; there is a monument to another.” And what do I find? That the one generation persecuted and howled at these men, crying, “crucify them! crucify them!” and danced around the blazing fagots that consumed them; and the next generation busied itself in gathering up the scattered ashes of the

martyred heroes, and depositing them in the golden urn of a nation's history. O, yes! the men that fight for a great enterprise are the men that bear the brunt of the battle, and "He who seeth in secret"—seeth the desire of his children, their steady purpose, their firm self-denial—"will reward them openly," though they may die and see no sign of the triumphs of their enterprise.

Our cause is a progressive one. I read the first constitution of the first temperance society formed in the State of New York, in 1809, and one of the by-laws stated, "Any member of this association who shall be convicted of intoxication shall be fined a quarter of a dollar, except such act of intoxication shall take place on the 4th of July, or any other regularly appointed military muster." We laugh at that now; but it was a serious matter in those days; it was in advance of the public sentiment of the age. The very men that adopted that principle were persecuted; they were hooted and pelted through the streets, the doors of their houses were blackened, their cattle mutilated. The fire of persecution scorched some men so that they left the work. Others worked on, and God blessed them. Some are living to-day; and I should like to stand where they stand now, and see the mighty enterprise as it rises before them. They worked hard. They lifted the first turf—prepared the bed in which to lay the corner-stone. They laid it amid persecution and storm. They worked under the surface; and men almost forgot that there were busy hands laying the solid foundation far down beneath. By-and-by they got the foundation above the surface, and then commenced another storm of persecution. Now we see the superstructure—pillar after pillar, tower after tower, column after column, with the capitals emblazoned with "Love, truth, sympathy, and good-will to

men." Old men gaze upon it as it grows up before them. They will not live to see it completed, but they see in faith the crowning cope-stone set upon it. Meek-eyed women weep as it grows in beauty; children strew the pathway of the workmen with flowers. We do not see its beauty yet—we do not see the magnificence of its superstructure yet—because it is in course of erection. Scaffolding, ropes, ladders, workmen ascending and descending, mar the beauty of the building; but by-and-by, when the hosts who have labored shall come up over a thousand battle-fields, waving with bright grain, never again to be crushed in the distillery—through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory, never again to be pressed into that which can debase and degrade mankind—when they shall come through orchards, under trees hanging thick with golden, pulpy fruit, never to be turned into that which can injure and debase—when they shall come up to the last distillery and destroy it; to the last stream of liquid death, and dry it up; to the last weeping wife, and wipe her tears gently away; to the last little child, and lift him up to stand where God meant that man should stand; to the last drunkard, and nerve him to burst the burning fetters and make a glorious accompaniment to the song of freedom by the clanking of his broken chains—then, ah! then will the cope-stone be set upon it, the scaffolding will fall with a crash, and the building will start in its wondrous beauty before an astonished world. The last poor drunkard shall go into it, and find a refuge there; loud shouts of rejoicing shall be heard, and there shall be joy in heaven, when the triumphs of a great enterprise shall usher in the day of the triumphs of the cross of Christ. I believe it; on my soul, I believe it. Will you help us? That is the question. We leave it with you. Good-night.—JOHN B. GOUGH.

THE BLACK HORSE AND HIS RIDER.

IT was the 7th of October, 1777. Horatio Gates stood before his tent, gazing steadfastly upon the two armies now arrayed in order of battle. It was a clear, bracing day, mellow with the richness of Autumn. The sky was cloudless; the foliage of the wood scarce tinged with purple and gold; the buckwheat in yonder fields frostened into snowy ripeness. But the tread of legions shook the ground; from every bush shot the glimmer of the rifle barrel; on every hillside blazed the sharpened bayonet. Gates was sad and thoughtful, as he watched the evolutions of the two armies. But all at once, a smoke arose, a thunder shook the ground, and a chorus of shouts and groans yelled along the darkened air. The play of death had begun. The two flags, this of the stars, that of the red cross, tossed amid the smoke of battle, while the sky was clouded with leaden folds, and the earth throbbed with the pulsations of a mighty heart. Suddenly, Gates and his officers were startled. Along the height on which they stood, came a rider, upon a black horse, rushing toward the distant battle. There was something in the appearance of this horse and his rider, that struck them with surprise. Look! he draws his sword, the sharp blade quivers through the air—he points to the distant battle, and lo! he is gone; gone through those clouds, while his shout echoes over the plains. Wherever the fight is thickest, there through intervals of cannon smoke, you may see riding madly forward that strange soldier, mounted on his steed black as death. Look at him, as with face red with British blood he waves his sword and shouts to his legions. Now you may see him fighting in that cannon's glare, and the

next moment he is away off yonder, leading the forlorn hope up that steep cliff. Is it not a magnificent sight, to see that strange soldier and that noble black horse dashing, like a meteor, down the long columns of battle? Let us look for a moment into those dense war-clouds. Over this thick hedge bursts a band of American militia-men, their rude farmer coats stained with blood, while scattering their arms by the way, they flee before that company of redcoat hirelings, who come rushing forward, their solid front of bayonets gleaming in the battle light. In this moment of their flight, a horse comes crashing over the plains. The unknown rider reins his steed back on his haunches, right in the path of a broad-shouldered militia-man. "Now, cowards! advance another step and I'll strike you to the heart!" shouts the unknown, extending a pistol in either hand. "What! are you Americans, men, and fly before British soldiers? Back again, and face them once more, or I myself will ride you down." This appeal was not without its effect. The militia-man turns; his comrades, as if by one impulse, follow his example. In one line, but thirty men in all, they confront thirty sharp bayonets. The British advance. "Now upon the rebels, charge!" shouts the red-coat officer. They spring forward at the same bound. Look! their bayonets almost touch the muzzles of their rifles. At this moment the voice of the unknown rider was heard: "Now let them have it! Fire!" A sound is heard, a smoke is seen, twenty Britons are down, some writhing in death, some crawling along the soil, and some speechless as stone. The remaining ten start back. "Club your rifles and charge them home!" shouts the unknown. That black horse springs forward, followed by the militia-men. Then a confused conflict—a cry for quarter, and a vision of twenty farmers grouped

around the rider of the black horse, greeting him with cheers. Thus it was all the day long. Wherever that black horse and his rider went, there followed victory. At last, toward the setting of the sun, the crisis of the conflict came. That fortress yonder, on Bemiss' Heights, must be won, or the American cause is lost! That cliff is too steep—that death is too certain. The officers cannot persuade the men to advance. The Americans have lost the field. Even Morgan, that iron man among iron men, leans on his rifle and despairs of the field. But look yonder! In this moment when all is dismay and horror, here crashing on, comes the black horse and his rider. That rider bends upon his steed, his frenzied face covered with sweat and dust and blood; he lays his hand upon that bold rifleman's shoulder, and as though living fire had been poured into his veins, he seized his rifle and started toward the rock. And now look! now hold your breath, as that Black Steed crashes up that steep cliff. That steed quivers! he totters! he falls! No! No! Still on, still up the cliff, still on toward the fortress. The rider turns his face and shouts, "Come on, men of Quebec! come on!" That call is needless. Already the bold riflemen are on the rock. Now British cannon pour your fires, and lay your dead in tens and twenties on the rock. Now, red-coat hirelings, shout your battle-cry if you can! For look! there, in the gate of the fortress, as the smoke clears away, stands the Black Horse and his rider. That steed falls dead, pierced by an hundred balls; but his rider, as the British cry for quarter, lifts up his voice and shouts afar to Horatio Gates waiting yonder in his tent, "Saratoga is won!" As that cry goes up to heaven, he falls with his leg shattered by a cannon ball. Who was the rider of the black horse? Do you not guess his name? Then bend down and gaze on that shattered limb, and you will see that it

bear's the mark of a former wound. That wound was received in the storming of Quebec. That rider of the Black Horse was Benedict Arnold.

CHARLES SHEPPARD.

THE RAVEN.

ONCE upon a midnight dreary, while I ponder'd, weak
and weary,

Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten
lore,—

While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,

As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber-
door.

"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber-
door—

Only this, and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon
the floor.

Eagerly I wish'd the morrow: vainly I had sought to
borrow

From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—

For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name
Lenore—

Nameless here forevermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple
curtain,

Thrill'd me—fill'd me with fantastic terrors never felt
before;

So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood
repeating,

"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door,—

Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-
door ;

That it is, and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger: hesitating then no
longer,

"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I
implore ;

But the fact is, I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I open'd wide
the door :

Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there, won-
dering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to
dream before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whisper'd word,
"Lenore!"

This I whisper'd, and an echo murmur'd back the word,
"LENORE!"

Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon again I heard a tapping, something louder than
before.

"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window-lattice;

Let me see then what thereat is, and this mystery explore,—

Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,

In there stepp'd a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.

Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopp'd or stay'd he;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perch'd above my chamber-door,—

Perch'd upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—

Perched and sat and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,

By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art sure no craven;

Ghastly, grim, and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly shore,

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night's Plutonian shore?"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

Much I marvel'd this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,

Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;

For we cannot help agreeing that no living human
being

Ever yet was bless'd with seeing bird above his chamber
door—

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-
door,

With such name as "Nevermore!"

But the raven sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke
only

That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did
outpour.

Nothing further then he utter'd—not a feather then he
flutter'd—

Till I scarcely more than mutter'd, "Other friends have
flown before—

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before."

Then the bird said, "Nevermore!"

Startled at the stillness, broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store,

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful
disaster

Follow'd fast and follow'd faster, till his songs one burden
bore,—

Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of—Never—Nevermore!

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheel'd a cushion'd seat in front of bird, and
bust, and door.

Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to
linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of
yore—

What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous
bird of yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore!"

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burn'd into my bosom's
core;

This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease
reclining

On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated
o'er,

But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloat-
ing o'er,

She shall press—ah! nevermore!

Then methought the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these
angels he hath sent thee

Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of
Lenore!

Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost
Lenore!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird
or devil!

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest toss'd thee
here ashore,

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land en-
chanted—

On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I
implore—

Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I
implore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if
bird or devil!

By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we
both adore,

Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if, within the distant
Aidenn,

It shall clasp a sainted maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore;

Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name
Lenore!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I
shriek’d, upstarting—

“Get thee back into the tempest and the Night’s Plu-
tonian shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul
hath spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form
from off my door!”

Quoth the raven, “Nevermore!”

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-
door;

And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon’s that is
dreaming,

And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow
on the floor ;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on
the floor

Shall be lifted—NEVERMORE !

EDGAR A. POE.

THE GHOST.

'TIS about twenty years since Abel Law,

A short, round-favored, merry

Old soldier of the Revolutionary

War,

Was wedded to

A most abominable shrew.

The temper, sir, of Shakspeare's Catharine

Could no more be compared with hers,

Than mine

With Lucifer's.

Her eyes were like a weasel's ; she had a harsh

Face, like a cranberry marsh,

All spread

With spots of white and red ;

Hair of the color of a wisp of straw,

And a disposition like a cross-cut saw.

The appellation of this lovely dame

Was Nancy ; do n't forget the name.

Her brother David was a tall,

Good-looking chap, and that was all ;

One of your great, big nothings, as we say

Here in Rhode Island, picking up old jokes

And cracking them on other folks.

Well, David undertook one night to play
The Ghost, and frighten Abel, who,
He knew,
Would be returning from a journey through
A grove of forest wood
That stood
Below
The house some distance.—half a mile, or so.

With a long taper
Cap of white paper,
Just made to cover
A wig, nearly as large over
As a corn-basket, and a sheet
With both ends made to meet
Across his breast,
(The way in which ghosts are always dressed,)
He took
His station near
A huge oak-tree,
Whence he could overlook
The road and see
Whatever might appear.

It happened that about an hour before, friend Abel
Had left the table
Of an inn, where he had made a halt,
With horse and wagon,
To taste a flagon
Of malt
Liquor, and so forth, which, being done,
He went on,
Caring no more for twenty ghosts,
Than if they were so many posts.

David was nearly tired of waiting;
His patience was abating;
At length, he heard the careless tones
Of his kinsman's voice,
And then the noise
Of wagon-wheels among the stones.
Abel was quite elated, and was roaring
With all his might, and pouring
Out, in great confusion,
Scraps of old songs made in "the Revolution."

His head was full of Bunker Hill and Trenton
And jovially he went on,
Scaring the whip-po-wills among the trees
With rhymes like these :—[Sings.]

 "See the Yankees
 Leave the hill,
 With baggernetts declining,
 With lopped-down hats
 And rusty guns,
 And leather aprons shining.

"See the Yankees—Whoa! Why, what is that?"
Said Abel, staring like a cat,
As, slowly on, the fearful figure strode
Into the middle of the road.

 "My conscience! what a suit of clothes!
Some crazy fellow, I suppose.
Hallo! friend, what's your name? by the powers of
 gin,
That's a strange dress to travel in."
"Be silent, Abel; for I now have come
To read your doom;
Then hearken, while your fate I now declare.
I am a spirit"—"I suppose you are;

But you'll not hurt me, and I'll tell you why:
Here is a fact which you cannot deny;—
All spirits must be either good
Or bad,—that's understood,—
And be you good or evil, I am sure
That I'm secure.
If a good spirit, I am safe. If evil,—
And I don't know but you may be the Devil,—
If that's the case, you'll recollect, I fancy,
That I am married to your sister Nancy!"

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

IT was a starry night in June, the air was soft and still,
When the "minute-men" from Cambridge came, and gathered on the hill;
Beneath us lay the sleeping town, around us frowned the fleet,
But the pulse of freemen, not of slaves, within our bosoms beat;
And every heart rose high with hope, as fearlessly we said,
"We will be numbered with the free, or numbered with the dead!"
"Bring out the line to mark the trench, and stretch it on the sward!"
The trench is marked, the tools are brought, we utter not a word,
But stack our guns, then fall to work with mattock and with spade,
A thousand men with sinewy arms, and not a sound is made;

So still were we, the stars beneath, that scarce a whisper
fell;

We heard the red-coat's musket click, and heard him
cry, "All's well!"

See how the morn is breaking! the red is in the sky!

The mist is creeping from the stream that floats in
silence by;

The "Lively's" hull looms through the fog, and they
our works have spied,

For the ruddy flash and round-shot part in thunder
from her side;

And the "Falcon" and the "Cerberus" make every bosom
thrill,

With gun and shell, and drum and bell, and boatswain's
whistle shrill;

But deep and wider grows the trench, as spade and mat-
tock ply,

For we have to cope with fearful odds, and the time is
drawing nigh!

Up with the pine-tree bauner! Our gallant PRESCOTT
stands

Amid the plunging shells and shot, and plants it with
his hands;

Up with the shout! for PUTNAM comes upon his reeking
bay,

With bloody spur and foaming bit, in haste to join the
fray.

But thou whose soul is glowing in the summer of thy
years,

Unvanquishable WARREN, thou, the youngest of thy
peers,

Wert born and bred, and shaped and made, to act a
patriot's part,
And dear to us thy presence is as heart's blood to
the heart'

Hark! from the town a trumpet! The barges at the
wharf
Are crowded with the living freight; and now they're
pushing off;
With clash and glitter, trump and drum, in all its bright
array,
Behold the splendid sacrifice move slowly o'er the bay!
And still and still the barges fill, and still across the
deep,
Like thunder clouds along the sky, the hostile trans-
ports sweep.

And now they're forming at the Point; and now the
lines advance:
We see beneath the sultry sun their polished bayonets
glance;
We hear anear the throbbing drum, the bugle-challenge
ring;
Quick bursts and loud the flashing cloud, and rolls from
wing to wing;
But on the height our bulwark stands, tremendous in its
gloom,—
As sullen as a tropic sky, and silent as a tomb.

And so we waited till we saw, at scarce ten rifles' length,
The old vindictive Saxon spite, in all its stubborn
strength;
When sudden, flash on flash, around the jagged rampart
burst
From every gun the livid light upon the foe accursed.

Then quailed a monarch's might before a free-born
people's ire ;

Then drank the sward the veteran's life, where swept the
yeoman's fire.

Then, staggered by the shot, we saw their serried columns
reel,

And fall, as falls the bearded rye beneath the reaper's
steel ;

And then arose a mighty shout that might have waked
the dead,—

“Hurrah! they run! the field is won! Hurrah! the foe
is fled!”

And every man bath dropped his gun to clutch a neigh-
bor's hand,

As his heart kept praying all the while for home and
native land

Thrice on that day we stood the shock of thrice a thou-
sand foes,

And thrice that day within our lines the shout of victory
rose ;

And though our swift fire slackened then, and, reddening
in the skies,

We saw from Charlestown's roofs and walls the flamy
columns rise,

Yet while we had a cartridge left, we still maintained
the fight,

Nor gained the foe one foot of ground upon that blood-
stained height.

What though for us no laurels bloom, and o'er the name-
less brave

No sculptured trophy, scroll, nor hatch records a warrior
grave!

What though the day to us was lost !—upon that death-
less page

The everlasting charter stands for every land and age !

For man hath broke his felon bonds, and cast them in
the dust,

And claimed his heritage divine, and justified the trust ;
While through his rifted prison-bars the hues of freedom
pour,

O'er every nation, race and clime, on every sea and
shore,

Such glories as the patriarch viewed, when, mid the
darkest skies,

He saw above a ruined world the Bow of Promise rise.

F. S. COZZENA.

THE QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutter, and a notable weaver besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer ; and was, in fact, a sort of Jack of all trades, and good at each.

In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, a jolly companion, and passably honest, as the times go. But what tarnished all these qualities, was an exceedingly quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other. The truth is he

never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to take a part in it; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose.

Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors,—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not. The squire was as tight a hand to deal with in-doors as out; sometimes treating his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, as to whether churches ought to be called *churches* or *meeting-houses*; and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction,—I can't tell which,—fell into a great passion, and declared he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle.

So he went to some of his *doctors*, and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of *thirty-nine different articles*, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow; and finding he made wry faces, and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him soundly. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine-knot, and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer.

Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new lands to which the squire pretended to have some sort of claim. Jonathan intended to settle the lands, and build a meeting-house without a steeple, as soon as he grew rich

enough. When he got over he found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited only by wild beasts.

But, being a lad of spirit, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors, and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms*; and building himself a large house, which he partly finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay heavy damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads,—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare; so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something.

He made up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions. But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but having a lively, shrewd look, and giving the promise of great strength when he should get his growth.

He was rather an odd-looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody who had seen

John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and declared he was John's own boy, a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy, but, in the main, was a peaceable sort of careless fellow, that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers, and always wore a linsey-woolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton; all of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was coming up in this way, Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny put into them; till at last, one day when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a passion, and threw the *tea-kettle* at the old man's head.

The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee simple to be in Jonathan forever.—J. K. PAULDING.

DORA.

WITH Farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought "I'll make them man and wife."

Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, " My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die :
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter : he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter, Dora ; take her for your wife ;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answer'd short :
" I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
" You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so shall it be now for me. Look to it :
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answered madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It can not be; my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake,—the woman that he chose,—
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off, the farmer came into the field

And spied her not; but none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again,
"Do with *me* as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said, "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, "My uncle took the boy ;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you :
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary, "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself ;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
And I will beg of him to take thee back ;
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch ; they peeped, and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollow of his arms,
And clapped him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in ; but when the boy beheld
His mother, he cried out to come to her ;
And Allan sat him down, and Mary said,
"Oh, father—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child ; but now I come
For Dora : take her back ; she loves you well.

Oh, sir! when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said
He could not ever rue his marrying me.
I had been a patient wife; but, sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus :
' God bless him ! ' he said, ' and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through ! ' Then he turned
His face and passed—unhappy that I am !
But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs;
"I've been to blame—to blame. I have killed my son.
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame,
Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred fold;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So these four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ALFRED TENNYSON.



A NEGRO PRAYER.

“O THOU bressed Jesus, who has met wid dy c-h-i-l’n so m-a-n-y times befo’, come dis way jus’ one time mo’,—jus’ o-n-e time mo’. Pull away de cuhtains ob dy majesty, an’ fol’ back de doahs ob dy g-r-e-a-t glory, an’ come down dis way jus’ one time; jus’ one time mo’. You knows de poor peniten’s is tremblin’ in dare sins, like de leaves a tremblin’ in de sto’m. You knows how deys a cryin’ an’ a weepin’ in de dark midnight ob dare gloom; you knows de moon turn into blackness an’ de stahs all blowin’ out in de breff ef de tempes’ sweepin’ roun’ de sky ob sin. O thou great Light ob de worl’, po’ in de floods ob de mohnin’ upon dare trouble’ souls. You see de backslidah trippin’ an’ a stumblin’ on his way to hell. O M-a-s-i-a-h, come one time mo’; put on dy beautiful gahments, an’ come a-trampin’ down on de clouds ob dy majesty, an’ stan’ one time more upon de wave, as you done gone an’ stan’ on old G-a-l-i-l-e-e long time ago; come an’ put dat han’ where de nail was driv’ an’ bleedin’ an’ a hurtin’ soah—o-h! come an’ put dat han’ on de backslidah’s shouldah now, an’ stop dat man dis night. Did’n’ you say you’d save de m-o-u-n-a-h? Did’n’ you promise to wipe a-way his drippin’ teahs? You hears de mounah’s cry, you see his drippin’ tears. O turn r-o-u-n Zion’s wheel jus’ one time mo’, an’ open a little wi-dah de heaven’s do’, an’ let down de glory! When de poor mounah call to-night—when he come a creepin’ an’ a weepin’ to de altah, s-a-v-e, s-a-v-e, O-h m-m-m-m, (a wailing chant by all) s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. [The people respond, “S-a-v-e by de blood.”] Turn de wicked cl’ar roun’. Tell him where to go wid his trouble’ min’; show him what to do wid his pore broken

heart. Comfort de weepin' Rachels; let de weary Johns rest on dy breas'; hush de stohmy seas of sin; b-l-o-c-k-a-d-e de road to hell; s-a-v-e, Mastah, o-h s-a-v-e by de blood ob de Lamb. When you hears de wailin' Marys. tell dem dere dead brudders shall come out'n de grave an live; tell de pore chil'n dare sins is all forgiven; tell de a-n-g-e-l-s to take up de harps an' de trumpets of glory; fro w-i-d-e open de mansions of de New Jerusalem for de jubil-e-e over de cne sinnah who turus to de Lord to night."—METHODIST RECORDER.

COLUMBIA.

COLUMBIA, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies!
 Thy genius commands thee; with rapture behold,
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last and the noblest of time;
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime;
 Let the crimes of the east ne'er encrimson thy name;
 Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

To conquest and slaughter let Europe aspire;
 Whelm nations in blood and wrap cities in fire;
 Thy heroes the rights of mankind shall defend,
 And triumph pursue them, and glory attend.
 A world is thy realm; for a world be thy laws;
 Enlarged as thine empire, and just as thy cause;
 On freedom's broad basis that empire shall rise,
 Extend with the main and dissolve with the skies.

Fair Science her gates to thy sons shall unbar,
 And the east see thy morn hide the beams of her star;

New bards and new sages, unrivall'd, shall soar
To fame, unextinguished when time is no more;
To thee, the last refuge of virtue designed,
Shall fly from all nations the best of mankind;
Here, grateful to Heaven, with transport shall bring
Their incense, more fragrant than odors of spring.

Nor less shall thy fair ones to glory ascend,
And genius and beauty in harmony blend;
The graces of form shall awake pure desire,
And the charms of the soul ever cherish the fire:
Their sweetness unmingled, their manners refined,
And virtue's bright image enstamp'd on the mind,
With peace and soft rapture shall teach life to glow,
And light up a smile in the aspect of woe

Thy fleets to all regions thy power shall display,
The nations admire and the ocean obey;
Each shore to thy glory its tribute unfold,
And the east and the south yield their spices and gold.
As the day-spring unbounded thy splendor shall flow,
And earth's little kingdoms before thee shall bow,
While the ensigns of Union, in triumph unfurl'd,
Hush the tumult of war, and give peace to the world.

Thus, as down a lone valley, with cedars o'erspread,
From war's dread confusion I pensively stray'd,—
The gloom from the face of fair heaven retired,
The winds ceased to murmur, the thunders expired,
Perfumes as of Eden flow'd sweetly along,
And a voice, as of angels, enchantingly sung:
"Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

DOT LAMBS VOT MARY HAF GOT.

MARY haf got a leetle lambs already;
Dose vool vas vite like shnow;
Und efery times dot Mary did vend oued,
Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lambs did follow Mary von day of der school-
house,
Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der schoolmaster,
Also, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmile out
loud,
Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of der school-
house.

Und zo dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs quick oued,
Likevize, dot lambs dit loaf around on der outsides,
Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently aboud,
Until Mary did come also from dot school-house oued.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick to Mary,
Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
Like he would say, "I dond vos schared,
Mary would keep from drouble ena how."

"Vot vos der reason aboud it, of dot lambs and Mary?"
Dose schillen did ask it dot schoolmaster;
Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose lambs
already,
Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und zo, alzo, dot moral vas,
Boued Mary's lambs' relations ;
Of you lofe dese like she lofe does,
Dot lambs vas obligations.

NO GOD.

IS there no God ? The white rose made reply,
My ermine robe was woven in the sky.
The blue-bird warbled from his shady bower,
My plumage fell from hands that made the flower.

Is there no God ? The silvery ocean spray
At the vile question startles in dismay ;
And, tossing mad against earth's impious clod,
Impatient thunders—yes, there is a God !

Is there no God ? The greedy worm that raves
In sportive glee amid the gloom of graves,
Proves a Divinity supremely good,
For daily morsels sent of flesh and blood.

Is there no God ? The dying Christian's hand,
Pale with disease, points to a better land ;
And ere his body mingles with the sod,
He, sweetly smiling, faintly murmurs—God.

We publish God ! The towering mountains cry,
Jehovah's name is blazoned on the sky !
The dancing streamlet and the golden grain,
The lightning gleam, the thunder and the rain ;—

The dew-drop diamond on the lilies' breast,
The tender leaf by every breeze caressed :
The shell, whose pearly bosom ocean laves,
And sea-weed bowing to a troop of waves.

The glow of Venus and the glare of Mars,
The tranquil beauty of the lesser stars ;
The eagle, soaring in majestic flight,
The morning bursting from the clouds of night.

The child's fond prattle and the mother's prayer,
Angelic voices floating upon air—
Mind, heart, and soul, the ever restless breath,
And all the myriad-mysteries of death.

Beware ye doubting, disbelieving throng,
Whose sole ambition is to favor wrong ;
There is a God ; remember while ye can,
" His Spirit will not always strive with man."

N. K. RICHARDSON.

TOMMY TAFT.

ON the first day of March it was, that Tommy Taft had been unquietly sleeping in the forenoon, to make up for a disturbed night. The little noisy clock that regarded itself as the essence of a Yankee, and ticked with immense alacrity and struck in the most bustling and emphatic manner—this industrious and moral clock began striking whir-r-r, one ; whir-r-r, two ; whir-r-r, three ; (Tommy jerked his head a little as if something vexed him in his sleep ;) whir-r-r, four ; whir-r-r, five ; whir-r-r, six (" Keep still, will ye ? let me alone, old woman ! con-

found your medicine"); whir-r-r, seven; whir-r-r, eight ("God in heaven! as sure as I live," said Tommy, rubbing his eyes as if to make sure they saw aright); whir-r-r, nine; whir-r-r, ten! Then holding out his arms with the simplicity of a child, his face fairly glowing with joy, and looking now really noble, he cried: "Barton—my boy, Barton—I knew you would n't let the old man die and not help him! I knew it! I knew it!"

After the first surprise of joy subsided, Tommy pushed Barton from the edge of his bed. "Stand up, boy; turn round! There he is! Now I'm all right. Got my pilot aboard; sealed orders; ready to sail the minit the hawser's let go."

After a few words about his return from the West, his health and prospects, the old man returned to the subject that seemed to lie nearest his heart. "They've all had a hand at me, Barton. There's twenty firms in this town that is willin' to give a feller sailin' orders, when they see he's out'ard bound. But I am an old salt—I know my owners!" said Tommy, with an affectionate wink at Barton. "Ah, my boy, you're back again; it's all right now. Do n't you let me go wrong. I want you to tell me just where you're goin', and I'll bear right up for that port. You know, Barton, I never cheated you when you was a boy. I took care of 'ye, and never told you a lie in my life, and never got you in a scrape. You won't cheat an old man now, will ye?"

It was all that Barton could do to maintain his self-possession. Tears and smiles kept company on his face. "My dear old Tommy, we won't part company. We're both bound to the same land. God will, I fervently hope, for Christ's sake, forgive all our sins, and make us meet for everlasting life."

"Amen!" roared out the old man. "Go on. You

really believe in it? Come here, Barton, sit down on the edge of the bed, look me in the face, and no flummery. Do you really believe that there's another world?"

"I do, Tommy, I believe it in my very soul."

"That's enough. I believe it too, jest as sartain as if a shipmate had told me about an island I'd never seen, but he had. Now, Barton, give me the bearin's of 't. D'y'e believe that there's a Lord that helps a poor fellow to it?"

"I do. Christ loves me and you, and all of us. He saves all who trust in Him."

"He do n't stand on particulars then? He won't rip up all a feller's old faults, will He? Or how's that? Do n't you ease up on me, Barton, just to please me, but tell me the hardest on 't. I believe every word you say."

Barton's own soul had traveled on the very road on which Tommy was now walking, and remembering his own experience, he repeated to Tommy these words: "He will turn again, he will have compassion upon us; he will subdue our iniquities; and Thou wilt cast all our sins into the depths of the sea."—Micah vii. 19.

"Now that's to the p'int, Barton. The Lord will tumble a feller's sins overboard like rubbish, or bilge-water and the like, when a ship is in the middle of the ocean? Well, it won't puzzle a feller to find 'em agin after that. Is that all? I'm to report to Him?"

"Yes, Tommy; you are to report to God."

"Barton, would ye jest as lief do me a little favor as not?"

"What is it, Taft?"

"Would ye mind sayin' a little prayer for me—it makes no difference, of course; but jest a line of intro-

duction in a foreign port sometimes helps a feller amazingly."

Barton knelt by the bedside and prayed. Without reflecting at the moment on Uncle Tommy's particular wants, Barton was following in prayer the line of his own feelings, when suddenly he felt Tommy's finger gently poking his head. "I say, Barton, ain't you steerin' a p'int or two off the course? I do n't seem to follow you." A few earnest, simple petitions followed, which Taft seemed to relish. "Lord, forgive Tommy Taft's sins! ('Now you've hit it,' said the old man, softly.) Prepare him for Thy kingdom. ('Yes, and Barton too!') May he feel Thy love, and trust his soul in Thy sacred keeping. ('Ah, ha! that's it; you're in the right spot now.') Give him peace while he lives. ('No matter about that; the doctor'll give me opium for that! go on.') And at his death, save his soul in Thy Kingdom, for Christ's sake. Amen."

"Amen. But did n't you coil it away rather too quick? Now, Barton, my boy, you've done a good thing. I've been waitin' for you all winter, and you did n't come a minit too soon. I'm tired now, but I want to say one thing. Barton, when I'm gone, you won't let the old woman suffer? She's had a pretty hard time of it with me. I knew you would. One thing more, Barton," said the old man, his voice sinking almost to a whisper, as if speaking a secret from the bottom of his soul, "Barton, you know I never had much money. I never laid up any—could n't. Now you won't let me come on to the town for a funeral—will ye? I should hate to be buried in a pine coffin, at town expense, and have folks laugh that did n't dare open their head to me when I was 'round town!"

Barton could not forbear smiling as the old man,

growing visibly feebler every hour, went on revealing traits which his sturdy pride had covered when he was in health.

"And, Barton, I wish you'd let the children come when I'm buried. They'll come, if you'll jest let 'em know. Always trust the children. And (pain here checked his utterance for a moment)—let's see, what was I saying? Oh, the children. I don't want nothin' said. But if you'd jest as lief let the children sing one of their hymns, I should relish it."

The color came suddenly to his cheek, and left as suddenly. He pressed his hand upon his heart, and leaned his head further over on his pillow, as if to wait till the pang passed. It seemed long. Barton rose and leaned over him. The old man opened his eyes, and with a look of ineffable longing whispered, "Kiss me."

A faint smile dwelt about his mouth; his face relaxed and seemed to express happiness in its rugged features. But the old man was not there. Without sound of wings or footfall, he had departed on his last journey.

H. W. BEECHER.

THE MAIDEN'S LAST FAREWELL.

A LA CREMATION.

THEN the night wore on, and we knew the worst,
That the end of it all was nigh;
Three doctors they had from the very first—
And what could one do but die?

"O, William!" she cried, "strew no blossoms of Spring,
For the new apparatus might rust;
But say that a handful of shavings you'll bring,
And linger to see me combust.

"O, promise me, love, by the fire-hole you 'll watch,
And when mourners and stokers convene,
You will see that they light me some solemn, slow match,
And warn them against kerosene.

"It would cheer me to know, ere these rude breezes waft
My essences far to the pole,
That one whom I love will look to the draught,
And have a fond eye on the coal.

"Then promise me, love,"—and her voice fainter grew—
"While this body of mine calcifies,
You will stand just as near as you can to the flue,
And gaze while my gases arise.

"For Thompson—Sir Henry—has found out a way
(Of his process you 've surely heard tell),
And you burn like a parlor-match gently away,
Nor even offend by a smell.

"So none of the dainty need sniff in disdain
When my carbon floats up to the sky ;
And I'm sure, love, that *you* will never complain,
Though an ash should blow into your eye.

"Now promise me, love"—and she murmured low—
"When the calcification is o'er,
You will sit by my grave in the twilight glow—
I mean by my furnace door :

"Yes, promise me, love, while the seasons revolve
On their noiseless axles, the years,
You will visit the kiln where you saw me 'resolve,'
And leach my pale ashes with tears."—JOHN PAUL.

DEACON MUNROE'S STORY;
OR, CHURCH DISCIPLINE.

YES, surely the bells in the steeple
Were ringing; I thought you knew why.
No? Well then, I'll tell you, though mostly
It's whispered about on the sly.
Some six weeks ago, a church meeting
Was held, for—nobody knew what;
But we went, and the Parson was present,
And I do n't know who, or who not.

Some twenty-odd members, I calc'late,
Which mostly was wimmin, of course;
But I do n't mean to say aught agin 'em,
I've seen many gatherings look worse.
And in the front row sat the deacons;
The eldest was old Deacon Pryor,
A man countin' fourscore and seven,
And generally full of his ire.

Beside him, his wife, aged fourscore,
A kind-hearted, motherly soul;
And next to her young Deacon Hartly,
A good Christian man on the whole.
Miss Parsons, a spinster of fifty,
And long ago laid on the shelf,
Had wedged herself next, and beside her
Was Deacon Munroe—that's myself.

The meeting was soon called to order,
The Parson looked glum as a text;
We silently stared at each other,
And every one wondered, "What next?"

When straightway uprose Deacon Hartly,
His voice seemed to tremble with fear
As he said: "Boy and man, you have known me,
My friends, for nigh forty year.

"And you scarce may expect a confession
Of error from me—but—you know
My dearly loved wife died last Christmas—
It's now over ten months ago.
The winter went by long and lonely,
But the spring-time crep' forward apace;
The farm-work begun, and I needed
A woman about the old place.

"My children were wilder than rabbits,
And all growing worse every day;
I could find no help in the village,
Although I was willing to pay.
I declare I was near 'bout discouraged,
And everything looked so forlorn.
When good little Patience McAlpine
Skipped into our kitchen one morn.

"She had only run in of an errand,
But she laughed at our woe-begone plight,
And set to work just like a woman,
A-putting the whole place to right.
And though her own folks were so busy,
And illy her helpin' could spare,
She'd flit in and out like a sparrow,
And most every day she was there.

"So the summer went by, sort of cheerful;
But one night, my baby, my Joe,
Was restless and feverish, and woke me,
As babies will often, you know.

I was tired with my day's work and sleepy,
And I could n't no way keep him still ;
So at last I grew angry and spanked him,
And then he screamed out with a will.

" 'T was just then I heard a soft rapping
Away at the half-open door,
And then little Patience McAlpine
Stepped shyly across the white floor.
Says she: 'I thought Josie was crying,
I guess I 'd best take him away ;
I knew you 'd be getting up early
To go to the marshes for hay,

" 'So I stayed here to-night, to get breakfast ;
I guess he 'll be quiet with me ;
Come, baby, kiss papa and tell him
What a nice little man he will be.'
She was bending low over the baby,
And saw the big tears on his cheek ;
But her face was so near to my whiskers
I darsn't move, scarcely, or speak.

" Her arms were both holding the baby,
Her eyes by his shoulder were hid,
But her mouth was so near and so rosy
That—I kissed her—that's just what I did !"
Then down sat the trembling sinner :
The sisters they murmured "for shame !"
And "she should n't oughter a let him ·
No doubt *she* was mostly to blame."

When slowly uprose Deacon Pryor :
" Now, brethren *and* sisters," he said
(And we knowed then that suthin' was coming,
And we sot as still as the dead),

"We've heard Brother Hartly's confession,
And I speak for myself, when I say,
That if my wife was dead, and my children
Were all growing wuss every day ;

"And if my house needed attention,
And Patience McAlpine should come
And tidy the cluttered-up kitchen,
And make the place seem more like home ;
And if I was tired and sleepy,
And my baby would n't lie still,
But cried out at midnight and woke me,
As we know babies sometimes will ;

"And if Patience came in to hush him,
And 't was all as our good brother says—
I think, friends—I think I should kiss her,
And abide by the consequences."
Then down sat the elderly deacon ;
The younger lifted his face,
And a smile rippled over the meeting,
Like light in a shadowy place.

Perhaps, then, the matronly sisters
Remembered their far-away youth,
Or their daughters at home by their firesides,
Shrined each in her shy, modest truth.
For their judgments grew kindly and gentle ;
And—well, as I started to say,
The solemn old bells in the steeple
Were ringing a bridal to-day.

ODE TO THE LEGISLATURE.

ON THE EXPIRATION OF THE "HUNDRED DAYS."

O WISE Assembly! and O wiser Senate!
 I much rejoice to pen it,—
 The Hundred Days in which you lived in clover
 Are gone and over!
 Gone are the Legislators, great and small;
 Clerks, Ushers, Porters, Messengers, and all
 The crowd of country cousins in the hall!
 Gone are the vultures, large and little;
 Gone are the venders of cold victual;
 Gone are the ladies, short and tall,
 The virtuous and the vicious,
 The meritorious and the meretricious,
 Who follow their vocations
 Where you resort;
 In short,
 The Apple-women, and the sort,
 With other appellations.
 Gone is the patient, patriotic "Lobby;"
 Some, who have bagged their game,
 Laden with wealth—and shame;
 And others, leading home their lame
 And ill-conditioned hobby,
 A little leaner than it came!
 Gone, too, the Sharps and Flats who swarm
 In secret sessions, and perform
 "Feats of the *Ring*"
 Unequaled elsewhere,—not the sort of thing
 Where human features catch defacing blows,—
 But meaner feats than those,
 Degrading Legislative Ayes and Noes.

O Famous Hundred!—

In which (while “rural districts” wondered)

Your little Tullys thundered,

Your Hectors blustered, and your Solons blundered,

And *Buncombe*—houestass! was praised and plundered;

To think! what wind and muscle were expended

(Mere money not to mention)

In quieting dissension!

What righteous bills opposed, and bad defended;

What acts (and facts) were made and marred and mended

Before the Session ended!

They say, O Legislature! in despite

Of all adverse appearances, you *might*

Have been much weaker.

(*How?* I have asked,—but all in vain;

None could, or would explain!)

But this I freely own,—you had a “Speaker”

That justified the title, and could speak,

In speeches neither few nor weak;

And though he often pained us,—

When at his highest pitch of declamation,

The man’s oration, and vociferation,

Were really *Tremain*-dous!

Perhaps, O Legislature! since your pay

Is rather small,

(I mean, of course, the regular *per diem*,

And not the price of votes when brokers buy ’em),

You saw the Hundreth day

With pleasure, after all.

If so, I will not hint,—there’s little need,—

You and the people were, for once, agreed!

Farewell, O Senate! and Assembly, too!

Good-bye! *adios!* *a-Dio!* *adieu!*

(I don't say *au revoir*!)

With common sense I wouldn't be at war.

That Legislatures come, it needs must be,

(And go, thank Heaven!) but when I see

Your Ways and Means, I think

Of what, upon a time, a person said

Touching an article we eat and drink :

If you'd enjoy (quoth he) your ginger-bread,

Or sip your sweetened coffee with delight,

Of *sugar-making* pray avoid the sight!

And thus, with greater cause,

Would we respect the Laws

(Which *should* be revered to be obeyed),

It isn't best to see them made.

JOHN G. SAXE.

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

DARK is the night! How dark! No light: No fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering, she watches, by the cradle side,
For him, who pledged her *love—last year a bride!*

"Hark! 'Tis his footstep! No!—'t is past!—'t is gone!"
Tick!—Tick!—"How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus?—He once was kind!
And I *believed* 't would last!—How mad!—How blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—For there is no food!—The font is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done
My heart must break! And thou!" The clock strikes
one.

"Hush! 't is the dice-box! Yes! he's there! he's there!
For this!—for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! *his child!* for
what?

The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him. No! 'tis all in vain!
'T is long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve, and bless him, but for *you*,
My child!—*his child!* Oh, fiend!" The clock strikes ,
two.

"Hark! How the sign-board creaks! The blast howls
by.

Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 't is his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!"
'T is but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er!

"Can he desert us thus? He knows I stay,
Night after night, in loneliness, to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! It cannot be! He will be here!

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou 'rt cold! Thou 'rt freezing! But we *will* not part!
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.

They 're gone, they 're gone! the glimmering spark hath
fled!—

The wife, and child, are number'd with the dead.
On the cold earth, outstretched in solemn rest,
The babe lay, frozen on its mother's breast:
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dread silence reigned around :—the clock struck four!

COATES.

DIALOGUES AND MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

COLUMBIA'S CENTENNIAL PARTY.

CHARACTERS.

COLUMBIA.	BROTHER JONATHAN.
UNCLE SAM.	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.
THE THIRTY-SEVEN STATES.	

COLUMBIA dressed in national colors; UNCLE SAM in Continental uniform; BROTHER JONATHAN as an old-time Yankee; each STATE wears a circlet with the initials of her name. STATE characteristics should be represented, as far as possible, in the dress of each STATE; thus, MICHIGAN should have chains and other ornaments of copper; NEVADA, of silver; CALIFORNIA, of gold; DELAWARE may be in Swedish dress. The stage should be adorned with flags, stars and shields. COLUMBIA must have a raised, central seat, and there should be a table for receiving the gifts. DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA should receive and arrange them.

Enter UNCLE SAM.

COLUMBIA—Welcome, Uncle, to our Centennial party.

Uncle Sam—Thanks, fair Columbia; hope you're well and hearty.

Col.—Quite well, Uncle Sam; I'm rejoiced you're here; It will be such support to have you near.

Enter BROTHER JONATHAN.

And, Brother Jonathan, I hope to see—

Brother Jonathan—Weal, neow, Columby, shake hands;
here I be.

How big a party will ye have, d' ye s'pose?

And will the young folks poke fun at my clothes?

Col.—No, no, dear Brother; not one bit of danger;
You will not meet to-day a single stranger.

Only the children, coming home once more,

To see their mother, now she's reached five-score.

My hundredth birthday! Jonathan, alas!

Our days are as the grass; like sands they pass!

Bro. J.—Oh sho! Columby, now do n't cry no more;
[*Knock.*]

Somebody's knockin'; I'll go tend the door.

Enter DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Col.—Oh! 't is my little District; she's so near,
She is the very first one to appear.

Enter NEW ENGLAND STATES; UNCLE SAM *receives them*
and presents them to COLUMBIA; each salutes her, kisses
her hand, and then is placed on one side of COLUMBIA.

Maine—I touch this sacred hand with loving lips.
Receive from me a model of my ships.

N. H.—I bring a sceptre that a king might own;
Made from free pines from our Mount Washington.

Vt.—And I a crown wreath fit to deck a queen;
Made by Green Mountain girls, of laurels green.

Mass.—I bring you fabrics rich, of varied stock,
From hills and vales that end at Plymouth Rock.

Bro. J.—(*Aside*)—Old Massachusetts never went out
yet,
But what she bragged on Plymouth Rock, you bet.

Conn.—I bring my fair, pure laws, to show to you ;
Mother Columbia, see, *they are not "Blue !"*

R. I.—I'm little Rhody, and I bring you this ;
Mother Columbia, bend and take—a kiss.

Col.—By-and-by, daughters, we will talk some more.
Hark, Jonathan, pray don't neglect the door.

Bro. J.—Yes, yes, Columby, I'll tend ; don't you worry.
I'll see who's thumpin' out there, in a hurry.

Enter NEW YORK ; UNCLE SAM presents her.

Uncle S.—This is New York, the grand, proud Empire
State.

N. Y.—I came alone because I *have no mate !*

Bro. J.—You jest hold on, and give the West fair
chance,

And Illinois will jine ye in the dance.

Uncle S.—"Hold on" New York ne'er does, but
Illinois

May catch up, if she can : she has her choice.

Bro. J.—Wal, here's New Jersey, fit to stand beside
her ;

With—sure's you live—a jug of Newark cider !

Penn.—And I, Penn's Keystone State, with loyal soul,
Offer Columbia samples of my coal.

Col.—Jonathan, the door.

Bro. J.—Wal neow, I dew declare,
Ef here don't come eour little Delaware !
And she's got on the same old Swedish dress
She wore in sixteen thirty-seven, I guess !

Col.—My eldest daughter and my little pet,
Say, do you love your dear old mother yet ?

Del.—Yes, true and dear, Columbia, as when
I was thine only child, and loved thee then.

Md.—I bring a heavy offering in my hand ;
'Tis useful iron ore, from Maryland.

Bro. J.—Now ra'ally, Columby, that ain't bad;
No knowin' how soon you'll need an ironclad.

E. and W. Va.—We went where sad Mount Vernon's
willow weeps,
To bring the flowers from where thy hero sleeps.

Col.—It is an omen good that thus ye came;
One memory, one love, almost one name.

Uncle S.—See for thy blessing three now bend and
wait:

Georgia, "Palmetto," and the old "North State."

Geo.—I've sweet potatoes, best the South can yield.

N. and S. C.—We've rice and cotton from sea-iale and
field.

Miss. and Ala.—More cotton from the Gulf's rich
shores we bring;

Thine's the cotton, though the cotton is king.

Florida—I offer garlands from the land of flowers,
Culled in my lowland swamps and live-oak bowers.

Bro. J.—Wal, I remember when them beowers was
holes

To hide away the skulkin' Seminoles.

And when the harnsome flowers you had, were fewer'n
Creek Injins, in them swampy lands o' yourn.

La.—Wrought in fit forms Columbia's lips to greet,
We bring bright samples of our sugars sweet.

Bro. J.—(*In a whisper*)—Neow, Rhody, since you're
standin' in there handy,

You jest neow, on the sly, pass reound that candy!

Knock, knock; I'm comin'; wonder who ye be?

Col.—I welcome Texas! my "Lone Star" I see.

Cal.—O'er the Pacific railroad vast I came.

Bro. J.—Wal! you're a shiner! Tell us what's your
name?

Col.—I know my darling from Pacific shore.

Cal.—Receive these chains of gold ; this golden ore.

Ark. and Mo.—Within your courts are gifts that we bestow,

Our flocks and herds, that loudly bleat and low.

Bro. J.—Now, Uncle Sam, you've got to help 'tend door ;

Here's Western gals comin,' half a score ;

To laugh at me they 'll to each other beckon,

But 'tain't no wus to *guess* than 'tis to *reckon* ;

An' ef they hint at soup of codfish tails,

I'll jest hand out to them 'bout *prairie whales*.

Uncle S.—O, Jonathan, don't be so sensitive!

Our family motto should be, "Live—let live."

Col.—And, Jonathan, I'm sure it is small loss

Whether they ride a *horrse* or you a *hoss*.

Just let them *reckon*, or, perhaps, *allow* ;

You *calc'late* and *guess*, now that you know.

Since we're in sections, why, of course, we're sectional ;

But, seems to me, we all may be affectional.

Bro. J.—Here's Tennessee, with old Kentuck to back her.

Tenn. and Ky.—Take, if perchance you *choose*, some fine tobacco.

Col.—(*Angrily*)—What! if I *chew*! What insult! Shall I brook it?

Bro J.—Wall, no ; I'd "put it in my pipe and smoke it."

Uncle S.—They only meant, Columbia, did you choose To see their product men will have and use.

Col.—My children, your old mother made mistake ; Give me your hand, receive a cordial shake.

Ohio.—Fair mother, see my wealth of golden corn.

Ind. and Ill.—And ripened grains from our broad prairies shorn.

Mich.—See, I from Lake Superior's distant shore,
Bring green and shining, precious copper ore.

Iowa and Wis.—We from our mines bring wedges of
our lead,

For bullets that we pray you ne'er may need.

Minn., Or., and Kan.—We bring not here our gift your
halls to cumber;

But send to us for lots of grain and lumber.

Nev. and Neb.—We are your youngest, open wide
your hands,

We'll fill them with our shining silver sands.

Bro. J.—Hallo, there! what's that thumpin' now
again?

Col.—I know! my boys in the last western train.

They come to swell my Union party's glories,
By bringing news from my rich territories.

Enter boys from WASHINGTON, IDAHO, MONTANA, DAKOTA, UTAH, COLORADO, ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, ALASKA, and INDIAN TERRITORIES. These should be in backwoods dress, and with rifles. They sing:

TUNE, "When Johnny comes marching home."

The boys they come marching from the West; hurrah!
hurrah!

Montana, Dakota, and the rest; hurrah! hurrah!

With Washington, Colorado,

New Mexico and Idaho;

And we all feel gay to visit Columbia.

The boys they come marching from the West; hurrah!
hurrah!

From Utah and Indian, and the rest; hurrah! hurrah!

Through grand, primeval wilds we come,

Arizona our farthest home;

And we all feel gay to visit Columbia.

Uncle S.—(*Addressing the States*)—Now, my fair nieces, hear a word from me.
I'd call, if you were boys, for three times three;
But gentle maidens' voices lovelier sound,
When sweetly sending music strains around.
So let's all sing, while gay we gathered are
The grand old song of "Hail Columbia."

All sing "Hail Columbia."

COLUMBIA'S ADDRESS.

Thanks, children, love is strong and words are weak;
My love, your loyalty, no words can speak.
And do you love me so, and I so old?

Bro. J.—Of course they dew; must you ag'in be told!

Uncle S.—Hush, Jonathan, don't interrupt the address.

Bro. J.—You're right, Columby's got the floor, I guess.

Col.—I've reached a hundred, children, and rejoice
To see each daughter's face, and hear her voice;
And I rejoice, too, at the manly strain
That sounds from western mount, and shore, and plain.
I'll happier grow, as on my swift years run,
Each daughter fair, and brave and strong each son;
Continue true and loyal unto me,
And kind and loving to each other be.
Sound welcome o'er the earth, that all may come,
And find in your broad lands an ample home.
Bid all men hasten from oppression's ban,
And don't be shy of poor *John Chinaman*;
Don't have him brought as merchandise, but then,
Welcome him as you do all fellow-men.
Love virtue, truth, and honor, and fair Fame
Shall wreath bright garlands for each shining name.
There, introduce, shake hands, acquainted be,
And then walk out to our Centennial tea.

PANTOMIME.—*Let there be a general introducing one to another, but only with motions, keeping perfect silence. Then, when UNCLE SAM offers his arm to COLUMBIA, BROTHER JONATHAN to NEW YORK, let all choose partners, and march around and off the stage to the tune of "Yankee Doodle."*—MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

MARK ANTONY SCENE.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

CITIZEN—We will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Brutus—Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,

And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here ;

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him ;

And public reasons shall be rendered

Of *Cæsar's* death.

1st Cit. . . . I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2d Cit.—I will hear *Cassius* ; and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.]

3d Cit.—The noble *Brutus* is ascended : Silence !

Bru.—Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honor ; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe : censure me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of *Cæsar's*, to him I

say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit.—None, Brutus, none. [*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru.—Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit.—Live! Brutus, live! live!

1st Cit.—Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2d Cit.—Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3d Cit.—Let him be Cæsar.

4th *Cit.*

Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1st *Cit.*—We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Bru.—My countrymen,—

2d *Cit.*—Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1st *Cit.*—Peace, ho!

Bru.—Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

1st *Cit.*—Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3d *Cit.*—Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant.—For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4th *Cit.*—What does he say of Brutus?

3d *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4th *Cit.*—'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1st *Cit.*—This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3d *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2d *Cit.*—Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant.—You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant.—Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do, lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man ;
So are they all, all honorable men ;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff ;
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once ; not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me ;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1st Cit.—Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

2d Cit.—If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3d Cit.

Has he, masters ?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place

4th *Cit.*—Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
the crown ;

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

1st *Cit.*—If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2d *Cit.*—Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with
weeping.

3d *Cit.*—There's not a nobler man in Rome, than
Antony.

4th *Cit.*—Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant.—But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men :
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 't is his will :
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4th *Cit.*—We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit.—The will, the will ; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant.—Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it ;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad :
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it !

4th Cit.—Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;
 You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

Ant.—Will you be patient ? Will you stay a while ?
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear I wrong the honorable men,

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4th Cit.—They were traitors : Honorable men !

Cit.—The will ! the testament !

2d Cit.—They were villains, murderers : The will, read
 the will !

Ant.—You will compel me then to read the will ?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

Cit.—Come down.

2d Cit.—Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3d Cit.—You shall have leave.

4th Cit.—A ring ; stand round.

1st Cit.—Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2d Cit.—Room for Antony ;—most noble Antony.

Ant.—Nay, press not so upon me ; stand far off.

Cit.—Stand back ! room ! bear back !

Ant.—If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle : I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;

And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1st Cit.—O piteous spectacle!

2d Cit.—O noble Cæsar!

3d Cit.—O woful day!

4th Cit.—O traitors, villains!

1st Cit.—O most bloody sight!

2d Cit.—We will be revenged: revenge; about,—
seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant.—Stay, countrymen.

1st Cit.—Peace there:—Hear the noble Antony.

2d Cit.—We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die
with him.

Ant.—Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honorable :
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do 't; they are wise and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
 But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend, and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus
 And Brutus' Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit.—We'll mutiny.

1st Cit.—We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3d Cit.—Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant.—Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

Cit.—Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant.—Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
 Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves ?
 Alas, you know not—I must tell you then :—
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit.—Most true ; the will :—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant.—Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2d Cit.—Most noble Cæsar !—we'll revenge his death.

3d Cit.—O royal Cæsar !

Ant.—Hear me with patience.

Cit.—Peace, ho!

Ant.—Moreover, he hath left you all his walks;
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1st Cit.—Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body. [*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*]

Ant.—Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—SHAKESPEARE.



THE YANKEE'S STRATAGEM; OR, HERE SHE GOES—AND THERE SHE GOES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<i>TOM</i> — <i>A Yankee.</i>	<i>LANDLORD'S WIFE.</i>
<i>WILL</i> — <i>Tom's friend.</i>	<i>LANDLORD'S MOTHER.</i>
<i>LANDLORD.</i>	

Six doctors, a barber, servants, and children.

Curtain rises discovering TOM and WILL leaning lazily back in their chairs at a breakfast table leisurely picking their teeth. Enter LANDLORD who presents bill to WILL, who examines it carefully, while the LANDLORD places his arms akimbo and stands at a respectful distance.

WILL—(*Looking intently at the bill*)—Very right—(*suddenly discovering clock*) but hold! What wonder meets my sight? Tom! The surprise is quite a shock!

Tom—What wonder? Where?

Will—The clock! The clock!

[TOM and LANDLORD stare in stupid amazement at the clock.]

Landlord—You mean the clock that's ticking there? I see no wonder, I declare; though may be, if the truth were told, 't is rather ugly—somewhat old; yet time it keeps to half a minute; but, if you please, what wonder's in it?

Will—Tom, don't you recollect the clock in Jersey, near the mill, the very image of this present, with which I won the wager pleasant?

[WILL winks slyly at TOM.—TOM scratches his head and tries to think.]

Landlord—(Grinning admiringly)—Sir, begging pardon for inquiring, what wager was it?

Will—You remember it happened, Tom, in last December, in sport I bet a Jersey Blue that it was more than he could do to make his finger go and come, in keeping with the pendulum, repeating, till one hour should close, "*Here she goes—and there she goes*"—he lost the bet in half a minute.

Landlord—Well, if I would, the deuce is in it! Try me yet, and fifty dollars be the bet.

[Excitedly gets chair and seats himself to begin.]

Will—Agreed; but we will play some trick to make you of the bargain sick.

Landlord—I'm up to that!

Tom—Don't make us wait; begin, the clock is striking eight.

Landlord—(Wagging his finger vigorously with the pendulum, cries,)—"Here she goes—and there she goes."

NOTE—The LANDLORD must on no account cease to cry "*Here she goes—and there she goes*," nor fail to wag his finger throughout the entire performance after this point.

Will—Hold! Plank the ready.

Landlord—(*With his left hand conveys a purse to the table*)—Here she goes—and there she goes.

Will—Tom, with the money let's be off!]

[*Exeunt Yankees.*—*The LANDLORD gives facial expression to scorn at the trick, still continuing to vociferate, "Here she goes," etc.*

Enter LANDLORD'S MOTHER.

Madam—Where is Mrs. B.?—when will she come, as you suppose? Son!

Landlord—Here she goes—and there she goes!

Madam—Here! Where? (*Her eyes follow his finger in great surprise.*) Son, why that steady gaze and sad? Those words—that motion—are you mad? But here's your wife—perhaps she knows, and—

Landlord—Here she goes—and there she goes!

Enter LANDLORD'S WIFE, who surveys him in alarm, then rushes to him and seizes his arm, while he struggles to free himself, and shakes her off with an expression of anger, crying furiously: "Here she goes—and there she goes!"

Mrs. B.—Lawks! I'm in a whirl! Run down and bring his little girl; she is his darling and who knows but—

Landlord—Here she goes—and there she goes!

Mrs. B.—Lawks! He is mad! What made him thus? Good Lord! what will become of us? Run for a doctor—run—run—run—for Doctor Brown, and Doctor Dun, and Doctor Black, and Doctor White, and Doctor Grey, with all your might.

Enter six DOCTORS. The DOCTORS shake their heads sagely, look wise, etc.

1st Dr.—He must be bled !

2d Dr.—No, leeches, you mean !

3d Dr.—Clap on a blister !

4th Dr.—No, cup him !

5th Dr.—No, trepan him, brother .

6th Dr.—I should recommend a purge. I had a patient yesternight, and wretched was her plight; and, as the only means to save her, three dozen patent pills I gave her, and by to-morrow I suppose that—

Landlord—(*Desperately*)—Here she goes—and there she goes !

Madam—You are all fools; the way is just to shave his head. Run bid the barber come anon—

Landlord—Here she goes—and there she goes !

Enter BARBER, with shaving apparatus.

Barber—(*Amazedly*)—Lord help him, what a queer customer I've got ! but we must do our best to save him, so hold him, gemmen, while I shave him.

Drs. omnes—(*Interposing*)—A woman, never—

Landlord—Here she goes—and there she goes !

The DOCTORS give the following colloquy in great confusion :

1st Dr.—A woman is no judge of physic, not even when her baby is sick. He must be bled.

3d Dr.—No—no—a blister !

6th Dr.—A purge, you mean !

5th Dr.—I say a clyster !

4th Dr.—No, cup him !

2d Dr.—Leech him !

6th Dr.—Pills ! pills ! pills !

NOTE—The greater the confusion the better in the above scene.

The LANDLORD gives evidence of hysterical delight; while a look of supreme triumph appears upon his face.

[Clock strikes nine.]

Landlord—(Starting up)—'T is mine! 't is mine!

Madam—What do you mean?

Landlord—I mean the fifty! I never spent an hour so thrifty; but you who tried to make me lose, go burst with envy if you choose!—But how is this? Where are they?

Madam—Who?

Landlord—The gentlemen—I mean the two came yesterday—are they below?

Madam—They galloped off an hour ago.

Landlord—Oh, purge me! blister! shave and bleed! for, hang the knaves, I'm mad, indeed!

ADAPTED BY G. W. DALE.

THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

SCENE—*Parlor, with wedding party, consisting of Judge OTIS; MARION, his daughter, the bride; HARRY WOOD, the bridegroom; a few relatives and friends; all gathered around the center table, on which are decanters and wine-glasses.*

ONE OF THE COMPANY—Let us drink the health of the newly-wedded pair. (*Turns to Harry.*) Shall it be in wine? (*turns to Marion,*) or in sparkling cold water?

Harry—Pledge in wine, if it be the choice of the company.

Several voices—Pledge in wine, to be sure.

Marion—(With great earnestness.)—O no! Harry; not with wine, I pray you.

Judge Otis—Yes, Marion, my daughter; lay aside

your foolish prejudices for this once; the company expect it, and you should not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette. In your own house you may act as you please; but in mine, which you are about to leave, for this once please me, by complying with my wishes in this matter.

[A glass of wine is handed to MARION, which she slowly and reluctantly raises to her lips, but just as it reaches them she exclaims, excitedly, holding out the glass at arm's length, and staring at it,]

Marion—Oh! how terrible!

Several voices—(Eagerly)—What is it? What do you see?

Marion—Wait—wait, and I will tell you. I see (pointing to the glass with her finger) a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen, and I will paint it for you, if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers in wild profusion grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun vainly seeks to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; and beneath them a group of Indians gather. They move to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; for in their midst lies a manly form, whose cheek is deathly pale, and whose eye is wild with the fitful fire of fever. One of his own white race stands, or rather kneels, beside him, pillowing the poor sufferer's head upon his breast with all a brother's tenderness. Look! (she speaks with renewed energy,) how he starts up, throws the damp curls back from his high and noble brow, and clasps his hands in agony of despair; hear his terrible shrieks for life; mark how he clutches at the form of his companion,

imploring to be saved from despair and death. O, what a terrible scene! Genius in ruins, preading for that which can never be regained when once lost. Hear him call piteously his father's name; see him clutch his fingers as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—now weeping for him in his distant home! See! his hands are lifted to heaven; he prays—how wildly!—for mercy, while the hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping in despair; and the awe-stricken sons of the forest move silently away, leaving the living and the dying alone together. (*The judge, overcome with emotion, falls into a chair, while the rest of the company seem awe-struck, as Marion's voice grows softer and more sorrowful in its tones, yet remains distinct and clear.*) It is evening now; the great, white moon is coming up, and her beams fall gently upon his forehead. He moves not; for his eyes are set in their socket, and their once piercing glance is dim. In vain his companion whispers the name of father and sister; death is there to dull the pulse, to dim the eye, and to deafen the ear. Death! stern, terrible, and with no soft hand, no gentle voice, to soothe his fevered brow, and calm his troubled soul and bid it hope in God. (*Harry sits down and covers his face with his hands.*) Death overtook him thus; and there, in the midst of the mountain forest, surrounded by Indian tribes, they scooped him a grave in the sand; and without a shroud or coffin, prayer or hymn, they laid him down in the damp earth to his final slumber. Thus died and was buried the only son of a proud father; the only, idolized brother of a fond sister. There he sleeps to-day, undisturbed, in that distant land, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—*my father's son—MY OWN TWIN BROTHER!* A victim to this (*holds up the*

glass before the company) deadly, damning poison! Father! (*turning to the judge,*) father, shall I drink it now?

*Judge Otis—(Raising his bowed head and speaking with faltering voice)—*No, no, my child! in God's name, cast it away.

*Marion—(Letting her glass fall and dash to pieces)—*Let no friend who loves me hereafter tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he, (*turning to Harry,*) to whom I have this night given my heart and hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last sad hour, and buried the poor wanderer there by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in this resolve. Will you not, (*offers him her hand, which he takes,*) my husband?

*Harry—*With the blessing of Heaven upon my efforts, I will; and I thank you, beyond expression, for the solemn lesson you have taught us all on this occasion.

*Judge Otis—*God bless you, (*taking Marion and Harry by the hand, and speaking with deep emotion,*) my children; and may I, too, have grace given me to help you in your efforts to keep this noble resolve.

*One of the company—*Let us honor the firmness and nobleness of principle of the fair bride, by drinking her health in pure, sparkling water, the only beverage which the great Creator of the Universe gave to the newly-wedded pair in the beautiful Garden of Eden.

DRAMATIZED BY SIDNEY HERBERT.

THE RIVAL SPEAKERS.

Enter THOMAS, followed by SAMUEL, a much smaller boy.

THOMAS—(*Turning to Samuel.*)—What do you want here?

Samuel—I want to speak my piece, to be sure.

T.—Well, you 'll be sure to wait; 't is my turn now.

S.—No, it is n't, my learned friend; excuse me, but my turn came before that fellow's who spoko last—him whose voice "was still for open war."

T.—It's your own fault if you lost your turn. Go.

S.—Well, that's cool—as cool as an iced cucumber. Can't you ask some other favor, Mr. Trotter?

T.—Yes. Hold your tongue.

S.—Can't do it. Am bound to let off my speech: here goes: "My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills—"

T.—(*In a louder tone*)—"Friends, Romans, countrymen!"

S.—"Greeks, Regicides, and fellow-sojers!"

T.—"Lend me your ears."

S.—Do n't do it; he has enough of his own.

T.—"I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S.—(*Mimics gestures*)—I come to speak my piece, and I'll do it, Cæsar or no Cæsar. "My name is Norval—"

T.—Sam Sly, stop your fooling, or I'll put you off the stage.

S.—Do n't, Tom; you'll joggle my piece all out of me.

T.—Then keep still till I get through.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him."

S.—I say, Tommy, whose calf have you been trying to imitate?

T.—“The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar.”

[*Again interrupted by Sam mimicking his gestures.*]

Now, Sam, I tell you to stop your monkey-shines; if you do n't, I'll make you.

S.—Try it on. O, you need n't think you can bully me because you wear higher-heeled shoes than I do.

T.—Nothing but your size, sir, saves you from a flogging.

S.—Well, that is a queer coincidence; for nothing but *your* size saves *you* from the same. (*To the audience.*) What can be done with him? He's too big to be whipped, and he isn't big enough to behave himself. Now all keep still while I try it again: “My name is Norval—”

T.—“I come to bury Cæsar—”

S.—How many more times are you going to do it? A nice man you'd be for an undertaker.

T.—Sam, I'm for peace, but if you—

S.—You're for peace? I'm for *piecc*, too, but for *my* piecc, not yours. As I was saying, “My name is—”

T.—“Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest
(For Brutus is an honorable man—
So are they all, all honorable men),
Come I to speak at Cæsar's funeral.”

S.—Cæsar is played out, I tell you. “My name is—”

T.—“He was my friend, faithful and just to me;

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.”

S.—No such thing! Brutus was a brutal fellow.

T.—Come, Sammy, let me finish my piece and then you can have the whole platform to yourself

S.—You're very kind, Mr. Trotter; kind as the Irishman who could n't live peaceably with his wife, and so they agreed to divide the house between them. "Biddy," said he, "you'll just take the outside of the house, and I'll kape the inside."

T.—(*To the audience*)—You see it is useless for me to attempt to proceed, so I trust you will excuse me.

[*Exit.*]

S.—Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I hope you'll excuse him. He means well enough, but he's lacking here (*touching head*). He might make a decent crier or auctioneer, but when it comes to oratory—to playing the part of a Marc Antony—well, modesty forbids me to say more, except as the coast is now clear, I will proceed with my part:

"My name is Norval; on the Grampian hills

My father feeds his flocks—a frugal swain—

Whose—whose—whose—" (*aside to a boy near*)—What is it? "A frugal swain, whose—whose—" There! if I'm not stuck already! So much for that fellow's attempt to bury Cæsar! He buried my memory instead, and your patience too, I fear. "A frugal swain—whose—whose—" I must give it up!

[*Exit with hands over face.*]

SPIRIT OF '76.

A Tableau.

THREE GENTLEMEN AND THREE LADIES.

THIS scene forms a very fine domestic tableau of the Revolutionary epoch of '76, and may be produced with but little expense in the way of time and costuming. The principal figure of the group is a young man of

about twenty-five years of age. He is represented as about leaving his family, who are seen busy in preparation for his departure to the field. He stands a little farther back than the centre of the stage, his right hand grasping a musket, with bayonet attached, which is extended towards him; his left resting upon the hilt of a sword, which is held towards him from the left. About two-thirds of his face is turned towards the audience, and he looks out towards the right with a determined expression upon his face. He is dressed in a dark uniform-coat of the period, with lace ruffles at the wrists, black vest with broad lace ruffles, black breeches, silk stockings, and buckle-shoes. The old man, his father, stands at his right, holding the gun towards him, the stock lying upon his left hand, while his right is upon the lock; and he looks at that part carefully, as if examining its condition. He is dressed in light-brown coat and breeches, dark vest, silk stockings and pumps, and a gray wig, with bald front upon his head. The young man's mother stands at his left, holding the sword in her left hand towards the son; while her right is raised above her head, and pointed upwards, as she looks at him with an earnest expression.

Her dress is of plain black material, with small white shawl over the shoulders, pinned at the waist, and cap with ruffle upon her head. One lady kneels in front of the young man, holding the ends of a sword-belt, which passes over his shoulders, in her hands, in the act of fastening it. She is plainly dressed, with a large handkerchief over her shoulders, and her sleeves rolled up above her elbows. In this position her back is towards the audience. The wife of the officer is seated upon the left of the stage. She holds in her left hand a large white paper, at the top of which is printed or written in

large letters the words, "Fourth of July, 1776." The left side of her face is turned towards the audience; and she looks towards the young man with a firm expression, pointing with her right hand to the paper which she is holding. Her dress is a gray or crimson silk, black lace shawl, and lace cap upon her head. A chair, holding a knapsack and hat, may be placed upon the right of the stage. The remaining characters are a young boy and girl, the children of the officer. The boy is seated in front of his father, a little to the left. He is engaged in pouring gunpowder from a paper into a horn which he holds in his lap. He is dressed in a black velvet frock, knee-breeches and gaiters. The little girl is seated at her mother's feet, her right arm upon her lap, and looking anxiously at her father. She should be of light complexion, with hair in curls, and dressed in short white-muslin dress, with low neck and short sleeves, and a blue-silk sash. As the curtain rises, a bright-red light should be thrown upon the group, changing to a white, and then to a bright-blue light, which remains until the fall of the curtain. The music is "Hail, Columbia," or some other national American air, played in a spirited manner.

"HOME RECREATIONS."

THE END.



PART SECOND.



THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

NUMBER 5.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

A MIGHTY hand from an exhaustless urn
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they
Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunders that break forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke.
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.

Down go the steed and rider ; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers ; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train the torrent sweeps away,
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud ; the floods roll on ;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul.
The waters choke the shout and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer ; the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty ; at his casel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows ;
A poet, as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest
Strikes them and flings them under while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms ; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls ; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart ; the youth goes down ; the maid

With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds ; his bending form
Sinks slowly ; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks and then are seen no more.

Lo, wider grows the stream ; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities ; massive palaces
Crumble before it ; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters ; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal ; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,
Once glittering at the banquet on fair brows
That long ago were dust ; and all around,
Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,

Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
 Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
 O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
 And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
 Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
 A moment and then sink away from sight.

I look and the quick tears are in my eyes,
 For I behold, in every one of these,
 A blighted hope, a separate history
 Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
 Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
 Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
 That sorrowfully ended; and I think
 How painfully the poor heart must have beat
 In bosoms without number, as the blow
 Was struck that slew their hope or broke their peace

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
 The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
 Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers
 Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
 And reappearing, haply giving place
 To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
 Moulds from the idle air; where serpents lift
 The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
 The bony arm in menace. Further on
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
 Long, low, and distant, where the Life that Is
 Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
 Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
 That dismal barrier. What is there beyond?
 Hear what the wise and good have said.

Beyond

That belt of darkness still the years roll on
More gently, but with not less mighty sweep.
They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed
And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
Noble and truly great and worthy of love—
The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
Sages and saintly women who have made
Their households happy—all are raised and borne
By that great current in its onward sweep,
Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
From stage to stage, along the shining course
Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
They bring old friends together ; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable ; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them ; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken—in whose reign the eternal change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED, SLEEP."

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O delved gold, the wailer's heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep.

His dew's drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap.
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His beloved, sleep.

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*—
 “He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on His love repose,
 Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, “Not a tear must o’er her fall ;
 He giveth His beloved, sleep.”

MRS. BROWNING.

DEDICATION OF GETTYSBURG CEMETERY.

Rarely has an occasion of such vast moment been celebrated in so few words, or in language at the same time so forcible and so simple. The speech should be read with great dignity, but without declamatory effect.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men

are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation—or any nation so conceived and so dedicated—can long endure.

We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting-place of those who have given their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or to detract. The world will very little note nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather, *to be dedicated*, here, to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ARCHIE DEAN.

This should be read in a light and airy style, with a real girlish earnestness and simplicity.

I.

WOULD you laugh, or would you cry?
 Would you break your heart and die,
 If you had a dashing lover
 Like my handsome Archie Dean,

And he should forget his wooing
 By the moon, the stars, the sun,
 To love me evermore,
 And should go to Kittie Carrol,
 Who has money, so they say—
 And with eyes love-filled as ever,
 Win her heart, that's like a feather,
 Vowing all he had before?
 Prithee, tell me, would you cry,
 And grow very sad and die?

II.

Alway, in the old romances
 That dear Archie read to me,
 Those that pleased my girlish fancy,
 There was always sure to be
 One sweet maiden with a lover
 Who was never, never true;
 And when they were widely parted,
 Then she died, poor broken-hearted,
 And did break with grief at last,
 Like a lily in the blast—
 Say, would you, if you were me?

III.

True, I do love Archie Dean,
 Love him, love him, oh! how true;
 But see, my eyes are bright,
 And my lips and cheeks are red,
 (Archie Dean put that in my head)
 And I don't know what to do,
 Whether to lie down and weep
 Till the red is faded out,
 And my eyes are dull and dim,
 Maybe blind, and all for him;

(I could do it, I've no doubt).
Or loop up my pretty hair
With the brightest knots of ribbon,
And the very sweetest roses,
And go to the village fair,
Where he'll be with Kittie Carrol,
And will see me dance the wildest
With some bonny lad that's there,
Just to show how much I care.

IV.

Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
'Tis the sweetest name I know,
It is writ on my heart, but o'er it now
Is drifting the cold snow.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
There's a pain in my heart while I speak;
I wonder if always the thought of your name
Will make me so saddened and weak.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
I remember that you said
Your name should be mine and I should be
The happiest bride e'er wed.
I little thought of a day like this
When I could wish I were dead.
But there goes the clock, the hour is near
When I must be off to the fair;
I'll go and dance and dance and dance
With the bonny lads who are there,
In my dress of blue with crimson sash
Which *he* always liked to see.
I'll whirl before him as fast as I can,
I'll laugh and chatter, yes, that is my plan,
And I know that before the morn
He'll wish that Kittie Carrol had never been born,

And that he could be sitting again
 Close by my side in the green meadow lane,
 Vowing his love in a tender strain.
 But when I see him coming,
 I'll turn my eyes with softest glance
 On somebody else—then off in the dance—
 And if he should happen to get the chance,
 For saying how heartily sorry he is
 For having been false to me he loves true,
 I won't hear a word ~~that~~ he says, would you?

V.

What you'd better do, Jennie Marsh.
 Break your heart for Archie Dean?
 Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!

Not a bit.

'Tis the very thing he's after.
 He would say to Kittie Carrol,
 With careless, mocking laughter,
 Here's a pretty little chick,
 Who has died for love of me,

'Tis a pity.

But what is a man to do
 When the girls beset him so?
 If he gives a nosegay here,
 If he calls another dear,
 If he warbles to a third

A love ditty,
 Why, the darling little innocents
 Take it all to heart.

Alack-a-day!

Ah! she was a pretty maiden,

A little too fond-hearted,
 Eyes a little too love-laden,
 But really, when we parted—

Well, she died for love of me,
Kittie Carrol. Don't you see
You are giving him to Kittie
Just as sure as sure can be.
'Tis the way he takes to woo her,
By slyly showing to her,
What a dashing, slashing beau is at her feet.
And of all the pretty pratings
About a woman's deathless loving
And her ever faithful proving,
And her womanly devotion,
I've a very wicked notion
That to carry off the one
That Mary here is sighing for,
And Fanhy there is dying for,
Is more than half the happiness,
And than half the fun.

Now if I were a man,
Jennie Marsh! Jennie Marsh!
If I only were a man

For a day—

(I'm a maiden, so I can't
Always do just what I want),
But if I were a man, I'd say,
Archie Dean, *Go to thunder!*
What's the use of sighs, I wonder,
Your oaths and vows and mutterings
Are awfully profane.
Hie away to Kittie Carrol,
Your loss is but a gain.
Aren't there fishes still a-swimming,

Just as luscious every way
As those that hissed and sputtered
In the sauce-pan yesterday?

But Jennie, charming Jennie,
You're a tender little woman,
And I expect you'll say that is
So shockingly inhuman ;
And beside you'll never dare,
You little witch, to swear !
But when you're at the fair
Don't flirt too far with bonny lads,
Because, perhaps, you'll rue it ;
And do not dance too merrily,
Because he may see through it ;
And don't put on an air as if
You're mortally offended ;
You'll be a feather in his cap,
And then your game is ended.
And if, with Kittie on his arm,
You meet him on the green,
Don't agonize your pretty mouth
With *Mr. Arthur Dean* ;
But every throb of pride or love
Be sure to stifle,
As if your intercourse with him
Were but the merest trifle ;
And make believe, with all your might,
You'd not care a feather
For all the Carrols in the world,
And Archie Deans together.
Take this advice, and get him back,
My darling, if you can ;
But if you can't, why, right-about,
And take another man.

VI.

What I did.
I went to the fair with Charlie—

With handsome Charlie Green,
Who has loved me many a year,
And vowed his loving with a tear—
A tear of the heart, I mean.

But I never gave a smile to him
Until to-night,
When full in sight

Of Kittie Carrol and Archie Dean.
Now, Archie knows that Charlie has
A deal of money, and has lands,
And his wealth is little to him
Without my heart and hand.

So I smiled on Charlie,
And I danced with Charlie,
When I knew that Archie's eyes
Were fixed on me as in a trance.
I once caught them in the dance,
And I could have fallen at his feet,

Dear Archie Dean!

But there were Kittie Carrol and Charlie Green.
And when Archie came to me,
As I was sure he would,
And with softest tone and glance,
Do you think I dropped my eyes,
With a glad surprise?

No, no, indeed!

That would not do.

Straight I looked into his face,
With no broken-hearted grace.
Oh, he could not see my pain—
And I told him he must wait

A little while

Till I had danced with Charlie Green;
Then I cast a smile
On Harry Hill and Walter Brown.

Oh, the look he cast on me
As his eyes fell sadly down.
He said he something had to say,
But I laughed and turned away,
For my sight was growing dim,
Saying, I would not forget
That I was to dance with him.
He did not go to Kittie Carrol,
Who was sitting alone,
Watching us with flashing eyes,
But he slowly turned away
To a corner in the dark.
There he waited patiently,
And, he said, most wearily,
For the dancing to be done,
And although my heart was aching,
And very nigh to breaking,
It was quite a bit of fun
Just to see him standing there
Watching me. Oh, Archie Dean,
What a picture of despair;
Why not hie to Kittie Carrol?
She has money so they say,
And has held it out for lovers
Many and many a weary day.
She is rather plain, I know—
Crooked nose and reddish hair,
And her years are more than yours.
Archie Dean! Archie Dean!
(He is not rich, like Charlie Green.)
What does love for beauty care?
Hie away to Kittie Carrol;
Ask her out to dance with you,
Or she'll think that you are fickle
And your vows of love untrue,

And maybe you'll get the mitten,
Then, ah then, what will you do?

VII.

Well, he sighed at me and I laughed at him
As we danced away together.
He pressed my hand, but I heeded not,
And whirled off like a feather.
He whispered something about the past,
But I did not heed at all,
For my heart was throbbing loud and fast,
And the tears began to fall.
He led me out beneath the stars,
I told him it was vain
For him to vow. I had no faith
To pledge with him again.
His voice was sad and thrilling and deep,
And my pride flew away,
And left me to weep,
And when he said he loved me most true,
And ever should love me,
"Yes, love only you," he said,
I could not help trusting Archie,
Say, could you?—GAIL HAMILTON.



UNCLE DANIEL'S INTRODUCTION TO A MISSISSIPPI STEAMER.

WHATEVER the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in

the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them, in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees on the further shore, the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored,) aged 40; his wife, "aunt Jinny," aged 30, "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvellous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the sombre river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air and was emphasized, at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were all children, (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance,) and the remarks they made about the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh! what is it, Uncle Dan'l?"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger and the threatening glare reached farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we aint ready yit, we aint ready—let dese po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah if you's got to hab somebody.—Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know whah you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tilitin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwine to ketch it. But good Lord, dese chil'en don't

'blong heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' you knows, yo' own sef, dat dey aint 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it aint like yo' mercy, it aint like yo' pity, it aint like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many ornery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frens, jes' let 'em off jes' dis once, and take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole—"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted, (but rather feebly:)

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnoissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "The Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked, the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well now dey's some folks says dey aint no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben now if it warn't fo' dat prah? Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I reckon? Don't I know it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow! CHOW!* an' a goin' on turrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An' warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em'? An' d'you spec' he gwine to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Do you reckon he saw us, Uncle Dan'l?"

"De law sakes, chile, did n't I see him a lookin' at us?"

"Did you feel scared, Uncle Dan'l?"

"No sah! When a man is 'gaged in prah, he aint 'fraid o' nuffin—dey can't nuffin tetch him."

"Well what did you run for?"

"Well, I—I—Mars Clay, when a man is under de influence ob de sperit, he do-no what he's 'bout—no sah; dat man do-no what he's 'bout. You mout take an' tah de head off'n dat man an' he wouldn't scasely fine it out. Dah's de Hebrew chil'en dat went frough de fiah; dey was burnt considable—ob coase dey was; but dey did n't know nuffin 'bout it—heal right up agin; if dey'd ben gals dey'd missed dey long haah, maybe, but dey would n't felt de burn."

"I don't know but what they *were* girls. I think they were."

"Now, Mars Clay, you knows better'n dat. Sometimes a body can't tell whedder you's a sayin' what you means or whedder you's a sayin' what you don't mean, 'case you says 'em hofe de same way."

"But how should I know whether they were boys or girls?"

"Goodness sakes, Mars Clay, don't de good book say? 'Sides, don't it call 'em de *He-brew* chil'en? If dey was gals would n't dey be de *she-brew* chil'en? Some people dat kin read do n't 'pear to take no notice when dey do read."

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be two!"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho'! Dey aint two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come 'long, chil'en, time you's gwine to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwine out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwine to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

He did go to the woods and pray; but he went so far that he doubted, himself, if the Lord heard him when He went by.—CLEMENS AND WARNER.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

The following touching incident characterizes an important era in the history of the Scotch Covenanters:

A TROOP of soldiers waited at the door,
 A crowd of people gathered in the street,
 Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed
 And flashed into their faces. Then the door
 Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
 Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
 Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
 A woman full of tears and full of woes;
 The other was a maiden in her morn,
 And they were one in name, and one in faith,
 Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
 That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
 The people followed, ever falling back
 As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
 But in the midst the women simply went

As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn,
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks:
They went to prison and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore

The troopers halted; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had
Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people passing near
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and adjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.
But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with Him."

On this they took

The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave, and left her there:
And as the waves crept about her feet, she prayed
"That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Provost and the Laird of Lag—

Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham;
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oaths,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed, said “she would
Turn before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves.” But ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
“If God be for us, who can be against?”
“Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?”
“Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature.”

From the crowd
A woman’s voice cried a very bitter cry—
“O, Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
Gie in, and tak’ the oath.”

The tide flowed in;
And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
And every fire went out upon the hearth,
And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
And still the tide was flowing in:
Her mother’s voice yet sounding in her ear,
They turned young Margaret’s face towards the sea,
Where something white was floating—something
White as the sea-mew that sits upon the wave;
But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared; and round the shore
And staké the tide stood ankle-deep.

Then Grierson
With cursing vowed that he would wait
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
Down, and tied her hands; and round her
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for

Windram came and eased it while he whispered
In her ear, "Come take the test, and ye are free,"
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
The King!" "God save the King of His great grace,"
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sky—
And there was glory over all the sea—
A flood of glory,—and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

BALTIMORE ELOCUTIONIST.

FAIRY-LAND.

I'VE a home in Elfin land,
Own a golden region,
Fairer than was ever told
In a fairy legend.

Singers bright from every clime
Meet me at the portal,
Not the birds who sing for time,
But the bards immortal.

Dear interpreters of God,
Prophets of Creation,
They who write his will to man
By his inspiration.

O! if aught on Earth be true,
'Tis the song of Poet ;
Heart of man ! 't is thou art false
When ye fall below it.

Poets, they who see the world—
Not by man degraded,
But the pure and Eden world
As the Father made it.

They who read the human heart—
Not as sin enslaves it ;
By its aspirations high,
By the faith that saves it.

These are they who dwell with me
In this golden region ;
Fairer than was ever told
In a fairy legend.

There are garlands all the year
In my garden rosy ;
O! 't is sweet to enter here
When the world is prosy.

There's a fountain fresh and pure,
And a flowing river ;
All who drink or lave therein
Shall be young forever.

'T is the stream of poesy,
Fountain of the muses,

That perpetual life and love
Through the heart diffuses.

Some there be who have no faith
In this region fairy ;
Say it is a poet's dream,
'Tis his castle airy.

True as God has made one world
Practical and real,
There's another just as true—
World of the ideal.

There's a sentimental side
To the soberest project ;
Music sometimes wakes the ear
That is deaf to logic.

Life indeed does seem a strife,
Harsh and hard with duty ;
But there is a Godward side
Of poetic beauty.

Come then to my dreamful world,
To my castle airy,
Facts are dark and stubborn things,
Dreams are bright and fairy.

LIZZIE YORK CASE.



SWALLOWING A FLY.

A COUNTRY meeting-house. A midsummer Sabbath.
We had come to the middle of our sermon, when
a large fly, taking advantage of the opened mouth of the
speaker, darted into our throat. The crisis was upon us.
Shall we cough and eject this impertinent intruder, or let

him silently have' his way? We had no precedent to guide us. We knew not what the fathers of the church did in like circumstances, or the mothers either.

We saw the unfairness of taking advantage of a fly in such straitened circumstances. It may have been a blind fly, and not have known where it was going. It may have been a scientific fly, and only experimenting with air currents. It may have been a reckless fly, doing what he soon would be sorry for; or a young fly, and gone a-sailing on Sunday without his mother's consent.

Beside this, we are not fond of flies prepared in that way. We have, no doubt, often taken them preserved in blackberry jam. But fly in the raw was a diet from which we recoiled. We would have preferred it roasted, or fried, or panned, or baked, and then to have chosen our favorite part, the upper joint, and a little of the breast, if you please, sir. But, no; it was wings, proboscis, feet, poisers. There was no choice; it was all, or none.

We foresaw the excitement and disturbance we would make, and the probability of losing our thread of discourse, if we undertook a series of coughs, chokings, and expectorations; and that, after all our efforts, we might be unsuccessful, and end the affray with a fly's wing on our lip, and a leg in the windpipe.

We concluded to take down the nuisance. We rallied all our energies. It was the most animated passage in all our discourse. We were not at all hungry for anything, much less for such hastily prepared viands. The fly evidently wanted to back out. "No!" we said within ourselves. "Too late to retreat. You are in for it now!" We addressed it in the words of Noah to the orang-outang, as it was about entering the Ark, and lingered too long at the door, "Go in, sir—go in!"

And so we conquered, giving a warning to flies and

men that it is easier to get into trouble than to get out again. We have never mentioned the above circumstance before; we felt it a delicate subject. But all the fly's friends are dead, and we can slander it as much as we please, and there is no danger now.

You acknowledge that we did the wisest thing that could be done; and yet how many people spend their time in elaborate, and long-continued, and convulsive ejection of flies which they ought to swallow and have done with.

Your husband's thoughtlessness is an exceeding annoyance. He is a good man, but he is careless about where he throws his slippers. On the top of one of your best parlor books he has laid a plug of pig-tail tobacco. For fifteen years you have lectured him about leaving the newspaper on the floor. Do not let such little things interfere with your domestic peace. Better swallow the fly, and have done with it.

It never pays to hunt a fly. You clutch at him. You sweep your hand convulsively through the air. You wait till he alights on your face, and then give a fierce slap on the place where he was. You slyly wait till he crawls up your sleeve, and then give a violent crush to the folds of your coat, to find out that it was a different fly from the one you were searching after. That one sits laughing at your vexation from the tip of your nose.

Apothecaries advertise insect exterminators; but if in summer-time we set a glass to catch flies, for every cue we kill there are twelve coroners called to sit as jury of inquest; and no sooner does one disappear under our fell pursuit, than all its brothers, sisters, nephews, nieces, and second cousins, come out to see what in the world is the matter. Oh man! go on with your life work! If, opening your mouth to say the thing that ought to be said, a fly dart in, swallow it!

The current of your happiness is often choked up by trifles. The want of more pantry room, the need of an additional closet, the smallness of the bread-tray, the defectiveness of the range, the lack of draught in a furnace, a crack in the saucepan, are flies in the throat. Open your mouth, shut your eyes, and gulp down the annoyances.

Had we stopped on the aforesaid day to kill the insect, at the same time we would have killed our sermon.

Our every life is a sermon. Our birth is the text from which we start. Youth is the introduction to the discourse. During our manhood we lay down a few propositions and prove them. Some of the passages are dull, and some sprightly. Then come inferences and applications. At seventy years we say "Fifthly and lastly." The Doxology is sung. The Benediction is pronounced. The Book closed. It is getting cold. Frost on the window-pane. Audience gone. Shut up the church. Sexton goes home with the key on his shoulder.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.



AFTER SIXTY YEARS; OR, LOST AND FOUND.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales—
 I know not where, but the facts have filled
 A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spilled,
 One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;—

Somewhere, then, where God's light is killed,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-core,
 These men were at work, when their axes knocked
 A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had blocked
This gallery suddenly up, with a heap
Of rubble, as safe as a chest is locked,

Till these men picked it; and 'gan to creep
In, on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran
Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!"

They all pushed forward, and scarce a span
From the mouth of the passage, the miner's lamp
Fell on the upturned face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp
Had touched that fair young brow, whereon
Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne,
Lips hard clenched, no shadow of fear,
He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year.
The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine,
In clothes of a century old, or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine
Had arrested the natural hand of decay,
Nor faded the flesh, nor dimmed a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say
When this dark passage had fallen in—
Its memory, even, had pass'd away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal,
They took him up, as a tender lass
Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole

To the outer world of the short warm grass.

Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess,
She is seventy-nine, come Martinnas ;

Older than any one here, I guess !
Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there,
And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair,
To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay,
Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air.

And the crowd around him all gave way,
As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh,
And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp, low cry !
Bess sank on her knees, and wildly tossed
Her withered arms in the summer sky—

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost!
The Lord be praised! after sixty years
I see you again! The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears!
They never looked for ye underground,
They told me a tale to mock my fears!

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd found
A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain
How ye'd a-vanished fra sight and sound!

O darlin', a long, long life o' pain
I ha' lived since then! And now I'm old,
'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold,
And limbs as straight as ashen beams,
I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us! . . . O Willie! how strange it seems
To see ye here as I've seen ye oft,
Auver and auver again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft
Low wails she rocked herself. And none
Of the rough men around her scoffed.

For surely a sight like this, the sun
Had rarely looked upon. Face to face,
The old dead love, and the living one!

The dead, with its undimmed fleshly grace,
At the end of threescore years; the quick,
Puckered and withered, without a trace

Of its warm girl-beauty. A wizard's trick
Bringing the youth and the love that were,
Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there
Death, clad in youth, had been standing still,
While life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come—as a moment will
To all who have loved, and have parted here,
And have toiled alone up the thorny hill—

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear,
Over the mists of the vale below,
Mere specks their trials and toils appear

Beside the eternal rest they know.

Death came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave,
Nothing can part them. Deep and wide,
The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide,
Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side.

HAMILTON AIDE.

HANS AND FRITZ.

HANS and Fritz were two Deutschers who lived side
by side,
Remote from the world, its deceit and its pride ;
With their pretzels and beer the spare moments were spent,
And the fruits of their labor were peace and content.

Hans purchased a horse of a neighbor one day,
And, lacking a part of the *Geld*—as they say—
Made a call upon Fritz to solicit a loan,
To help him to pay for his beautiful roan.

Fritz kindly consented the money to lend,
And gave the required amount to his friend ;
Remarking—his own simple language to quote—
“ Berhaps it vas bedder ve make us a note.”

The note was drawn up in primitive way—
“ I, Hans, gets from Fritz feefty tollars to-day ”—
When the question arose, the note being made,
“ Vich von holds dot baper until it vas baid ? ”

"You geeeps dot," says Fritz, "und den you vill know
You owes me dot money." Says Hans: "Dot ish so:
Dot makes me remempers I haf dot to bay,
Und I prings you der note und der money some day."

A month had expired when Hans, as agreed,
Paid back the amount, and from debt he was freed.
Says Fritz, "Now dot settles us." Hans replies, "Yaw:
Now who dakes dot baper accordings by law?"

"I geeeps dot, now, aind't it?" says Fritz; "den you see
I always remempers you baid dot to me."
Says Hans, "Dot ish so, it vos now shust so blain
Dot I knows vot to do ven I porrows again."



THE PURITANS.

THE Puritans were men whose minds had derived a peculiar character from the daily contemplation of superior beings and eternal interests. Not content with acknowledging, in general terms, an overruling Providence, they habitually ascribed every event to the will of the Great Being for whose power nothing was too vast, for whose inspection nothing was too minute. To know him, to serve him, to enjoy him was with them the great end of existence. They rejected with contempt the ceremonious homage which other sects substituted for the pure worship of the soul. Instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil, they aspired to gaze full on his intolerable brightness, and to commune with him face to face. Hence originated their contempt for terrestrial distinctions. The difference between the greatest and the meanest of mankind seemed

to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from him on whom their own eyes were constantly fixed. They recognized no title to superiority but his favor; and, confident of that favor, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God. If their names were not found in the registers of heralds, they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge of them.

Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory which should never fade away. On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt: for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language, nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand. The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged, on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, who had been destined, before heaven and earth were created, to enjoy a felicity which should continue when heaven and earth should have passed away. Events which short-sighted politicians ascribed to earthly causes, had been ordained on his account. For his sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed. For his sake the Almighty had proclaimed his will by the pen of the evangelist and the harp of the prophet. He had been wrested by no common deliverer from the grasp of no common foe. He had been ransomed by the sweat of no vulgar agony, by the blood of no earthly sacrifice. It was for him that

the sun had been darkened, that the rocks had been rent, that the dead had risen, that all nature had shuddered at the sufferings of her expiring God.

Thus the Puritan was made up of two different men,—the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious. He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king. In his devotional retirement he prayed with convulsions and groans and tears. He was half-maddened by glorious or terrible illusions. He heard the lyres of angels or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the Beatific Vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire. Like Vane, he thought himself entrusted with the scepter of the millennial year. Like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God had hid his face from him. But when he took his seat in the council, or girt on his sword for war, these tempestuous workings of the soul had left no perceptible trace behind them. People who saw nothing of the godly but their uncouth visages, and heard nothing from them but their groans and their whining hymns, might laugh at them. But those had little reason to laugh who encountered them in the hall of debate or in the field of battle.

F. B. MACAULAY.

THE LAST HYMN.

THE Sabbath-day was ending, in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted
west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for God's blessed
boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there ;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed, and shook, and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And, alas ! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck, and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise.
Oh ! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could ride in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach.
Oh ! for power to cross the waters and the perishing to reach !
Helpless hands were wrung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!

God have mercy! Is His heaven far to seek for those who drown?"

Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,

Only one last clinging figure on a spar was seen to be.

Nearer to the trembling watchers came the wreck tossed by the wave,

And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.

"Could we send him a short message! Here's a trumpet! shout away!"

'T was the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly?
Ah, no.

There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;

So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"

And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters, loud and clear.

Then they listened,—“He is singing ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’”

And the wind brought back the echo, “while the nearer waters roll;”

Strange indeed, it was to hear him, “till the storm of life was past.”

Singing bravely from the waters, “Oh, receive my soul at last.”

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee;

Leave, oh, leave me not"—The singer dropped at last into the sea.

And the watchers looking homeward through their eyes by tears made dim,

Said "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

BUDGE'S VERSION OF THE FLOOD.

THAT afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it. It was no florist's bouquet, composed of only a few kinds of flowers, wired upon sticks, and arranged according to geometric pattern. I used many a rare flower, too shy of bloom to recommend itself to florists; I combined tints almost as numerous as the flowers were, and perfumes to which city bouquets are utter strangers.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, "What will people say?" Ah! I had it. I had seen in one of the library-drawers a small pasteboard box, shaped like a bandbox; doubtless that would hold it. I found the box; it was of just the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom—no danger of a lady not finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers—neatly fitted the bouquet in the centre of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheerfully as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered:

"I'll do it as clane as a whistle, yer honor. Mistress Clarkson's cook an' mesilf understhand each other, an'

I'm used to goin' up the back way. Niver a man can see but the angels, an' they won't tell."

"Very well, Mike; here's a dollar for you; you'll find the box on the hat-rack, in the hall."

Toddie disappeared somewhere, after supper, and came back very disconsolate.

"Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said I, soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I want my dolly's k'adle," said he, piteously rolling out his lower lip.

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and mother Eve; but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured:

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about?"

"'Bout Nawndeark."

"About what?"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what I shay—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up the Bible—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days—"well, once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth excepting Noah, a righteous man, who was saved with all his family, in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build."

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, "do you think that's Noah?"

"Certainly, Budge; here's the whole story in the Bible."

"Well, I do n't think it's Noah one single bit," said he, with increasing emphasis.

"I think we must read different Bibles, Budge; but let's hear your version."

"Huh?"

"Tell me about Noah, if you know so much about him."

"I will, if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah was n't bad; the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drowned but Noah an' his little boys an' girls, an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little-boy-cows an' little-girl-cows an' hosses an' everything; they'd go in the ark an' would n't get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark—cookies an' milk an' oatmeal an' strawberries an' porgies an'—oh, yes; an' plum-puddin's an' pumpkin-pies. But Noah did n't want everybody to get drowned, so he talked to folks an' said, 'It's goin' to rain awful pretty soon; you'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' An' they jus' said, 'Oh! if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops;' an' other folks said, 'We ain't afraid of rain; we've got an umbrella.' An' some more said they was n't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it did rain though, an' folks went in their houses, an' the water came in, an' they went up-stairs, an' the water came up there, an' they got on the tops of the houses, an' up in big trees, an' up in mountains, an' the water went after 'em everywhere an' drowned everybody, only just except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went

wherever they wanted to, an' everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin'. Now tell us 'nother story."

"An' I want my dolly's k'adle. Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I wan to shee her," interrupted Toddie.

Just then came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secresy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What could it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and at the same time Toddie shrieked:

"Oh! darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did not regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived, with his card. She recognizes the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.

"JUNE 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth, with perfect fearlessness. "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole' flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied :

"I froed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she wocks—see!"

J. HABBERTON.

THE VAUDOIS MISSIONARY.

Dr. Baird states, in his interesting and useful volume, entitled, "Protestantism in Italy, with some account of the Waldenses," that in the middle ages, under the humble garb of the itinerating merchant, the missionary was often concealed. The following lines, descriptive of this traffic as conducted by the Waldenses, were published in the (London) *Christian Observer*, a few years ago, and are now given to the American public by Dr. Baird.

O LADY fair, these silks of mine
 Are beautiful and rare,
 The richest web of the Indian loom
 Which beauty's self might wear.
 And these pearls are pure and mild to behold,
 And with radiant light they vie;
 I have brought them with me a weary way;
 Will my gentle lady buy?

And the lady smiled on the worn old man,
 Through the dark and clustering curls,
 Which veiled her brow as she bent to view
 His silk and glittering pearls;
 And she placed their price in the old man's hand,
 And lightly turned away;
 But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,
 "My gentle lady, stay!"

"O lady fair, I have yet a gem
 Which a purer lustre flings
 Than the diamond flash of the jewelled crown
 On the lofty brow of kings;

A wonderful pearl of exceeding price,
Whose virtue shall not decay ;
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee,
And a blessing on thy way !”

The lady glanced at the mirroring steel,
Where her youthful form was seen,
Where her eyes shone clear and her dark locks waved
Their clasping pearls between.
“Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth,
Thou traveller gray and old :
And name the price of thy precious gem,
And my pages shall count thy gold.”

The cloud went off from the pilgrim's brow,
As a small and meagre book,
Unchased with gold or diamond gem,
From his folding robe he took.
“Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price ;
May it prove as such to thee !
Nay, keep thy gold ; I ask it not ;
For the Word of God is free.”

The hoary traveller went his way ;
But the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work
On that high-born maiden's mind ;
And she hath turned from her pride of sin
To the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God,
In its beautiful hour of youth.

And she hath left the old gray walls
Where an evil faith had power,

The courtly knights of her father's train,
And the maidens of her bower ;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vale,
By lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich
In the perfect love of God !

THE "AGER."

ONCE upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreamy, dreary,
In the sunshine thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore ;
While I nodded, nearly sleeping,
Gently came a something creeping
Up my back like water leaping—
Leaping upward from the floor ;
'Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor—
Only this and nothing more !"

Ah ! distinctly I remember—
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore
Had for days and weeks been soaking
In the meanest, most provoking
Foggy rains, that, without joking,
We had ever seen before ;
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor—
Very cold beneath the floor !

So I sat me nearly napping
In the sunshine, stretching, gaping,
Craving water, but delighted
 With the breeze from 'neath the floor;
Till I found me waxing colder,
And the stretching growing bolder,
And myself a feeling older—
 Older than I'd felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
 Than they were in days of yore—
 Stiffer than they'd been before!

All along my back the creeping
Soon gave place to rushing, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
 Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—"the varmints!"—
'Twixt me and my nether garments,
Up into my hair and downward
 Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a-shaking,
 Gently first, but more and more—
 Every moment more and more.

'Twas the "ager!" And it shook me
In my very clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen—every
 Place where there was warmth in store;
Shaking till the dishes clattered,
Shaking till the tea was spattered,
Shaking, and with all my warming
 Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
 All its powers to shake me more—
 Till it could not shake me more!

Then it rested till the morrow,
Then resumed, with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
 Shaking, shaking as before ;
And from that day in September—
Day that I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
 Shaking, shaking on so sore !
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
 Me to bed, if nothing more—
 Fully this and nothing more !

And to-day the swallows flitting
Round my cottage see me sitting
Moodily within the sunshine
 Just inside my silent door—
Waiting for the “ager,” seeming
Like a man forever dreaming,
And the sunshine on me streaming
 Throws no shadow on the floor—
For I am too thin and sallow
 To make shadows on the floor—
 Nary shadow any more.

BOSTON GAZETTE.

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

Great opportunity is afforded in this selection for variety of dramatic effect. Its length made it necessary to divide it into two parts, either of which is sufficiently complete in itself to make an admirable reading.

PART FIRST.

COME from the woods with the citron-flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;—
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crowned,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flashed out from her braided hair,
Like starry dew's midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleamed from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Tho' clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.

She looked on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once called her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turned—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!

Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new,
She parts from love which hath still been true;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep well-spring is clear again!
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand a while
In his that waited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, nor cherished less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was past;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.

Why do I weep?—to leave the vine
Whose clusters o'er me bend,—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!—
The flowers I love to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have played
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o'er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee, father! Eve's bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gathered grapes, and the lyre in tune,
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o'er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! Let me weep!

Mother! I leave thee! On thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless,—yet I go!
Lips, that have lulled me with your strain,
Eyes that have watched my sleep!
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

And like a slight young tree, that throws
The weight of rain from its drooping boughs,
Once more she wept. But a changeful thing
Is the human heart, as a mountain spring,
That works its way through the torrent's foam,
To the bright pool near it, the lily's home!
It is well! The cloud, on her soul that lay,
Hath melted in glittering drops away.
Wake again, mingle, sweet flute and lyre!
She turns to her lover, she leaves her sire.
Mother! on earth it must still be so,
Thou rearest the lovely to see them go!

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

PART SECOND.

Still and sweet was the home that stood
In the flowering depths of a Grecian wood,
With the soft green light o'er its low roof spread,
As if from the glow of an emerald shed,
Pouring through lime-leaves that mingled on high,
Asleep in the silence of noon's clear sky.
Citrons amidst their dark foliage glowed,
Making a gleam round the lone abode ;
Laurels o'erhung it, whose faintest shiver
Scattered out rays like a glancing river ;
Stars of the jasmine its pillars crowned,
Vine-stalks its lattice and walls had bound,
And brightly before it a fountain's play
Flung showers through a thicket of glossy bay,
To a cypress which rose in that flashing rain,
Like one tall shaft of some fallen fane.

And thither Ianthis had brought his bride,
And the guests were met by that fountain-side ;
They lifted the veil from Eudora's face,
It smiled out softly in pensive grace,
With lips of love, and a brow serene,
Meet for the soul of the deep wood scene.—
Bring wine, bring odors !—The board is spread—
Bring roses ! a chaplet for every head !
The wine-cups foamed, and the rose was showered
On the young and fair from the world embowered,
The sun looked not on them in that sweet shade,
The winds amid scented boughs were laid ;
But there came by fits, through some wavy tree,
A sound and a gleam of the moaning sea.

Hush! be still!—Was that no more
Than the murmur from the shore?
Silence!—Did thick rain-drops beat
On the grass like trampling feet?—
Fling down the goblet, and draw the sword!
The groves are filled with a pirate-horde!
Through the dim olives their sabres shine;—
Now must the red blood stream for wine!
The youth from the banquet to battle sprang,
The woods with the shriek of the maidens rang;
Under the golden-fruited boughs
There were flashing poniards and darkening brows,
Footsteps o'er garland and lyre that fled,
And the dying strewn on a greensward bed.

Eudora, Eudora! thou dost not fly!—
She saw but Ianthis before her lie,
With the blood from his breast in a gushing flow,
Like a child's large tears in its hour of woe,
And a gathering film in his lifted eye,
That sought his young bride mournfully.—
She knelt down beside him, her arms she wound,
Like tendrils, his drooping neck around,
As if the passion of that fond grasp
Might chain in life with its ivy-clasp.
But they tore her thence in her wild despair,
The sea's fierce rovers—they left him there;
They left to the fountain a dark-red vein,
And on the wet violets a pile of slain,
And a hush of fear through the summer grove:
So closed the triumph of youth and love!

III.

Gloomy lay the shore that night,
When the moon, with sleeping light,
Bathed each purple Sciote hill,—
Gloomy lay the shore, and still.
O'er the wave no gay guitar
Sent its floating music far ;
No glad sound of dancing feet
Woke, the starry hours to greet.
But a voice of mortal woe,
In its changes wild or low,
Through the midnight's blue repose,
From the sea-beat rocks arose,
As Eudora's mother stood
Gazing on th' Egean flood,
With a fixed and straining eye—
Oh! was the spoilers' vessel nigh?
Yes! there, becalmed in silent sleep,
Dark and alone on a breathless deep,
On a sea of molten silver dark,
Brooding it frowned that evil bark!
There its broad pennon a shadow cast,
Moveless and black from the tall still mast,
And the heavy sound of its flapping sail,
Idly and vainly wooed the gale.
Hushed was all else—had ocean's breast
Rocked e'en Eudora that hour to rest?

To rest?—The waves tremble! What piercing cry
Bursts from the heart of the ship on high?
What light through the heavens, in a sudden spire,
Shoots from the deck up? Fire! 'tis fire!
There are wild forms hurrying to and fro,
Seen darkly clear on that lurid glow;

There are shout, and signal-gun, and call,
And the dashing of water,—but fruitless all!
Man may not fetter, nor ocean tame
The might and wrath of the rushing flame!
It hath twined the mast like a glittering snake,
That coils up a tree from a dusky brake;
It hath touched the sails, and their canvas rolls
Away from its breath into shrivelled scrolls;
It hath taken the flag's high place in air,
And reddened the stars with its wavy glare,
And sent out bright arrows, and soared in glee,
To a burning mount midst the moonlight sea.
The swimmers are plunging from stern and prow—
Eudora, Eudora! where, where art thou?
The slave and his master alike are gone.—
Mother! who stands on the deck alone?
The child of thy bosom!—And lo! a brand
Blazing up high in her lifted hand!
And her veil flung back, and her free dark hair
Swayed by the flames as they rock and flare,
And her fragile form to its loftiest height
Dilated, as if by the spirit's might,
And her eye with an eagle-gladness fraught,—
Oh! could this work be of woman wrought?
Yes! 'twas her deed!—By that haughty smile
It was hers!—She hath kindled her funeral pile!
Never might shame on that bright head be,
Her blood was the Greek's, and hath made her free.
Proudly she stands, like an Indian bride
On the pyre with the holy dead beside;
But a shriek from her mother hath caught her ear,
As the flames to her marriage-robe draw near,
And starting, she spreads her pale arms in vain
To the form they must never infold again.

One moment more, and her hands are clasped,
Fallen is the torch they had wildly grasped,
Her sinking knee unto Heaven is bowed,
And her last look raised through the smoke's dim shroud,
And her lips as in prayer for her pardon move—
Now the night gathers o'er youth and love!

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

SONG OF BIRDS.

DID you ne'er think what wondrous beings these?
Did you ne'er think who made them, and who taught
The dialect they speak, where melodies
Alone are the interpreters of thought?
Whose household words are songs in many keys,
Sweeter than instrument of man e'er caught;
Whose habitations in the tree-tops even
Are half-way houses on the road to heaven!

Think, every morning, when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old melodious madrigals of love!
And, when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continents, from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore!

LONGFELLOW.

ONCE UPON A TIME

ONCE upon a time life lay before me,
Fresh as a story untold,
Now so many years have travelled o'er me
I and the story are old.

Once upon a time my locks fell flowing,
Brown as yours and as bright;
Now so many winters coming and going
Have left them, you see, snow-white.

Once upon a time I, too, had a lover,
Gallant and full of grace;
Now do you think, dear, you can discover
Him in Grandpapa's face?

Once upon a time I thought it living
Only to draw my breath;
Now I've learned that it means a striving,
Sometimes even to death.

Once upon a time I fell to weeping
If but my wish was crossed;
Now I can trust to a better keeping,
Even if all seem lost.

Once upon a time it looked so dreary
Ever to wait and rest;
Now, at last, I'm a little weary,
Resting a while seems best—

Waiting a while, till the great to-morrow
Over the hill-tops climb.

Joy is forever. Thank God, dear, that sorrow
Only is once upon a time.

LOUISA BUSHNELL.

FASHIONABLE SINGING.

MISS JULIA was induced to give a taste of her musical powers, and this is how she did it. She flirted up her panniers, coquettishly wiggle-waggled to the piano, and sang,—

“When ther moo-hoon is mi-hild-ly be-ahming
O’er ther ca-halm and si-hi-lent se-e-e-e,
Its ra-dyance so-hoftly stre-heam-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, Oh! ther-hen,

I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,

I thee-he-he-he-he-he-he-hink hof thee-e-e-e-e!”

“Beautiful, Miss Julia! Beautiful!” and we all clapped our hands. “Do sing another verse—it’s perfectly divine, Miss Julia,” said Eugene Augustus. Then Julia raised her golden (dyed) head, touched the white ivory with her jewelled fingers, and warbled,—

“When ther sur-hun is bri-hight-ly glow-how-ing
O’er the se-hene so de-hear to me-e-e,
And swe-heat the wie-hind is blow-how-ing,
Oh! ther-hen, oh! ther-hen,

I thee-hink
Hof thee-hee,
I thee-hink,
I thee-hink,

I thee-he-he-he-he-he-he-hink-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-hof the-e-e-e-e-e!”—BALTIMORE ELOCUTIONIST.

OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY.

A LITTLE bird flew my window by,
'Twixt the level street and the level sky,
The level rows of houses tall,
The long low sun on the level wall:
And all that the little bird did say
Was, "Over the hills and far away!"

A little bird sang behind my chair,
From the level line of corn-fields fair,
And smooth green hedge-rows level bound
Not a furlong off the horizon bound,
And the level lawn where the sun all day
Burns: "Over the hills and far away."

A little bird sings above my bed,
And I know if I could but lift my head
I would see the sun set, round and grand,
Upon level sea and level sand,
While beyond the misty distance gray
Is "Over the hills and far away."

I think that a little bird will sing
Over a grassy mound, next spring,
Where something that once was me y'll leave
In the level sunshine noon and eve:
But I shall be gone, past night, past day,
"Over the hills and far away."

MISS MULOCK.

SUMMER FRIENDS.

AS the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows,
Singing gently songs of love
To each blossom in the grove,
Pausing only in its flight
Where the sweets of life are bright,
All unwilling to depart
Till he reached the very heart,
And when all the luscious store
Is exhausted, sings no more,—
As the bee is to the rose
While the honey treasure flows,
Are Summer friends.

As the shadows to the boat,
On a changeful lake afloat,
When the lake is in repose,
Like another boat it shows,
And all fortune elevates
O'er the surface imitates.
But a ripple on its breast
Shadow trembles with unrest,
And when tempests gather round
Can no longer there be found,—
As the shadow to the boat
On the changeful lake afloat
Are Summer friends.—JOHN BROUGHAM.

OLD IRONSIDES.

The frigate Constitution, whose glorious record is known to all familiar with our naval history, was saved from destruction by the following beautiful lines of Dr. Holmes, which caused the people to pause, and reconsider their determination of breaking up the nation's favorite.

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave!—
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale!

O. W. HOLMES.

READY FOR A KISS.

MAMMA, I's been washin',
Don't you see I has?
Curled my hair my own self,
Sweetest ever was.
Nozzer time I was not
Half as nice as this;
See! I's fixed up, mamma,
Ready for a kiss.

Johnnie's having trouble,
Dreffe trouble, too:
Bird-eggs in his pocket,
Keeps a comin' through.
I ain't a dirty baby,
Does you think I is?
'Spect I's your pet Taddie,
Ready for a kiss.

Thought I'd put my Sunday
Apron on for fun,
'Cause I got cat fedders
On the ozzar one.
Le's p'etend things, mamma,
Say, now, don't you wis'—
Wis' I was a heathen,
So you couldn't kiss?

THE CHRISTIAN WEEKLY.

MORNING.

[The following is regarded one of the most sublime passages ever penned:]

AS we proceeded, the timid approach of twilight became more perceptible; the intense blue of the sky began to soften; the smaller stars, like little children, went first to rest; the sister beams of the Pleiades soon melted together; but the bright constellations of the west and north remained unchanged. Steadily the wondrous transfiguration went on. Hands of angels hidden from mortal eyes shifted the scenery of the heavens; the glories of night dissolved into the glories of the dawn. The blue sky now turned more softly gray; the great watch-stars shut up their holy eyes; the east began to kindle. Faint streaks of purple soon blushed along the sky; the whole celestial concave was filled with the inflowing tides of the morning light, which came pouring down from above in one great ocean of radiance; till at length, as we reached the Blue Hills, a flash of purple fire blazed out from above the horizon, and turned the dewy tears of flower and leaf into rubies and diamonds. In a few seconds the everlasting gates of the morning were thrown wide open, and the lord of day, arrayed in glories too severe for the gaze of man, began his state.

EVERETT.

THE BRAVE AT HOME.

[Extract from "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies."]

THE maid who binds her warrior's sash,
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,

Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And fame shall never know the story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder,
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon a field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief,
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor!

T. BUCHANAN READ.

THE SWELL'S SOLILOQUY.

I DON'T approve this hawid waw—
 Those dweadful bannahs hawt my eyes;
 And guns and dwums are such a baw:
 Why don't the pawties compwamise?

Of cawce the twoilet has its chawms;
 But why must all the vulgah cwowd
 Pawsist in spawting unifawms,
 In cullahs so extwemely loud?

And then the ladies—pwecious deahs!
 I mawk the change on ev'wy bwow;
 Bai Jove! I weally have my feahs
 They wathah like the hawid waw!

To heah the chawming cweatures talk,
 Like patwons of the bloody wing,
 Of waw and all its dawty wawk,
 It doesn't seem a pwappah thing.

I called at Mrs. Gween's last night
 To see her niece, Miss Mawy Hertz,
 And found her making—cwushing sight—
 The weddest kind of flannel shirts!

Of cawce I wose and sought the daw
 With fuwy flashing from my eyes!
 I can't appwove this hawid waw;
 Why don't the pawties compwamise?



ONLY A BABY.

ONLY a baby small,
 Dropped from the skies!
 Only a laughing face—
 Two sunny eyes!

Only two cherry lips,
 One chubby nose!
 Only two little hands,
 Ten little toes.

Only a golden head,
 Curly and soft!

Only a tongue that wags,
Loudly and oft.

Only a little brain,
Empty of thought !
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught.

Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear !
Only a life to love,
While we are here.

Only a baby small,
Never at rest !
Small, but how dear to us,
God knoweth best !

ADDIE LAYTON.



MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh, ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh, ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky—
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :

Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh, ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh, ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly. SHAKESPEARE.

I CORINTHIANS XV.

MOREOVER, brethren, I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, which also ye have received, and wherein ye stand; by which also ye are saved, if ye keep in memory what I preached unto you, unless ye have believed in vain. For I delivered unto you first of all that which I also received, how that Christ died for our sins according to the scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the scriptures; and that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time. For I am the least of the apostles, that am not

meest to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain; but I labored more abundantly than they all: yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me. Therefore whether it were I or they, so we preach, and so ye believed.

Now if Christ be preached that he rose from the dead, how say some among you that there is no resurrection of the dead? But if there be no resurrection of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain.

Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished.

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order: Christ the first-fruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming. Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father; when he shall have put down all rule and all authority and power. For he must reign, till he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. For he hath put all things under his feet. But when he saith, All things are put under him, it is manifest that he is excepted which did put all

things under him. And when all things shall be subdued unto him, then shall the Son also himself be subject unto him that put all things under him, that God may be all in all. Else what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead? And why stand we in jeopardy every hour? I protest by your rejoicing which I have in Christ Jesus our Lord, I die daily. If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me if the dead rise not? Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.

Be not deceived: evil communications corrupt good manners. Awake to righteousness, and sin not; for some have not the knowledge of God: I speak this to your shame.

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool! that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. There is a natural body, and

there is a spiritual body. And so it is written, The first man Adam was made a living soul ; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural ; and afterward that which is spiritual.

The first man is of the earth, earthy : the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy : and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.

Behold, I shew you a mystery ; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump : for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? The sting of death is sin ; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.—BIBLE.

MY TRUNDLE BED.

AS I rummaged through the attic,
List'ning to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window pane ;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread ;
Saw I in the farthest corner
What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song ;
As she sung in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read—
“Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed.”

As I listen'd, recollections,
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot ;
And I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said ;

Never can they be forgotten,
Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
"Hallowed be thy name, O Father!
Father! thou who art in heaven."

Years have passed, and that dear mother
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Revels in the home of God:
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness
When I see my trundle bed.

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import, great and deep—
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep:"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked—"Our Father!
Father! do thou bless my child!"

MAGDALENA; OR, THE SPANISH DUEL.

NEAR the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago—
Dwelt a lady in a villa
Years and years ago;—
And her hair was black as night,
And her eyes were starry bright;
Olives on her brow were blooming,
Roses red her lips perfuming,

And her step was light and airy
As the tripping of a fairy;
When she spoke, you thought, each minute,
'T was the thrilling of a linnet;
When she sang, you heard a gush
Of full-voiced sweetness like a thrush;
And she struck from the guitar
Ringing music, sweeter far
Than the morning breezes make
Through the lime trees when they shake—
Than the ocean murmuring o'er
Pebbles on the foamy shore.
Orphaned both of sire and mother
Dwelt she in that lonely villa,
Absent now her guardian brother
On a mission from Sevilla.
Skills it little now the telling
How I wooed that maiden fair,
Tracked her to her lonely dwelling
And obtained an entrance there.
Ah! that lady of the villa!
And I loved her so,
Near the city of Sevilla,
Years and years ago.

Ay de mi!—Like echoes falling
Sweet and sad and low,
Voices came at night, recalling
Years and years ago.
'T was an autumn eve; the splendor
Of the day was gone,
And the twilight, soft and tender,
Stole so gently on
That the eye could scarce discover
How the shadows, spreading over,

Like a veil of silver gray,
Toned the golden clouds, sun-painted,
Till they paled, and paled, and fainted
From the face of heaven away.
And a dim light rising slowly
O'er the welkin spread,
Till the blue sky, calm and holy,
Gleamed above our head ;
And the thin moon, newly nascent,
Shone in glory meek and sweet,
As Murillo paints her crescent
Underneath Madonna's feet.
And we sat outside the villa
Where the waters flow
Down to the city of Sevilla—
Years and years ago.

There we sate—the mighty river
Wound its serpent course along
Silent, dreamy Guadalquiver,
Famed in many a song.
Silver gleaming 'mid the plain
Yellow with the golden grain,
Gliding down through deep, rich meadows,
Where the sated cattle rove,
Stealing underneath the shadows
Of the verdant olive grove ;
With its plentitude of waters,
Ever flowing calm and slow,
Loved by Andalusia's daughters,
Sung by poets long ago.

Seated half within a bower
Where the languid evening breeze

Shook out odors in a shower
From oranges and citron trees,

Sang she from a romancero,
How a Moorish chieftain told
Fought a Spanish caballero
By Sevilla's walls of old.

How they battled for a lady,
Fairest of the maids of Spain—
How the Christian's lance, so steady,
Pierced the Moslem through the brain

Then she ceased—her black eyes moving,
Flashed, as asked she with a smile,—
“Say, are maids as fair and loving—
Men as faithful, in your isle?”

“British maids,” I said, “are ever
Counted fairest of the fair;
Like the swans on yonder river
Moving with a stately air

“Wooded not quickly, won not lightly—
But, when won, forever true;
Trial draws the bond more tightly,
Time can ne'er the knot undo.”

“And the men?”—“Ah! dearest lady,
Are—quien sabe? who can say?
To make love they're ever ready,
When they can and where they may;

"Fixed as waves, as breezes steady
In a changeful April day—
Como brisas, como rios,
No se sabe, sabe dios."

"Are they faithful?"—"Ah! quien sabe?
Who can answer that they are?
While we may we should be happy."—
Then I took up her guitar,
And I sang in sportive strain,
This song to an old air of Spain.

"QUIEN SABE?"

I.

"The breeze of the evening that cools the hot air,
That kisses the orange and shakes out thy hair,
Is its freshness less welcome, less sweet its perfume,
That you know not the region from which it is come?
Whence the wind blows, where the wind goes,
Hither and thither and whither—who knows?
Who knows?
Hither and thither—but whither—who knows?"

II.

"The river forever glides singing along,
The rose on the bank bends a'down to its song;
And the flower, as it listens, unconsciously dips,
Till the rising wave glistens and kisses its lips.
But why the wave rises and kisses the rose,
And why the rose stoops for those kisses—who knows?
Who knows?
And away flows the river—but whither—who knows?"

III.

"Let me be the breeze, love, that wanders along
The river that ever rejoices in song;
Be thou to my fancy the orange in bloom,
The rose by the river that gives its perfume.
Would the fruit be so golden, so fragrant the rose,
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
Who knows?

Who knows?
If no breeze and no wave were to kiss them?
Who knows?"

As I sang, the lady listened,
Silent save one gentle sigh:
When I ceased, a tear-drop glistened
On the dark fringe of her eye.

Then my heart reproved the feeling
Of that false and heartless strain
Which I sang in words concealing
What my heart would hide in vain.

Up I sprang. What words were uttered
Bootless now to think or tell—
Tongues speak wild when hearts are fluttered
By the mighty master spell.

Love, avowed with sudden boldness,
Heard with flushings that reveal,
Spite of woman's studied coldness,
Thoughts the heart cannot conceal.

Words half-vague and passion-broken,
Meaningless, yet meaning all
That the lips have left unspoken,
That we never may recall.

"Magdalena, dearest, hear me,"
Sighed I, as I seized her hand—
"Hóla! Senor," very near me,
Cries a voice of stern command.

And a stalwart caballero
Comes upon me with a stride,
On his head a slouched sombrero,
A toledo by his side.

From his breast he flung his capa
With a stately Spanish air—
[On the whole, he looked the chap a
Man to slight would scarcely dare.]

"Will your worship have the goodness
To release that lady's hand?"—
"Senor," I replied, "this rudeness
I am not prepared to stand.

"Magdalena, say"—the maiden,
With a cry of wild surprise,
As with secret sorrow laden,
Fainting sank before my eyes.

Then the Spanish caballero
Bowed with haughty courtesy,
Solemn as a tragic hero,
And announced himself to me:

“Senor, I am Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y”—“No more, sir;
’Tis as good as twenty score, sir,”
Said I to him, with a frown;
“Mucha bulla para nada,
No palabras, draw your ’spada;
If you’re up for a duello
You will find I’m just your fellow—
Senor, I am PETER BROWN!”

By the river’s bank that night
Foot to foot in strife,
Fought we in the dubious light
A fight of death or life.
Don Camillo slashed my shoulder,
With the pain I grew the bolder,
Close, and closer still I pressed;
Fortune favored me at last,
I broke his guard, my weapon passed
Through the caballero’s breast.

Down to the earth went Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y—One groan,
And he lay motionless as stone.
The man of many names went down,
Pierced by the sword of PETER BROWN!

Kneeling down, I raised his head;
The caballero faintly said,
"Signor Ingles, fly from Spain
With all speed, for you have slain
A Spanish noble, Don Camillo
Guzman Miguel Pedrillo
De Xymenes y Ribera
Y Santallos y Herrera
Y de Rivas y Mendoza
Y Quintana y de Rosa
Y Zorilla y"—He swooned
With the bleeding from his wound.
If he be living still or dead,
I never knew, I ne'er shall know.
That night from Spain in haste I fled,
Years and years ago.

Oft when autumn eve is closing,
Pensive, puffing a cigar,
As I sit alone, reposing,
Musing half, and half a-dozing,
Comes a vision from afar
Of that lady of the villa
In her satin-fringed mantilla,
And that haughty caballero
With his capa and sombrero,
And I vainly keep revolving
That long, jointed, endless name;
'Tis a riddle past my solving
Who he was, or whence he came.
Was he that brother home returned?
Was he some former lover spurned?

Or some family *fiancé*
That the lady did not fancy?
Was he any one of those?
Sabe Dios. Ah! God knows.

Sadly smoking my manilla,
Much I long to know
How fares the lady of the villa
That once charmed me so,
When I visited Sevilla
Years and years ago.
Has she married a Hidalgo?
Gone the way that ladies all go
In those drowsy Spanish cities,
Wasting life—a thousand pities—
Waking up for a fiesta
From an afternoon siesta,
To “Giralda” now repairing,
Or the Plaza for an airing;
At the shaded *reja* flirting,
At a bull-fight now disporting;
Does she walk at evenings ever
Through the gardens by the river?
Guarded by an old duenna
Fierce and sharp as a hyena,
With her goggles and her fan
Warning off each wicked man?
Is she dead, or is she living?
Is she for my absence grieving?
Is she wretched, is she happy?
Widow, wife, or maid? *Quien sabe?*

THE "COURSE OF LOVE" TOO "SMOOTH."

SHE came tripping from the church-door, her face flushed by emotions awakened by the just uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curb-stone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently, with a burning heart fairly palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments' hesitating silence he said: "Jane, we have known each other long. You must know just how I feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—O Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender-hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully helped him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped, that the foundation—O, goodness!"

She slipped herself that time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on—

"Yes; just as I said, clean down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me stand and face—Thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember you just said a love which helped you stand and face thunder. And that you founded your hopes on—This pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her saccue, between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised

her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said, with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling; and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love, and to hear those sweet lips whisper—Whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a capital V with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried, in breathless haste:

"I understand; and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make lighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem!"

John stood alone, and said with breathless vehemence:

"O my precious! and thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and, hand in hand, and with hearts overflowing with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up to the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

CENTENNIAL HYMN.

OUR fathers' God, from out whose hand
The centuries fall like grains of sand,
We meet to-day, united, free,
And loyal to our land and Thee.
To thank Thee for the era done,
And trust Thee for the opening one.

Here, where of old, by Thy design,
The fathers spake that word of Thine,
Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain,
To grace our festal time, from all
The zones of earth our guests we call.

Be with us while the new world greets
The old world thronging all its streets,
Unveiling all the triumphs won
By art or toil, beneath the sun;
And unto common good ordain
This rivalry of hand and brain.

Thou, who hast here in concord furled
The war-flags of a gathered world,
Beneath our Western skies fulfil
The Orient's mission of good will,
And, freighted with love's Golden Fleece,
Send back the Argonauts of peace.
For art and labor met in truce,
For beauty made the bride of use,
We thank Thee, while, withal, we crave,
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honor proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

O, make Thou us, through centuries long,
In peace secure, in justice strong;
Around our gift of freedom draw
The safeguards of Thy righteous law,
And, cast in some diviner mould,
Let the new cycle shame the old!

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HEROES OF THE LAND OF PENN.

BEAUTIFUL in her solitary grandeur—fair as a green island in a desert waste, proud as a lonely column, reared in the wilderness—rises the land of Penn, in the history of America.

Here, beneath the Elm of Shackamaxon, was first reared the holy altar of Toleration. Here, from the halls of the old State House, was first proclaimed that Bible of the rights of man—the Declaration of Independence.

Here William Penn asserted the mild teachings of the Gospel, whose every word was Love. Here Franklin drew down lightnings from the sky, and bent the science of ages to the good of toiling man. Here Jefferson stood forth, the consecrated Prophet of Freedom, proclaiming from Independence Hall the destiny of a Continent, the freedom of a people.

She has no orator to celebrate her glories, to point to her past; she has no Pierpont to hymn her illustrious dead; no Jared Sparks to chronicle her Revolutionary grandeur.

And yet the green fields of Germantown, the twilight vale of the Brandywine, the blood-nurtured soil of Paoli, all have their memories of the past, all are stored with their sacred treasure of whitened bones. From the far North, old Wyoming sends forth her voice—from her hills of grandeur and her valleys of beauty, she sends her voice, and at the sound the mighty Dead of the land of Penn sweep by, a solemn pageant of the Past.

Pennsylvanians, remember that though the Land of Penn has no history, yet is her story written on her battle-fields.

Let us go to the battle of Germantown, in the dread hour of the retreat, and see how the children of Penn died. Let us go there, in the moment when Washington and his Generals came back from the fight.

A pause in the din of battle! The denizens of Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill come crowding to their doors and windows; the hilly streets are occupied by anxious groups of people, who converse in low and whispered tones, with hurried gestures, and looks of surprise and fear. See yonder group clustered by the roadside: the gray-haired man, with his ear inclined intently toward Germantown, his hands outspread, and his trembling form bent with age; the maiden, fair-cheeked, red-lipped, and blooming, clad in the peasant costume; the matron, calm, self-possessed and placid; the boy, with the light flaxen hair, the ruddy cheeks, the merry blue eyes;—all standing silent and motionless, and listening, as with a common impulse, for the first news of the battle.

There is a strange silence upon the air. A moment ago, and far off shouts broke on the ear, mingling with the thunder of cannon, and the shrieks of the terrible musketry; the earth seems to tremble, and far around, the wide horizon is agitated by a thousand echoes. Now the scene is still as midnight. Not a sound, not a shout, not a distant hurrah. The anxiety of the group upon the hill becomes absorbing and painful. Looks of wonder, at the sudden pause of the battle, flit from face to face, and then low whispers are heard, and then comes another moment of fearful suspense. It is followed by a wild, rushing sound to the south, like the shrieks of the ocean waves, as they fill the hold of the foundering ship, while it sinks far into the loneliness of the seas.

Then a pause, and again that unknown sound, and then the tramp of ten thousand footsteps mingled with a

wild and indistinct murmur. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the air is filled with the sound, and then distinct voices break upon the air, and the clatter is borne upon the breeze.

The boy turns to his mother, and asks her who has gained the day. Every heart feels vividly that the battle is now over, that the account of blood is near its close, that the appeal to the God of battles has been made. The mother turns her tearful eyes to the south; she cannot answer the question. The old man, awakened from a reverie, turns suddenly to the maiden, and clasps her arm with his trembling hands. His lips move, but his tongue is unable to syllable a sound. He flings a trembling hand southward, and speaks his question with the gesture of age. The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As he makes the gesture, the figure of a soldier is seen rushing from the mist in the valley below; he comes speeding round the bend of the road, he ascends the hill, but his steps totter and he staggers to and fro like a drunken man. He bears a burden on his shoulders—is it the plunder of the fight? is it the spoil gathered from the ranks of the dead? No!—no! He bears an aged man on his shoulders.

Both are clad in the blue hunting-shirt, torn and tattered and stained with blood, it is true, but still you can recognize the uniform of the Revolution. The tottering soldier nears the group, he lays the aged veteran down by the roadside, and then looks around with a ghastly face and a rolling eye. There is blood dripping from his attire, his face is begrimed with powder and spotted with crimson drops. He glances wildly around, and then, kneeling on the sod, he takes the hand of the aged man in his own, and raises his head upon his knee.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? The

group cluster around as they ask the question. The young Continental makes no reply, but, gazing upon the face of the dying veteran, wipes the beaded drops of blood from his forehead.

"Comrade!" shrieks the veteran, "raise me on my feet; and wipe the blood from my eyes. I would see him once again." He is raised upon his feet, and the blood is wiped from his eyes. "I see—it is he—it is Washington! Yonder—yonder I see his sword—and Anthony Wayne—raise me higher, comrade—all is getting dark—I would see—Mad Anthony! Lift me, comrade—higher, higher—I see him—I see Mad Anthony! Wipe the blood from my eyes, comrade, for it darkens my sight; it is dark—it is dark!"

And the young soldier held in his arms a lifeless corpse. The old veteran was dead. He had fought his last fight, fired his last shot, shouted the name of Mad Anthony for the last time; and yet his withered hand clenched, with the tightness of death, the broken bayonet.

The battle—the battle—how goes the battle? As the thrilling question again rung in his ears, the young Continental turned to the group, smiled ghastly, and then flung his wounded arm to the south.

"Lost!" he shrieked, and rushed on his way like one bereft of his senses. He had not gone ten steps, when he bit the dust of the roadside, and lay extended in the face of day, a lifeless corpse.

So they died; the young hero and the aged veteran, children of the Land of Penn! So died thousands of their brethren throughout the Continent—Quebec and Saratoga, Camden and Bunker Hill, to this hour, retain their bones!

Nameless and unhonored, the "Poor Men Heroes" of Pennsylvania sleep the last slumber on every battle-field

of the Revolution. The incident which we have pictured is but a solitary page among ten thousand. In every spear of the grass that grows on our battle-fields, in every wild flower that blooms above the dead of the Revolution, you read the quiet heroism of the children of the Land of Penn.—GEORGE LIPPARD.

JOHN AND TIBBIE'S DISPUTE.

JOHN DAVISON and Tibbie, his wife,
Sat toastin' their taes ae nicht,
When something startit in the fluir,
And blinkit by their sicht.

"Guidwife," quoth John, "did ye see that moose?
Whar sorra was the cat?"

"A moose?"—"Ay, a moose."—"Na, na, Guidman,—
It wasna a moose, 't was a rat."

"Ow, ow, Guidwife, to think ye've been
Sae lang aboot the hoose,
An' no to ken a moose frae a rat!
Yon wasna a rat! 't was a moose."

"I've seen mair mice than you, Guidman—
An' what think ye o' that?
Sae haud your tongue an' sae nae mair—
I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Me haud my tongue for you, Guidwife!
I'll be mester o' this hoose—
I saw't as plain as een could see't,
An' I tell ye, it was a moose!"

"If you're the mester o' the hoose,
 It's I'm the mistress o't;
 An' I ken best what's in the house—
 Sae I tell ye, it was a rat."

"Weel, weel, Guidwife, gae mak' the brose,
 An' ca' it what ye please."
 So up she rose, and made the brose,
 While John sat toastin' his taes.

They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
 And aye their lips play'd smack,
 They supit, and supit, and supit the brose,
 Till their lugs began to crack.

"Sic fules we were to fa' oot, Guidwife,
 About a moose"—"A what?
 It's a lee ye tell, an' I say again
 It wasna a moose, 't was a rat!"

"Wad ye ca' me a leear to my very face?
 My faith, but ye craw croose!
 I tell ye, Tib, I never will bear't—
 'T was a moose!"—" 'T was a rat!"—" 'T was a moose!"

Wi' her spoon she strack him ower the pow—
 "Ye dour auld doit, tak' that—
 Gae to your bed, ye canker'd sump—
 'T was a rat!"—" 'T was a moose!"—" 'T was a rat!"

She sent the brose caup at his heels,
 As he hirpled ben the hoose;
 Yet he shoved oot his head as he steekit the door,
 A cry'd, "'T was a moose! 't was a moose!"

But, when the carle was fast asleep,
 She paid him back for that,
 And roar'd into his sleepin' lug,
 " 'T was a rat! 't was a rat! 't was a rat! "

The de'il be wi' me if I think
 It was a beast ava!—
 Neist mornin', as she sweepit the fluir,
 She faund wee Johnnie's ba'!



SOUTHLAND.

A PARADISE of sunny skies,
 Of everlasting summer-time,
 Of song and wing and shining thing,
 A burning-hearted passion-clime;
 Far warmer than the tropic sun
 The tropic hearts he shines upon.

The south wind teems with lovers' dreams,
 A soft sweet rapture bathes each sense,
 Nature at play the live-long day
 Inspires you with her indolence;
 For here, that dame hath naught to do
 But simply to make love to you.

What worlds of gold her orchards hold,
 What yellow globes with nectar filled;
 How sweet the air, the earth how fair,
 From which such juices were distilled:
 Nor all the fabled gods of old
 Drank such rich wine from cups of gold.

The south wind brings upon its wings
Intoxication of perfume ;
Here Heaven smiles, and Earth goes wild
In very ecstasy of bloom ;
And tanglements of fruit and vine
Upon her burning breast entwine.

You always know where violets grow,
Where Nature plays at making flowers ;
Neath borders green, the modest queen
Is seated in her purple bowers ;
And when you've kissed her perfumed mouth,
You've caught the spirit of the south.

And everywhere the fragrant air
Steals into life and forms a part,
And though you go to lands of snow,
You carry summer in your heart ;
Nor all the frosts about the pole
Can blight the flowers that wreath the soul.

LIZZIE YORK CASE.

THE ELDER MR. WELLER DELIVERS
SOME CRITICAL SENTIMENTS RESPECTING
LITERARY COMPOSITION.

MR. WELLER having obtained leave of absence from Mr. Pickwick, who, in his then state of excitement and worry, was by no means displeased at being left alone, set forth long before the appointed hour ; and having plenty of time at his disposal, sauntered down as far as the Mansion House, where he paused and

contemplated, with a face of great calmness and philosophy, the numerous cads and drivers of short stages who assemble near that famous place of resort.

Stopping to look at almost every object that met his gaze, it is by no means surprising that Mr. Weller should have paused before a small stationer's and print-seller's window; but, without further explanation, it does appear surprising that his eyes should have no sooner rested on certain pictures which were exposed for sale therein, than he gave a sudden start, smote his right leg with great vehemence, and exclaimed with energy, "If it hadn't been for this, I should ha' forgot all about it, till it was too late!"

The particular picture on which Sam Weller's eyes were fixed, as he said this, was a highly colored representation of a couple of human hearts skewered together with an arrow, cooking before a cheerful fire, while a male and a female cannibal in modern attire, the gentleman being clad in a blue coat and white trousers, and the lady in a deep red pelisse with a parasol of the same, were approaching the meal with hungry eyes, up a serpentine gravel path leading thereunto.

A decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else, was depicted as superintending the cooking; a representation of the spire of the church in Langhorn Place appeared in the distance; and the whole formed a "valentine," of which, as a written inscription in the window testified, there was a large assortment within, which the shopkeeper pledged himself to dispose of to his countrymen generally, at the reduced rate of one and sixpence each.

"I should ha' forgot it; I should certainly have forgot it!" said Sam; and so saying, he at once stepped into the stationer's shop, and requested to be served with a

sheet of the best gilt-edged letter-paper, and a hard-nibbed pen which could be warranted not to splutter. These articles having been promptly supplied, he walked on direct towards Leadenhall Market at a good round pace, very different from his recent lingering one. Looking round him, he there beheld a sign-board on which the painter's art had delineated something remotely resembling a cerulean elephant with an aquiline nose in lieu of a trunk. Rightly conjecturing that this was the Blue Boar himself, he stepped into the house, and inquired concerning his parent.

"He won't be here this three-quarters of an hour or more," said the young lady who superintended the domestic arrangements of the Blue Boar.

"Wery good, my dear," replied Sam. "Let me have nine penn'orth o' brandy and water luke, and the inkstand, will you, miss?"

The brandy and water luke and the inkstand having been carried into the little parlor, and the young lady having carefully flattened down the coals to prevent their blazing, and carried away the poker to preclude the possibility of the fire being stirred, without the full privity and concurrence of the Blue Boar being first had and obtained, Sam Weller sat himself down in a box near the stove, and pulled out the sheet of gilt-edged letter-paper, and the hard-nibbed pen. Then, looking carefully at the pen to see that there were no hairs in it, and dusting down the table, so that there might be no crumbs of bread under the paper, Sam tucked up the cuffs of his coat, squared his elbows, and composed himself to write.

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task, it being

always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to incline his head on his left arm so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer, and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

"Vell, Sammy," said the father.

"Vell, my Prooshan Blue," responded the son, laying down his pen. "What's the last bulletin about mother-in-law?"

"Mrs. Veller passed a wery good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin'—signed upon oath—Tony Veller, Esquire. That's the last vun as was issued, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, untying his shawl.

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr. Weller, shaking his head. "But wot's that, you're doin' of—pursuit of knowledge under difficulties—eh, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam, with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr. Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy."

"Why it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr. Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr. Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warnin' you've had o' your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this 'ere wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could ever ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it." These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked when the farmer said he was afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr. Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter—there."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink, to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air—

"'Lovely—'"

"Stop," said Mr. Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

"'Lovely creetur'," repeated Sam.

"'Tain't in poetry, is it?" interposed the father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Wery glad to hear it," said Mr. Weller. "Poetry's unnat'ral; no man ever talked in poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin' day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr. Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

"'Lovely creetur', I feel myself a charmed—'"

"That ain't proper," said Mr. Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't charmed," observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed, there's a blot there—'I feel myself ashamed.'"

"Wery good," said Mr. Weller. "Go on."

"'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir—I forget wot this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr. Weller.

"So I am a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot; here's a 'c,' and a 'i' and a 'd'."

"Circumwented, p'r'aps," suggested Mr. Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed, that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr. Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell, p'r'aps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr. Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

"Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in addressing of you, for you are a nice gal and nothin' but it."

"That's a wery pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr. Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder Mr. Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind: wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or an angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as vell call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is wery vell known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr. Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr. Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows: his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"Afore I see you I thought all women was alike."

"So they are," observed the elder Mr. Weller, parenthetically.

"But now," continued Sam, "'now I find what a reg'lar soft-headed, ink-red'lous turnip I must ha' been for there ain't nobody like you though I like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr. Weller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed:

“So I take the privilage of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen’lem’n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday, to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my heart in much quicker time and brighter colors than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (which, p’r’aps, you may have heerd on, Mary my dear), altho’ it does finish a portrait and puts the frame and glass on complete with a hook at the end to hang it up by and all in two minutes and a quarter.’”

“I am afeered that werges on the poetical, Sammy,” said Mr. Weller, dubiously.

“No, it don’t,” replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point.

“Except of me, Mary, my dear, as your valentine, and think over what I’ve said. My dear Mary, I will now conclude.’ That’s all,” said Sam.

“That’s rayther a sudden pull up, ain’t it, Sammy?” inquired Mr. Weller.

“Not a bit on it,” said Sam, “she’ll vish there vos more, and that’s the great art o’ letter writin’.”

“Well,” said Mr. Weller, “there’s somethin’ in that; and I wish your mother-in-law’d only conduct her conversation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain’t you a goin’ to sign it?”

“That’s the difficulty,” said Sam; “I don’t know what to sign it.”

“Sign it—Veller,” said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

“Won’t do,” said Sam. “Never sign a valentine with your own name.”

“Sign it—Pickwick, then,” said Mr. Weller; “it’s a very good name, and a easy one to spell.”

"The very thing," said Sam. "I could end with a verse; what do you think?"

"I don't like it, Sam," rejoined Mr. Weller. "I never know'd a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, 'cept one, as made an affectin' copy o' verses the night afore he was hung for a highway robbery, and he was only a Cambervell man, so even that's no rule."

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter—

"Your love-sick PICKWICK."

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel,
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers ;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeams dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.—ALFRED TENNYSON.

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

TRAMP, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching: how many of them? Sixty thousand! Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children and our children's children. "Tramp, tramp, tramp"—the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp—the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp, comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death. What in God's name are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison-houses with felons, of detracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes,

of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

The prosperity of the liquor interest, covering every department of it, depends entirely on the maintenance of this army. It cannot live without it. It never did live without it. So long as the liquor interest maintains its present prosperous condition, it will cost America the sacrifice of sixty thousand men every year. The effect is inseparable from the cause. The cost to the country of the liquor traffic is a sum so stupendous that any figures which we should dare to give would convict us of trifling. The amount of life absolutely destroyed, the amount of industry sacrificed, the amount of bread transformed into poison, the shame, the unavailing sorrow, the crime, the poverty, the pauperism, the brutality, the wild waste of vital and financial resources, make an aggregate so vast—so incalculably vast, that the only wonder is that the American people do not rise as one man and declare that this great curse shall exist no longer.

A hue-and-cry is raised about woman-suffrage, as if any wrong which may be involved in woman's lack of the suffrage could be compared to the wrongs attached to the liquor interest!

Does any sane woman doubt that women are suffering a thousand times more from rum than from any political disability?

The truth is that there is no question before the American people to-day that begins to match in importance the temperance question. The question of American slavery was never anything but a baby by the side of this; and we prophesy that within ten years, if not within five, the whole country will be awake to it, and divided upon it. The organizations of the liquor interest, the vast funds at its command, the universal feeling among those whose

business is pitted against the national prosperity and the public morals—these are enough to show that, upon one side of this matter, at least, the present condition of things and the social and political questions that lie in the immediate future are apprehended. The liquor interest knows there is to be a great struggle, and is preparing to meet it. People both in this country and in Great Britain are beginning to see the enormity of this business—are beginning to realize that Christian civilization is actually poisoned at its fountain, and that there can be no purification of it until the source of the poison is dried up.

Temperance laws are being passed by the various Legislatures, which they must sustain, or go over, soul and body, to the liquor interest and influence. Steps are being taken on behalf of the public health, morals, and prosperity, which they must approve by voice and act, or they must consent to be left behind and left out. There can be no concession and no compromise on the part of temperance men, and no quarter to the foe. The great curse of our country and our race must be destroyed.

Meantime, the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on,—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death.—J. G. HOLLAND.

REGRET.

O, THAT word Regret!
There have been nights and morns when we have
sighed,

"Let us alone, Regret! We are content
To throw thee all our past, so thou wilt sleep
For aye." But it is patient, and it wakes;
It hath not learned to cry itself to sleep,
But plaineth on the bed that it is hard.
We did amiss when we did wish it gone
And over: sorrows humanize our race;
Tears are the showers that fertilize this world;
And memory of things precious keepeth warm
The heart that once did hold them.

They are poor
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor
Of all, who lose and wish they might forget.
For life is one, and in its warp and woof
There runs a thread of gold that glitters fair,
And sometimes in the pattern shows most sweet
Where there are sombre colors. It is true
That we have wept. But O! this thread of gold,
We would not have it tarnish; let us turn
Oft and look back upon the wondrous web,
And when it shineth sometimes, we shall know
That memory is possession.

I.

When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone and I must do without,

I sometimes wonder how I can be glad,
 Even in cowslip time when hedges sprout;
 It makes me sigh to think on it,—but yet
 My days will not be better days, should I forget.

II.

When I remember something promised me,
 But which I never had, nor can have now,
 Because the promiser we no more see
 In countries that accord with mortal vow;
 When I remember this, I mourn,—but yet
 My happier days are not the days when I forget.

JEAN INGELow.

SAMANTHA SMITH BECOMES JOSIAH
 ALLEN'S WIFE.

IF anybody had told me when I was first born that I would marry to a widower, I should have been mad at 'em. I lived up to this idee quite a number of years—how many, is nobody's business, that I will contend for. I laughed at the idee of love in my blindness of eye. But the first minute I sot my gray eye onto Josiah Allen I knew my fate. My heart was a pray to feelin's it had heretofore been a stranger to. Sez I to myself, "is this love?" I could n't answer, I was too agitated.

Josiah told me afterwards that he felt jest exactly the same, only, when his heart wildly put the question to him, "Is it love you feel for Samantha Smith?" he havin' experience in the same, answered, "Yes, it is love."

I married Josiah Allen (in mother's parlor, on the fourteenth day of June, in a bran new silk dress with a long boddis waist) from pure love. Though why I loved him, I know not. I looked at that mild face beamin' on

me from above his black silk stock, which kep' his head kinder stiff, and asked myself this question, "Why do you love him?" I reckolected then, and I have recalled it to his mind several times sense in our own little differences of opinion, which occur in the happiest families—that I had had offers from men, handsomer than him, with more intellect than him, with more riches than him, with less children than him. Why didn't I love these various men? I know not. I can only repeat in the immortal and almost deathless lines of the poet, "Love will go where it is sent." Yes, Josiah Allen was my fate, and when I laid my light silk glove in his'en (they was almost of a color, a kind of cinnamon brown), before the alter, or that is before Elder Wesley Minkley, I did it with the purest and tenderest emotions of love.

And that love has been like a Beacon in our pathway ever sense. Its pure light, though it has sputtered some, and in tryin' times such as washin' days and cleanin' house times, has burnt down pretty low—has never gone out.

When I married him, the bald spot on his head wuz n't much bigger than a new silver dollar. Now the top of his head is as smooth and clean as one of my stun chiner dinner-plates; and if any horse-jocky was to try to judge of his age by lookin' at his teeth, they would be baffled, not but what he has got some teeth, but they are pretty scatterin'. But still that Beacon shines, that pure love triumphs over lost teeth and vanished sandy hair. There haint a man on the face of the earth that looks so good to me as Josiah Allen. I don't tell him this, mind you, fourteen years experience of married life has taught me caution. Josiah is as good as they'll average generally, but no man can't stand too much flattery—men are naturally vain.

As I said in the commencement of this plain and unvarnished history, I had almost a deadly objection to widowers owin' to their habit of comparin' their second wives to their first relict, to the disadvantage of the first-named partner. Josiah tride it with me when we was first married. But I did n't encourage him in it. He began on several various times, "It seems as if Polly Ann used to make my collers a little stiffer." He stopped it before we had been married a year, for I did n't encourage it in him.

As I mean that this book shall be a Beacon light, guidin' female wimmen to life, liberty, and the pursuit of true happiness, I would insert right here this word of solem' warnin' to my sect situated in the tryin' place of second consorts, if the relict goes to comparin' you to his foregone consort, don't encourage him in it. On this short rule hangs the hope of domestick harmony.

JOSIAH ALLEN'S WIFE.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

François de Bonniard, a French writer and politician, born 1496, died 1571, was arrested and imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon in 1530, on account of his having espoused the cause of the Republic against the Duke of Savoy. He was restored to liberty six years later, when Chillon fell into the hands of his countrymen.

I.

MY hair is gray, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears;
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose;
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those

To whom the goodly earth and air
Are banned and barred—forbidden fare.
But this was for my father's faith
I suffered chains and courted death.
That father perished at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake ;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven, who now are one—
Six in youth, and one in age,
Finished as they had begun,
Proud of persecution's rage ;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed—
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

They chained us each to a column stone ;
And we were three—yet, each alone.
We could not move a single pace ;
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight ;
And thus together, yet apart—
Fettered in hand, but joined in heart ;
'T was still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each—
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold ;
But even these at length grew cold.

Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be;
 It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

III.

I said my nearer brother pined ;
I said his mighty heart declined.
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care.
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat ;
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-man.
Like brutes, within an iron den.
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth ?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.

I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought;
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed, and laid him there,
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant—
Such murder's fitting monument!

IV.

But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care—for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free—
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:
I've seen it rushing forth in blood;
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swollen, convulsive motion;
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of sin, delirious with its dread;

But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow.
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur, not
A groan o'er his untimely lot—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise ;
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most.
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less.
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rushed to him : I found him not.
I only stirred in this black spot ;
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.

One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe.
I took that hand which lay so still—
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

V.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew.
First came the loss of light and air,
And then of darkness too.
I had no thought, no feeling—none:
Among the stones I stood a stone;
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and gray;
It was not night—it was not day;
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight;
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness, without a place;
There were no stars, no earth, no time,
No check, no change, no good, no crime;
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death—
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless.

VI.

A light broke in upon my brain—
It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceased, and then it came again—
The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then, by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track :
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before ;
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done ;
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perched as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree—
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seemed to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before—
I ne'er shall see its likeness more.
It seemed, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate ;
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And, cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine ;
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine—

Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—heaven forgive that thought, the while
Which made me both to weep and smile!—
I sometimes deemed that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal well I knew;
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone—
Lone as the corse, within its shroud,
Lone as a solitary cloud,

A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue and earth is gay.

VII.

A kind of change came in my fate—
My keepers grew compassionate.
I know not what had made them so—
They were inured to sights of woe;
But so it was—my broken chain
With links unfastened did remain;
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun—
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;

For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

VIII.

It might be months, or years, or days—
I kept no count, I took no note—
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;
At last came men to set me free,
I asked not why, and recked not where;
It was at length the same to me,
Fettered or fetterless to be;
I learned to love despair.
And thus, when they appeared at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a sacred home.
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watched them in their sullen trade
Had seen the mice by moonlight play—
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill; yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learned to dwell.
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

LORD BYRON.

BANNOCK-BURN.

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled—
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led—
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'—
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!
ROBERT BURNS.

MEMBRANOUS CROUP AND THE McWILLIAMSES.

[As related by Mr. McWilliams, a pleasant New York gentleman whom the undersigned met by chance on a journey.]

WELL, to go back to where I was before I digressed to explain to you how that frightful and incurable disease, membranous croup, was ravaging the town and driving all mothers mad with terror, I called Mrs. McWilliams's attention to little Penelope and said:

"Darling, I wouldn't let that child be chewing that pine stick if I were you."

"Precious, where is the harm in it?" said she, but at the same time preparing to take away the stick—for women cannot receive even the most palpably judicious suggestion without arguing it; that is, married women.

I replied:

"Love, it is notorious that pine is the least nutritious wood that a child can eat."

My wife's hand paused, in the act of taking the stick, and returned itself to her lap. She bridled perceptibly, and said:

"Hubby, you know better than that. You know you do. Doctors all say that the turpentine in pine wood is good for weak back and the kidneys."

"Ah—I was under a misapprehension. I did not know that the child's kidneys and spine were affected, and that the family physician had recommended—"

"Who said the child's spine and kidneys were affected?"

"My love, you intimated it."

"The idea! I never intimated anything of the kind."

"Why, my dear, it hasn't been two minutes since you said—"

"Bother what I said! I don't care what I did say. There isn't any harm in the child's chewing a bit of pine stick if she wants to, and you know it perfectly well. And she shall chew it, too. So there, now!"

"Say no more, my dear. I now see the force of your reasoning, and I will go and order two or three cords of the best pine wood to-day. No child of mine shall want while I—"

"O please go along to your office and let me have some peace. A body can never make the simplest remark but you must take it up and go to arguing and arguing and arguing till you don't know what you are talking about, and you never do."

"Very well, it shall be as you say. But there is a want of logic in your last remark which—"

However, she was gone with a flourish before I could finish, and had taken the child with her. That night at dinner she confronted me with a face as white as a sheet:

"O, Mortimer, there's another! Little Georgie Gordon is taken."

"Membranous croup?"

"Membranous croup."

"Is there any hope for him?"

"None in the wide world. O, what is to become of us!"

By-and-by nurse brought in our Penelope to say good-night and offer the customary prayer at the mother's knee. In the midst of "Now I lay me down to sleep," she gave a slight cough! My wife fell back like one stricken with death. But the next moment she was up and brimming with the activities which terror inspires.

She commanded that the child's crib be removed from the nursery to our bed-room; and she went along to see the order executed. She took me with her, of course. We got matters arranged with speed. A cot bed was put

up in my wife's dressing-room for the nurse. But now Mrs. McWilliams said we were too far away from the other baby, and what if he were to have the symptoms in the night—and she blanched again, poor thing.

We then restored the crib and the nurse to the nursery and put up a bed for ourselves in a room adjoining.

Presently, however, Mrs. McWilliams said suppose the baby should catch it from Penelope? This thought struck a new panic to her heart, and the tribe of us could not get the crib out of the nursery again fast enough to satisfy my wife, though she assisted in her own person and well nigh pulled the crib to pieces in her frantic hurry.

We moved down-stairs; but there was no place there to stow the nurse, and Mrs. McWilliams said the nurse's experience would be an inestimable help. So we returned, bag and baggage, to our own bed-room once more, and felt a great gladness, like storm-buffed birds that have found their nest again.

Mrs. McWilliams sped to the nursery to see how things were going on there. She was back in a moment with a new dread. She said:

“What can make Baby sleep so?”

I said:

“Why, my darling, Baby always sleeps like a graven image.”

“I know. I know; but there's something peculiar about his sleep, now. He seems to—to—he seems to breathe so regularly. O, this is dreadful.”

“But, my dear, he always breathes regularly.”

“Oh, I know it, but there's something frightful about it now. His nurse is too young and inexperienced. Maria shall stay there with her, and be on hand if anything happens.”

"That is a good idea, but who will help you?"

"You can help me all I want. I wouldn't allow anybody to do anything but myself, anyhow, at such a time as this."

I said I would feel mean to lie abed and sleep, and leave her to watch and toil over our little patient all the weary night.—But she reconciled me to it. So old Maria departed and took up her ancient quarters in the nursery.

Penelope coughed twice in her sleep.

"O, why don't that doctor come! Mortimer, this room is too warm. This room is certainly too warm. Turn off the register—quick!"

I shut it off, glancing at the thermometer at the same time, and wondering to myself if seventy was too warm for a sick child.

The coachman arrived from down town, now, with the news that our physician was ill and confined to his bed.—Mrs. McWilliams turned a dead eye upon me, and said in a dead voice:

"There is a providence in it. It is foreordained. He never was sick before.—Never. We have not been living as we ought to live, Mortimer. Time and time again I have told you so. Now you see the result. Our child will never get well. Be thankful if you can forgive yourself; I never can forgive myself."

I said, without intent to hurt, but with heedless choice of words, that I could not see that we had been living such an abandoned life.

"Mortimer! Do you want to bring the judgment upon Baby, too?"

Then she began to cry, but suddenly exclaimed:

"The doctor must have sent medicines!"

I said:

"Certainly. They are here. I was only waiting for you to give me a chance."

"Well do give them to me! Don't you know that every moment is precious now? But what was the use in sending medicines, when he knows that the disease is incurable?"

I said that while there was life there was hope.

"Hope! Mortimer, you know no more what you are talking about than the child unborn. If you would—. As I live, the directions say give one teaspoonful once an hour! Once an hour!—as if we had a whole year before us to save the child in! Mortimer, please hurry. Give the poor perishing thing a tablespoonful, and try to be quick!"

"Why, my dear, a tablespoonful might—"

"Don't drive me frantic! . . . There, there, there, my precious, my own; it's nasty bitter stuff, but it's good for Nelly,—good for Mother's precious darling; and it will make her well. There, there, there, put the little head on Mamma's breast and go to sleep, and pretty soon—Oh, I know she can't live till morning! Mortimer, a tablespoonful every half-hour will—. Oh, the child needs belladonna too; I know she does—and aconite. Get them, Mortimer. Now do let me have my way. You know nothing about these things."

We now went to bed, placing the crib close to my wife's pillow. All this turmoil had worn upon me, and within two minutes I was something more than half asleep. Mrs. McWilliams roused me:

"Darling, is that register turned on?"

"No."

"I thought as much. Please turn it on at once. This room is cold."

I turned it on, and presently fell asleep again. I was aroused once more:

"Dearie, would you mind moving the crib to your side of the bed? It is nearer the register."

I moved it, but had a collision with the rug and woke up the child. I dozed off once more, while my wife quieted the sufferer. But in a little while these words came murmuring remotely through the fog of my drowsiness:

"Mortimer, if we only had some goose-grease—will you ring?"

I climbed dreamily out, and stepped on a cat, which responded with a protest and would have got a convincing kick for it if a chair had not got it instead.

"Now, Mortimer, why do you want to turn up the gas and wake up the child again?"

"Because I want to see how much I am hurt, Caroline."

"Well look at the chair, too—I have no doubt it is ruined. Poor cat, suppose you had—"

"Now I am not going to suppose anything about the cat. It never would have occurred if Maria had been allowed to remain here and attend to these duties, which are in her line and are not in mine."

"Now, Mortimer, I should think you would be ashamed to make a remark like that. It is a pity if you cannot do the few little things I ask of you at such an awful time as this when our child—"

"There, there, I will do anything you want. But I can't raise anybody with this bell. They're all gone to bed. Where is the goose-grease?"

"On the mantel-piece in the nursery. If you'll step there and speak to Maria—"

I fetched the goose-grease and went to sleep again. Once more I was called:

"Mortimer, I so hate to disturb you, but the room is still too cold for me to try to apply this stuff. Would

you mind lighting the fire? It is all ready to touch a match to."

I dragged myself out and lit the fire, and then sat down disconsolate.

"Mortimer, don't sit there and catch your death of cold. Come to bed."

As I was stepping in, she said:

"But wait a moment. Please give the child some more of the medicine."

Which I did. It was a medicine which made a child more or less lively; so my wife made use of its waking interval to strip it and grease it all over with the goose-oil. I was soon asleep once more, but once more I had to get up.

"Mortimer, I feel a draft. I feel it distinctly. There is nothing so bad for this disease as a draft. Please move the crib in front of the fire."

I did it; and collided with the rug again, which I threw in the fire. Mrs. McWilliams sprang out of bed and rescued it and we had some words. I had another trifling interval of sleep, and then got up, by request, and constructed a flax-seed poultice. This was placed upon the child's breast and left there to do its healing work.

A wood-fire is not a permanent thing. I got up every twenty minutes and renewed ours, and this gave Mrs. McWilliams the opportunity to shorten the times of giving the medicines by ten minutes, which was a great satisfaction to her. Now and then, between times, I re-organized the flax-seed poultices, and applied sinapisms and other sorts of blisters where unoccupied places could be found upon the child. Well, toward morning the wood gave out and my wife wanted me to go down cellar and get some more. I said:

"My dear, it is a laborious job, and the child must be

nearly warm enough, with her extra clothing. Now mightn't we put on another layer of poultices and—"

I did not finish, because I was interrupted. I lugged wood up from below for some little time, and then turned in and fell to snoring as only a man can whose strength is all gone and whose soul is worn out. Just at broad daylight I felt a grip on my shoulder that brought me to my senses suddenly.—My wife was glaring down upon me and gasping. As soon as she could command her tongue she said:

"It is all over! All over! The child's perspiring! What shall we do?"

"Mercy, how you terrify me! I don't know what we ought to do. Maybe if we scraped her and put her in the draft again—"

"O, idiot! There is not a moment to lose! Go for the doctor. Go yourself. Tell him he must come, dead or alive."

I dragged that poor sick man from his bed and brought him. He looked at the child and said she was not dying. This was joy unspeakable to me, but it made my wife as mad as if he had offered her a personal affront. Then he said the child's cough was only caused by some trifling irritation or other in the throat. At this I thought my wife had a mind to show him the door.—Now the doctor said he would make the child cough harder and dislodge the trouble. So he gave her something that sent her into a spasm of coughing, and presently up came a little wood-splinter or so.

"This child has no membranous croup," said he. "She has been chewing a bit of pine shingle or something of the kind, and got some little slivers in her throat. They won't do her any hurt."

"No," said I, "I can well believe that. Indeed the

turpentine that is in them is very good for certain sorts of diseases that are peculiar to children. My wife will tell you so."

But she did not. She turned away in disdain and left the room; and since that time there is one episode in our life which we never refer to. Hence the tide of our days flows by in deep and untroubled serenity.—MARK TWAIN.



CATILINE'S DEFIANCE

CONSCRIPT FATHERS:

I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that Plebeian talk, 't is not my trade;
But here I stand for right,—let him show proofs,—
For Roman right, though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

But this I will avow, that I have scorned
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong.
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me,—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and for what?

To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top

Of this huge, mouldering monument of Rome,
Hang hissing at the nobler man below.

Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
Fling down your sceptres; take the rod and axe,
And make the murder as you make the law.

Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?
"Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?
Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my Lords!
I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
To leave you in your lazy dignities.
But here I stand and scoff you! here I fling
Hatred and full defiance in your face!
Your Consul's merciful;—for this, all thanks.
He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

"Traitor!" I go; but, I return! This—trial!
Here I devote your Senate! I've had wrongs
To stir a fever in the blood of age,
Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
This day's the birth of sorrow; this hour's work
Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my Lords!
For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
Shapes hot from Tartarus; all shames and crimes;
Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
Naked Rebellion, with the torch and axe,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones ;
Till Anarchy comes down on you like night,
And Massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

I go ; but not to leap the gulf alone.
I go ; but when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake, rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well !
You build my funeral-pile ; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame ! Back, slaves !
I will return.—GEORGE CROLY.

TRUE CONTENTMENT.

THE things to be desired for man in a healthy state, are that he should not see dreams, but realities ; that he should not destroy life, but save it ; and that he should be not rich, but content.

Towards which last state of contentment I do not see that the world is at present approximating. There are, indeed, two forms of discontent ; one laborious, the other indolent and complaining. We respect the man of laborious desire, but let us not suppose that his restlessness is peace, or his ambition meekness. It is because of the special connexion of meekness with contentment that it is promised that the meek shall "inherit the earth." Neither covetous men nor the Grave, can inherit anything ; they can but consume. Only contentment can possess.

The most helpful and sacred work, therefore, which can at present be done for humanity, is to teach people (chiefly by example, as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves," but how to "satisfy them-

selves." It is the curse of every evil nation and evil creature to eat, and not be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall eat and be satisfied. And as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst, so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger, the bread of justice or righteousness; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of Heaven; but hungering after the bread, or wages, of unrighteousness, shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom.

And, in order to teach men how to be satisfied, it is necessary fully to understand the art and joy of humble life,—this, at present, of all arts or sciences being the one most needing study. Humble life—that is to say, proposing to itself no future exaltation, but only a sweet continuance; not excluding the idea of foresight, but wholly of fore-sorrow, and taking no troublous thought for coming days: so, also, not excluding the idea of providence, or provision, but wholly of accumulation;—the life of domestic affection and domestic peace, full of sensitiveness to all elements of costless and kind pleasure;—therefore, chiefly to the loveliness of the natural world.

What length and severity of labor may be ultimately found necessary for the procuring of the due comforts of life, I do not know; neither what degree of refinement it is possible to unite with the so-called servile occupations of life: but this I know, that right economy of labor will, as it is understood, assign to each man as much as will be healthy for him, and no more; and that no refinements are desirable which cannot be connected with toil.

RUSKIN.

LABORE EST ORARE.

PAUSE not to dream of the future before us
Pause not to weep the wild cares that come o'er us
Hark, how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Unintermitting, goes up into Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing:
More and more richly the rose heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

Labor is worship!—the robin is singing;
Labor is worship!—the wild bee is ringing;
Listen! that eloquent whisper, upspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from out Nature's great heart.
From the dark cloud flows the life-giving shower;
From the rough sod blows the soft-breathing flower;
From the small insect, the rich coral bower:
Only man, in the plan, shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water faileth:
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound, for the dark rust assaileth:
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens:
Only the waving wing changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens:
Play the sweet keys, wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Labor is rest!—from the sorrows that greet us:
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from sin-promptings that ever entreat us,

Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work,—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow;
Work,—thou shalt ride over Care's coming billow:
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping-willow—
Work with a stout heart and resolute will.

Labor is health!—lo! the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping,
How his strong arm in his stalwart pride sweeping,
True as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth!—in the sea the pearl groweth;
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth;
From the fine acorn the strong forest bloweth;
Temple and statue the marble block hides.

Droop not, though shame, sin and anguish are round
thee:

Bravely fling off the cold chain that hath bound thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee!

Rest not content in thy darkness,—a clod!
Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly:
Labor! all labor is noble and holy:
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

BETTY LEE.

SWEET Betty Lee, the village lass,
With laughter brimming o'er,
Leaned out, to see the deacon pass,
Across the old Dutch door.

The deacon, riding slowly by,
Upon a sheepskin sat,
And 'neath the glance of Betty's eye
He doffed his old-time hat.

Betty was lithesome, young and fair;
The deacon, stiff and grim;
The sunshine lingered in her hair,
And made it gold to him.

The mischief sparkled in her eyes
And dimpled in her chin—
A token of unfeigned surprise
To see him gazing in.

Her bright blue eyes were opened wide,
As watching for her fate,
And in her hands she held with pride—
And wiped—a china plate.

The old Dutch door was cut in two,
With Betty leaning o'er
The lower half, with eyes of blue—
The deacon saw the door.

It was a pretty sight, and led
His pious thoughts abroad;
No wonder that the deacon had
"A message from the Lord."

The deacon from his sheepskin seat
Bent toward her, slowly o'er,
And, gazing in the blue eyes sweet,
Reined up before the door.

"Betty," said Deacon Marvin, "dear
Betty, I tell thee true,
The Lord himself hath sent me here
That I may marry you."

The sweet blush mantled o'er her face
And crept across her brow—
She bowed her head with girlish grace
Before the deacon's vow.

An olden story 'twas to tell,
It sealed our Betty's fate,
Her eyes upon the door-step fell—
As also did her plate.

The maid looked up—a single tear
Shone in the mid-day sun—
Then answered him with words sincere:
"The Lord! His will be done!"

The deacon slowly jogged along,
The sheepskin at his knee,
And all the world broke into song
For pretty Betty Lee.

The dishes soon were finished up,
And Betty shone with pride,
For every homely plate and cup
By love was glorified.

And Deacon Marvin, as he gazed
Upon the setting sun,
Still heard her words, as half amazed
She said: "His will be done."

And dreamed perhaps—for deacons dream—
Beside his kitchen fire,
He saw our Betty's blue eyes gleam,
Filled with a fond desire.

And this is how the deacon sped
Within the by-gone time,
And how it was he came to wed
Sweet Betty Lee of Lyme.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

THE SCHOOL-MASTER'S GUESTS.

I.

THE district school-master was sitting behind his great
book-laden desk,
Close-watching the motions of scholars, pathetic and gay
and grotesque.

As whisper the half-leafless branches, when Autumn's
brisk breezes have come,
His little scrub-thicket of pupils sent upward a half-
smothered hum.

There was little Tom Timms on the front seat, whose face
was withstanding a drouth,
And jolly Jack Gibbs just behind him, with a rainy new
moon for a mouth ;

There were both of the Smith boys, as studious as if they
bore names that could bloom,
And Jim Jones, a heaven-built mechanic, the slyest young
knave in the room,

With a countenance grave as a horse's, and his honest
eyes fixed on a pin,
Queer-bent on a deeply-laid project to tunnel Joe Hawkins's skin.

There were anxious young novices, drilling their spelling-
books into the brain,
Loud-puffing each half-whispered letter, like an engine
just starting its train ;

There was one fiercely muscular fellow, who scowled at
the sums on his slate,
And leered at the innocent figures a look of unspeakable
hate,

And set his white teeth close together, and gave his thin
lips a short twist,
As to say, "I could whip you, confound you ! could such
things be done with the fist !"

There were two knowing girls in the corner, each one
with some beauty possessed,
In a whisper discussing the problem which one the young
master likes best ;

A class in the front, with their readers, were telling, with
difficult pains,
How perished brave Marco Bozzaris while bleeding at
all of his veins ;

And a boy on the floor to be punished, a statue of idleness
stood,
Making faces at all of the others, and enjoying the scene
all he could.

II.

Around were the walls gray and dingy, which every old
school-sanctum hath,
With many a break on their surface, where grinned a
wood-grating of lath.

A patch of thick plaster, just over the school-master's
rickety chair,
Seemed threat'ningly o'er him suspended, like Damocles'
sword, by a hair.

There were tracks on the desks where the knife-blades
had wandered in search of their prey;
Their tops were as duskily spattered as if they drank ink
every day.

The square stove it puffed and it crackled, and broke out
in red flaming sores,
Till the great iron quadruped trembled like a dog fierce
to rush out-o'-doors.

White snow-flakes looked in at the windows; the gale
pressed its lips to the cracks;
And the children's hot faces were streaming, the while
they were freezing their backs.

III.

Now Marco Bozzaris had fallen, and all of his suff'rings
were o'er;

And the class to their seats were retreating, when foot-
steps were heard at the door;

And five of the good district fathers marched into the
room in a row,

And stood themselves up by the fire, and shook off
their white cloaks of snow;

And the spokesman, a grave squire of sixty, with countenance solemnly sad,
Spoke thus, while the children all listened, with all of the ears that they had :

“ We’ve come here, school-master, intendin’ to cast an inquirin’ eye ’round,
Concernin’ complaints that’s been entered, an’ fault that has lately been found ;
To pace off the width of your doin’s, an’ witness wha you’ve been about,
An’ see if it’s payin’ to keep you, or whether we’d best turn ye out.

“ The first thing I’m bid for to mention is, when the class gets up to read ;
You give ’em too tight of a reinin’, an’ touch ’em up more than they need ;
You’re nicer than wise in the matter of holdin’ the book in one han’,
An’ you turn a stray *g* in their doin’s, an’ tack an odd *d* on their *an*’ ;
There ain’t no great good comes of speakin’ the words so polite, as I see,
Providin’ you know what the facts is, an’ tell ’em off jest as they be :
An’ then there’s that readin’ in corncert, is censured from first unto last ;
It kicks up a heap of a racket, when folks is a-travellin’ past.
Whatever is done as to readin’, providin’ things go to my say,
Sha’n’t hang on no new-fangled hinges, but swing in the old-fashioned way.”

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the
consent that was due,
And nodded obliquely, and muttered, "Them 'ere is my
sentiments tew."

"Then, as to your spellin': I've heern tell, by them as
has looked into this,
That you turn the *u* out o' your labour, an' make the word
shorter than 'tis ;
An' clip the *k* off o' yer musick, which makes my son
Ephraim perplexed,
An' when he spells out as he ought'r, you pass the word
on to the next.
They say there's some new grafted books here that do n't
take them letters along ;
But if it is so, just depend on 't, them new-grafted books
is made wrong.
You might just as well say that Jackson did n't know
all there was about war,
As to say that old Spellin'-book Webster did n't know
what them letters was for."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the
consent that was due,
And scratched their heads slyly and softly, and said,
"Them's my sentiments tew."

"Then, also, your 'rithmetic doin's, as they are reported
to me,
Is that you have left Tare an' Tret out, and also the old
Rule o' Threc ;
An' likewise brought in a new study, some high-steppin'
scholars to please,
With saw-bucks an' crosses and pot-hooks, an' *w*'s, *x*, *y*'s,
an' *z*'s.

We ain't got no time for such foolin'; there ain't no
great good to be reached
By tiptoin' childr'n up higher than ever their fathers
was teached."

And the other four good district fathers gave quick the
consent that was due,
And cocked one eye up to the ceiling, and said, "Them's
my sentiments tew."

"Another thing, I must here mention, comes into the
question to-day,
Concernin' some things in the grammar you're teachin'
our gals for to say.
My gals is as steady as clockwork, and never give cause
for much fear,
But they come home from school t'other evenin' a-talkin'
such stuff as this here:
'I love,' an' 'Thou lovest,' an' 'He loves,' an' 'Ye love,'
an' 'You love,' an' 'They—'
An' they answered my questions, 'It's grammar'—'t was
all I could get 'em to say.
Now if, 'stead of doin' your duty, you're carryin' mat-
ters on so
As to make the gals say that they love you, it's just all
that I want to know;—"

IV.

Now Jim, the young heaven-built mechanic, in the dusk
of the evening before,
Had well-nigh unjointed the stove-pipe, to make it come
down on the floor;

And the squire bringing smartly his foot down, as a
clinch to what he had said,
A joint of the pipe fell upon him, and larruped him
square on the head.

The soot flew in clouds all about him, and blotted with
black all the place,
And the squire and the other four fathers were peppered
with black in the face.

The school, ever sharp for amusement, laid down all their
cumbersome books,
And, spite of the teacher's endeavors, laughed loud at
their visitors' looks.

And the squire, as he stalked to the doorway, swore oaths
of a violet hue ;
And the four district fathers, who followed, seemed to say,
"Them's my sentiments tew."

WILL CARLETON IN HARPER'S WEEKLY.



GOOD READING.

[Extract from an address by Prof. John S. Hart, LL. D., late Lecturer on Shakespeare, in the National School of Elocution and Oratory.]

THERE is one accomplishment, in particular, which I would earnestly recommend to you. Cultivate assiduously the ability to read well. I stop to particularize this, because it is a thing so very much neglected, and because it is so elegant, charming, and lady-like an accomplishment. Where one person is really interested by music, twenty are pleased by good reading. Where one person is capable of becoming a skilful musician, twenty may become good readers. Where there is one occasion suitable for the exercise of musical talent, there are twenty for that of good reading.

The culture of the voice necessary for reading well, gives a delightful charm to the same voice in conversation. Good reading is the natural exponent and vehicle

of all good things. It is the most effective of all commentaries upon the works of genius. It seems to bring dead authors to life again, and makes us sit down familiarly with the great and good of all ages.

Did you ever notice what life and power the Holy Scriptures have when well read? Have you ever heard of the wonderful effects produced by Elizabeth Fry on the criminals of Newgate, by simply reading to them the parable of the Prodigal Son? Princes and peers of the realm, it is said, counted it a privilege to stand in the dismal corridors, among felons and murderers, merely to share with them the privilege of witnessing the marvellous pathos which genius, taste, and culture could infuse into that simple story.

What a fascination there is in really good reading! What a power it gives one! In the hospital, in the chamber of the invalid, in the nursery, in the domestic and in the social circle, among chosen friends and companions, how it enables you to minister to the amusement, the comfort, the pleasure, of dear ones, as no other art or accomplishment can. No instrument of man's devising can reach the heart as does that most wonderful instrument, the human voice. It is God's special gift and endowment to his chosen creatures. Fold it not away in a napkin.

If you would double the value of all your other acquisitions, if you would add immeasurably to your own enjoyment and to your power of promoting the enjoyment of others, cultivate, with incessant care, this divine gift. No music below the skies is equal to that of pure, silvery speech from the lips of a man or woman of high culture.

JOHN S. HART.

TO A SKULL.

BEHOLD this ruin! 'T was a skull
Once of the Ethereal Spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat,
This space was Thought's mysterious seat.
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear,
Have left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy
Once shone the bright and busy eye;
But start not at the dismal void—
If social love that eye employed,
If with no lawless fire it gleamed,
But through the dews of kindness beamed,
That eye shall be forever bright
When stars and sun are sunk in night.

Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise, was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When time unveils Eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine?
Or with the envied rubies shine?
To hew the rock or wear the gem
Can little now avail to them.

But if the page of truth they sought,
Or comfort to the mourner brought,
These hands a richer meed shall claim
Than all that wait on wealth or fame.

Avails it whether bare or shod
These feet the paths of duty trod ?
If from the bowers of Ease they fled,
To seek Affliction's humble shed ;
If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,
And home to Virtue's cot returned,
These feet with Angel's wings shall vie
And tread the palace of the sky.



WHY BIDDY AND PAT MARRIED.

‘O, WHY did you marry him, Biddy ?
Why did you take Pat for your spouse ?
Sure, he's neither purty nor witty,
And his hair is as red as a cow's !
You might had your pick had you waited,
You'd done a dale better with Tim ;
And Phelim O'Toole was expectin'—
You could n't do better nor him.
You talk of us young people courtin'—
Pray tell how your courtin' began,
When you were a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.’

“Tim and Pat, Miss, you see, was acquainted,
Before they came over the sea.
When Pat was a-courtin' Norah,
And Tim was a-courtin' me.

She did not know much, the poor Norah,
Nor, for that matter, neither did Pat;
He had not the instinct of some one,
But no one had then told him that;
But he soon found it out for himself,
For life at best's but a span—
When I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

“I helped him to take care of Norah,
And when he compared her with me,
He saw, as he whispered one evening,
What a woman one woman could be.
She went out like the snuff of a candle;
Then the sickness seized upon Tim,
And we watched by his bedside together—
It was such a comfort to him.
I was not alone in my weeping,
Our tears in the same channel ran—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.

“We had both had our troubles, mavourneen,
Though neither, perhaps, was to blame;
And we both knew by this what we wanted,
And we were willing to pay for the same.
We knew what it was to be married,
And before the long twelvemonth had flown,
We had made up our minds it was better
Not to live any longer alone;
We wasted no time shilly-shally,
Like you, Miss, and Master Dan—
For I was a widdy woman,
And he was a widdy man.”

R. H. STODDARD.

THE LEAK IN THE DIKE.

A STORY OF HOLLAND.

THE good dame looked from her cottage
At the close of the pleasant day,
And cheerily called to her little son
Outside the door at play :
“Come, Peter, come! I want you to go,
While there is light to see,
To the hut of the blind old man who lives
Across the dike, for me ;
And take these cakes I made for him—
They are hot and smoking yet ;
You have time enough to go and come
Before the sun is set.”

Then the good-wife turned to her labor,
Humming a simple song,
And thought of her husband, working hard
At the sluices all day long ;
And set the turf a-blazing,
And brought the coarse black bread ;
That he might find a fire at night,
And find the table spread.

And Peter left the brother,
With whom all day he had played,
And the sister who had watched their sports
In the willow's tender shade ;
And told them they'd see him back before
They saw a star in sight,
Though he would n't be afraid to go
In the very darkest night!

For he was a brave, bright fellow,
With eye and conscience clear ;
He could do whatever a boy might do,
And he had not learned to fear.
Why, he would n't have robbed a bird's nest,
Nor brought a stork to harm,
Though never a law in Holland
Had stood to stay his arm !

And now, with his face all glowing,
And eyes as bright as the day
With the thoughts of his pleasant errand,
He trudged along the way ;
And soon his joyous prattle
Made glad a lonesome place—
Alas ! if only the blind old man
Could have seen that happy face !
Yet he somehow caught the brightness
Which his voice and presence lent ;
And he felt the sunshine come and go
As Peter came and went.

And now, as the day was sinking,
And the winds began to rise,
The mother looked from her door again,
Shading her anxious eyes ;
And saw the shadows deepen,
And birds to their homes come back,
But never a sign of Peter
Along the level track.
But she said, " He will come at morning,
So I need not fret or grieve—
Though it isn't like my boy at all
To stay without my leave."

But where was the child delaying?
On the homeward way was he,
And across the dike while the sun was up
An hour above the sea.
He was stopping now to gather flowers,
Now listening to the sound,
As the angry waters dashed themselves
Against their narrow bound.
"Ah! well for us," said Peter,
"That the gates are good and strong,
And my father tends them carefully,
Or they would not hold you long!"
"You're a wicked sea," said Peter;
"I know why you fret and chafe;
You would like to spoil our lands and homes;
But our sluices keep you safe!"

But hark! Through the noise of waters
Comes a low, clear, trickling sound;
And the child's face pales with terror,
And his blossoms drop to the ground.
He is up the bank in a moment,
And, stealing through the sand,
He sees a stream not yet so large
As his slender, childish hand.
'Tis a leak in the dike! He is but a boy,
Unused to fearful scenes;
But, young as he is, he has learned to know
The dreadful thing that means.
A leak in the dike! The stoutest heart
Grows faint that cry to hear,
And the bravest man in all the land
Turns white with mortal fear.

For he knows the smallest leak may grow
To a flood in a single night ;
And he knows the strength of the cruel sea
When loosed in its angry might.

And the boy ! He has seen the danger,
And, shouting a wild alarm,
He forces back the weight of the sea
With the strength of his single arm !
He listens for the joyful sound
Of a footstep passing nigh ;
And lays his ear to the ground, to catch
The answer to his cry.
And he hears the rough winds blowing,
And the waters rise and fall,
But never an answer comes to him,
Save the echo of his call.
He sees no hope, no succor,
His feeble voice is lost ;
Yet what shall he do but watch and wait,
Though he perish at his post

So, faintly calling and crying
Till the sun is under the sea ;
Crying and moaning till the stars
Come out for company ;
He thinks of his brother and sister,
Asleep in their safe warm bed ;
He thinks of his father and mother,
Of himself as dying—and dead ;
And of how, when the night is over,
They must come and find him at last :
But he never thinks he can leave the place
Where duty holds him fast.

The good dame in the cottage
Is up and astir with the light,
For the thought of her little Peter
Has been with her all night.
And now she watches the pathway,
As yestereve she had done ;
But what does she see so strange and black
Against the rising sun ?
Her neighbors are bearing between them
Something straight to her door ;
Her child is coming home, but not
As he ever came before !

"He is dead !" she cries ; "my darling !"
And the startled father hears,
And comes and looks the way she looks,
And fears the thing she fears :
Till a glad shout from the bearers
Thrills the stricken man and wife—
"Give thanks, for your son has saved our land,
And God has saved his life !"
So, there in the morning sunshine
They knelt about the boy ;
And every head was bared and bent
In tearful, reverent joy.

'Tis many a year since then ; but still,
When the sea roars like a flood,
Their boys are taught what a boy can do
Who is brave and true and good.
For every man in that country
Takes his son by the hand,
And tells him of little Peter,
Whose courage saved the land.

They have many a valiant hero
Remembered through the years ;
But never one whose name so oft
Is named with loving tears.
And his deed shall be sung by the cradle,
And told the child on the knee,
So long as the dikes of Holland
Divide the land from the sea !

PHŒBE CARY.

MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being who sins and suffers ; and, as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit, clanks his chain and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and as the gulf opens before him he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and “seeks it yet again ;” again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and “seeks it yet again !” Wretched man ! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant who never pities and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not ; and lost ! lost ! may be inscribed on the door-posts of his dwelling. In the meantime these paroxysms of his dying nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise ; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fulness and tenderness, and conscience loses its

power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely, and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave with feeblener stroke and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive and disappears.—BEECHER.

HOW WE HUNTED A MOUSE.

I WAS dozing comfortably in my easy-chair, and dreaming of the good times which I hope are coming, when there fell upon my ears a most startling scream. It was the voice of my Maria Ann in agony. The voice came from the kitchen, and to the kitchen I rushed. The idolized form of my Maria was perched on a chair, and she was flourishing an iron spoon in all directions, and shouting "shoo," in a general manner at everything in the room. To my anxious inquiries as to what was the matter, she screamed, "O! Joshua, a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go away—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo."

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the

poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink ; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would ; but I am not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons, I yelled to Maria because I was afraid it would gnaw a hole in my garment. There is something real disagreeable about having a mouse inside the leg of one's pantaloons, especially if there is nothing between you and the mouse. Its toes are cold, and its nails are scratchy, and its fur tickles, and its tail feels crawly, and there is nothing pleasant about it, and you are all the time afraid it will try to gnaw out, and begin on you instead of on the cloth. That mouse was next to me. I could feel its every motion with startling and suggestive distinctness. For these reasons I yelled to Maria, and as the case seemed urgent to me I may have yelled with a certain degree of vigor ; but I deny that I yelled fire, and if I catch the boy who thought that I did, I shall inflict punishment on his person.

I did not lose my presence of mind for an instant. I caught the mouse just as it was clambering over my knee, and by pressing firmly on the outside of the cloth, I kept the animal a prisoner on the inside. I kept jumping around with all my might to confuse it, so that it would not think about biting, and I yelled so that the mice would not hear its squeaks and come to its assistance. A man can't handle many mice at once to advantage.

Maria was white as a sheet when she came into the kitchen, and asked what she should do—as though I could hold the mouse and plan a campaign at the same time. I told her to think of something, and she thought she would throw things at the intruder ; but as there was no earthly chance for her to hit the mouse, while every

shot took effect on me, I told her to stop, after she had tried two flat-irons and the coal-scuttle. She paused for breath; but I kept bobbing around. Somehow I felt no inclination to sit down anywhere. "O, Joshua," she cried, "I wish you had not killed the cat." Now, I submit that the wish was born of the weakness of woman's intellect. How on earth did she suppose a cat could get where that mouse was? Rather have the mouse there alone, anyway, than to have a cat prowling around after it. I reminded Maria of the fact that she was a fool. Then she got the tea-kettle and wanted to scald the mouse. I objected to that process, except as a last resort. Then she got some cheese to coax the mouse down, but I did not dare to let go for fear it would run up. Matters were getting desperate. I told her to think of something else, and I kept jumping. Just as I was ready to faint with exhaustion, I tripped over an iron, lost my hold, and the mouse fell to the floor very dead. I had no idea a mouse could be squeezed to death so easily.

That was not the end of trouble, for before I had recovered my breath a fireman broke in one of the front windows, and a whole company followed him through, and they dragged hose around, and mussed things all over the house, and then the foreman wanted to thrash me because the house was not on fire, and I had hardly got him pacified before a policeman came in and arrested me. Some one had run down and told him I was drunk and was killing Maria. It was all Maria and I could do, by combining our eloquence, to prevent him from marching me off in disgrace, but we finally got matters quieted and the house clear.

Now, when mice run out of the cupboard, I go outdoors, and let Maria "shoo" them back again. I can kill a mouse, but the fun don't pay for the trouble.

JOSHUA JENKINS.

MAN WANTS BUT LITTLE HERE BELOW.

“**M**AN wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.”

'Tis not with me exactly so,

But 't is so in the song.

My wants are many, and, if told,

Would muster many a score ;

And were each wish a mint of gold,

I still should long for more.

What first I want is daily bread—

And canvas-backs and wine—

And all the realms of nature spread

Before me when I dine.

Four courses can scarcely provide,

My appetite to quell,

With four choice cooks from France beside,

To dress my dinner well.

What next I want, at princely cost,

Is elegant attire ;

Black sable furs for Winter's frost,

And silks for Summer's fire,

And cashmere shawls, and Brussels lace

My bosom front to deck—

And diamond rings my hands to grace,

And rubies for my neck.

I want (who does not want ?) a wife—

Affectionate and fair—

To solace all the woes of life,

And all its joys to share ;

Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet placid mind—
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiments refined.

And as Time's car incessant runs,
And fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons,
From eight to half a score.
I want, alas!—can mortal dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?—
That all the girls be chaste and fair,
The boys all wise and brave.

I want a firm and faithful friend,
To cheer the adverse hour;
Who ne'er to flattery will descend;
Nor bend the knee to power—
A friend to chide me when I'm wrong,
My inmost soul to see;
And that my friendship proves as strong
For him as his for me.

I want the seals of power and peace—
The ensigns of command—
Charged by the people's unbought grace
To rule my native land.
Nor crown nor sceptre would I ask,
But from my country's will,
By day, by night, to ply the task
Her cup of bliss to fill.

I want the voice of honest praise,
To follow me behind,
And to be thought in future days,
The friend of human kind.

That after ages as they rise,
Exulting may proclaim
In choral union to the skies
Their blessings on my name.

These are the wants of mortal man—
I cannot want them long,
For life itself is but a span,
And earthly bliss a song.
My last great want—absorbing all—
Is when beneath the sod,
And summoned to my final call—
The mercy of my God.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.



WHERE IS PAPA TO-NIGHT?

“WHY, this is Christmas eve, mamma!
So brother Charley said,
But what should make him tremble so,
And turn his blue eyes red,

“And hug me in his arms so tight,
As if I’d run away,
Then kiss me half a dozen times,
And send me back to play?

“I thought the merry Christmas came
To bring all sorts of joys;
With lots of dolls for little girls,
And fun for little boys;

"And all about the streets, mamma,
The lamps are shining so,
And people, more than I can count,
Are running to and fro ;

"But here 't is like the baby's sleep,
And but a single light :
Why don't we have some fun, mamma ?
And—where's papa to-night ?

"He said he'd come and make us all
As gay as our canaries ;
And mine should be a gift of beads,
And bracelets should be Mary's.

"It must be Christmas—Charley's right,
For, ma, your present came,
And when the box was open wide,
I saw my father's name.

"But wasn't that a curious gift
To come from dear papa—
A sword and sash, a cap and plume,
And epaulets, mamma ?

"And such a torn and trampled flag,
So old and bloody too ;
I don't see what papa could mean
By sending such to you.

"And not a single bead was there,
And sister Mary's bands
Were quite forgot, and Charley had
No gift from other lands.

"But what's the matter, dear mamma
What makes you shudder so?
I wish you'd take me in your lap,
And let your darling know

"And if it is the Christmas eve
And you are willing quite,
Please tell me when papa will come,
And where he is to-night."

Quickly the fair-haired child was clasped
To that maternal breast;
And tears that would not flow before,
And sobs, too long repressed,

Break wildly from those livid lips,
And from those burning eyes,
Till the bright face they rain upon
Grows tender with surprise.

"My darling," thus her plaint begins,
And fails her grief before;
Despairingly, like shortened waves
That can not reach the shore.

Again, grown stronger for the life
That throbs upon her breast,
She doles a prelude out, and leaves
To childish ken the rest.

"My darling, this is Christmas eve,
Dear brother told you right;
But there will come no welcome voice
To greet us all to-night.

"And Pearl must do without her beads,
And sister Mary's bands
Will fail her quite, papa has gone
To such a far-off land."

"What land, mamma? across the sea?
Beyond the waters wild?
To Florence, where he longed to go?"
"Not there, not there, my child!"

"I know, mamma, he's gone to see
His country's flag unfurl;
And sent that captured banner back,
Instead of beads to Pearl.

"But then so many things beside—
I hardly understand;
You can not mean that dear papa
Is in that other land?"

"O, poor mamma!" and, like a star
That drops from out the rest,
The bright face hides among the folds
On that maternal breast.

Then, like a star that parts the cloud
Serenely as we gaze,
It solves the mystery of doubt,
The sweeter for the haze.

It sparkles through: "I thought you said
Papa had gone so far;
But heaven, our pastor says, is where
Our best affections are.

"And if papa has gone to heaven,
And that's so very near,
He's kept his promise after all,
And surely must be here.

"I don't care any thing at all
About those coral beads;
And sister has all last year's gifts—
As many as she needs;

"And Charley shall have all my books—
I know he'll make them do;
For you are left to us, mamma,
And baby's left to you.

"Then won't you smile on us again?
I think God means it right;
And Christmas will be sweet, because
Papa is here to-night."

CORA M. EAGER.

DIALOGUES, TABLEAUX, ETC.

PRINCE HENRY AND FALSTAFF.

KING HENRY IV., ACT II., SCENE IV.

PRINCE HENRY and POINS, in a back room, in a tavern.

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

POINS—Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Falstaff—A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-socks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks, and then continues.*] You rogue, here's lime in this sack: there's nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man: yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack, with lime in it; a villanous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unchanged, in England; and one of them is fat and grows old; a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms, or any thing; a plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince Henry—How now, wool-sack? What mutter you?

Fal.—Thou art a king's son. Now, if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive

all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales!

P. Henry—Why, you base-born dog! What's the matter?

Fal.—Are you not a coward? Answer me to that; and Poins there?

Poins—Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal.—I call thee coward? I'll see thee hanged ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pounds I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! Give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack. I am rogue, if I have drunk to-day.

P. Henry—O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped, since thou drank'st last.

Fal.—All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I.

P. Henry—What's the matter?

Fal.—What's the matter! There be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pounds this morning.

P. Henry—Where is it, Jack? Where is it?

Fal.—Where is it? Taken from us it is; a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry—What! a hundred, man?

Fal.—I am a rogue, if I were not at half sword with a dozen of them, for two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw; look here: [*shows his sword*]. I never dealt better since I was a man; all would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak [*pointing to GADSHILL, BARDOLPH and, PETO*];

if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry—Speak, sirs; how was it?

Gudskill—We four set upon some dozen—

Fal.—Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gad.—And bound them.

Peto—No, no, they were not bound.

Fal.—You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew, else—an Ebrew Jew.

Gad.—As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us—

Fal.—And unbound the rest; and then come in the other.

P. Henry—What! fought ye with them all?

Fal.—All? I know not what ye call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legged creature.

P. Henry—Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal.—Nay, that's past praying for; for I have peppered two of them; two I am sure I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, and call me a horse. Thou knowest my old ward [*he draws his sword, and stands as if about to fight*]; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me—

P. Henry—What! four? Thou saidst but two even now.

Fal.—Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins—Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal.—These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven points on my target, thus.

P. Henry—Seven? Why, there were but four, even now.

Fal.—In buckram?

Poins—Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal.—Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry—Pr'ythee, let him alone, we shall have more anon.

Fal.—Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry—Ay, and mark thee, too, Jack.

Fal.—Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine men in buckram, that I told thee of—

P. Henry—So, two more already.

Fal.—Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry—O, monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal.—But three knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry—These lies are like the father of them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained, thou knotty-pated fool; thou greasy tallow-keech—

Fal.—What! Art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry—Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason; What sayst thou to this?

Poins—Come, your reason, Jack; your reason.

Fal.—What, upon compulsion? No, were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion? If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason on compulsion.

P. Henry—I'll no longer be guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh—

Fal.—Away! you starveling, you eel-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish—O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you—

P. Henry—Well, breathe a while, and then to 't again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins—Mark, Jack.

P. Henry—We two, saw you four, set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how plain a tale shall put you down. Then did we two, set on you four, and with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it to you, here in the house: and, Falstaff, you carried yourself away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard a calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight. What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins—Come, let's hear, Jack. What trick hast thou now?

Fal.—Why, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors.

Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold; all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? Shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry—Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal.—Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

SHAKESPEARE.

PARTHENIA.

The father of the beautiful Greek maiden, PARTHENIA, was taken prisoner by the barbarous ALEMANNI. She leaves her home and goes to the mountains to accomplish his rescue; she succeeds in persuading the barbarian chief, INGOMAR, to take her as hostage, and allow him to return home and work for her ransom. She promises that she will work for them, and never give way to woman's weakness. The following is a scene succeeding the departure of MYROM, the father of PARTHENIA.

PARTHENIA stands with hands before her face, sobbing.
INGOMAR comes forward.

INGOMAR—Ha! do I see right?—You weep! Is that the happy temper that you boast?

Parthenia—Oh, I shall never see him more!

Ing.—What! have we for a silly old man got now a foolish, timid, weeping girl? I have had enough of tears.

Par.—Enough, indeed, since you but mock them. I will not—no! I'll weep no more!

[*She dries her eyes and retires to the background.*]

Ing.—That's good;—come, that looks well. She is a

brave girl!—she rules herself, and, if she keep her word, we have made a good exchange. I'll weep no more!—aha! I like the girl, and if—Ho! whither goest thou?

[*To PARTHENIA, who is going off with two goblets.*]

Par.—Where should I go?—to yonder brook to cleanse the cups.

Ing.—No! stay and talk to me.

Par.—I have duties to perform. [Going.]

Ing.—Stay—I command you, slave!

Par.—I am no slave!—your hostage, but no slave. I go to cleanse the cups. [Exit.]

Ing.—Ho! here's a self-willed thing—here's a spirit! (*mimicking her*). I will not, I am no slave! I have duties to perform! Take me for hostage! and she flung back her head, as though she brought with her a ton of gold. I'll weep no more!—aha! an impudent thing; she pleases me! I love to be opposed; I love my horse when he rears, my dogs when they snarl; the mountain-torrent, and the sea when it flings its foam up to the stars;—such things as this fill me with life and joy. Tame indolence is living death!—the battle of the strong alone is life!

PARTHENIA returns with the cups and a bunch of field-flowers; she seats herself on a rock. INGOMAR approaches her.

Ing.—Ah! she is here again. What art thou making there?

Par.—I?—garlands.

Ing.—Garlands?—(*Aside*)—It seems to me as I had seen her before in a dream! How is it?—Ah! my brother!—he who died a child—yes, that is it—my little Folko. She has his dark brown hair, his sparkling eye: even the voice seems known to me again. I'll not to

sleep, I'll talk to her:—(*To Parthenia*)—These you call garlands, and wherefore do you weave them?

Par.—For these cups.

Ing.—How?

Par.—Is it not with you a custom? With us, at home, we love to intertwine with flowers our cups and goblets.

Ing.—What use is such a plaything?

Par.—Use? they are beautiful; that is their use. The sight of them makes glad the eye; their scent refreshes, cheers. There, is not that beautiful?

[She fastens the half-finished garland round a cup, and presents it to him.]

Ing.—Ay—by the bright sun! That dark green mixed up with the gay flowers! Thou must teach our women to weave such garlands.

Par.—That is soon done: thy wife herself shall soon weave wreaths as well as I.

Ing.—(*Laughing*)—My wife! my wife! a woman, dost thou say? I thank the gods not I. This is my wife—(*points to his arms*)—my spear, my sword, my shield; let him who will waste cattle, slaves, or gold, to buy a woman—not I—not I!

Par.—To buy a woman! how? Did I hear aright? bargain for brides as you would slaves—buy them like cattle?

Ing.—Well, I think a woman fit only for a slave. We follow our customs as you yours. How do you in your city there?

Par.—Consult our hearts. Massilia's free-born daughters are not sold, but bound by choice with bands as light and sweet as these I hold. Love only buys us there.

Ing.—Marry for love—that's strange! I cannot comprehend. I love my horse, my dogs, my brave companions,

but no woman! What dost thou mean by love?—what is it, girl?

Par.—What is it? 'Tis of all things the most sweet—the heaven of life—or so my mother says: I never felt it.

Ing.—Never?

Par.—No, indeed. Now look: this garland—how beautiful! Here would I weave red flowers if I had them.

Ing.—Yonder, there, in that thick wood they grow.

Par.—There, sayest thou? Oh, what a lovely red! go pluck me some!

Ing.—I go for thee!—the master for the slave! and yet, why not? I'll go! the poor child's tired.

Par.—Dost thou hesitate?

Ing.—No; thou shalt have the flowers, as fresh and dewy as the bush affords. [*He goes off.*]

Par.—I never succeeded half so well; it will be charming! Charming? and for whom? Here among savages! No mother here looks smiling on it. I am alone, forsaken! But no, I'll weep no more!—no, none shall say I fear.

INGOMAR enters with a bunch of flowers.

Ing.—There are the flowers.

Par.—Thanks! thanks! Oh, thou hast broken them too short off in the stem.

[*She throws some of them on the ground.*]

Ing.—Shall I get thee more?

Par.—No; these will do.

Ing.—Tell me now about your home. I will sit here near thee.

Par.—Not there! thou art crushing all my flowers!

Ing.—(*Seats himself at her feet*)—Well, well; I will sit here then, and now tell me, what is thy name?

Par.—Parthenia.

Ing.—Parthenia! a pretty name! And now, Parthenia, tell me which you call love grows in the soul, and what love is. 'Tis strange, but in that word seems something fathomless like yonder ocean.

Par.—How shall I say! Love comes, my mother says, like flowers in the night—reach me those violets;—it is a flame a single look will kindle, but not an ocean quench. Fostered by dreams, excited by each thought, love is a star from heaven, that points the way and leads us to its home—a little spot in Earth's dry desert, where the soul may rest—a grain of gold in the dull sand of life—a foretaste of Elysium; but when, weary of this world's woes, the immortal gods flew to the skies, with all their richest gifts, love stayed behind, self-exiled for man's sake.

Ing.—I never heard aught so beautiful!—but still I comprehend it not.

Par.—Nor I, for I have never felt it; yet I know a song my mother sung, that plainly speaks of love, at least to me. How goes it? stay!

[Sings slowly, as if trying to recollect.]

What love is, if thou wouldst be taught,

Thy heart must teach alone—

Two souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one.

And whence comes love?—like morning's light

It comes without thy call;

And how dies love?—a spirit bright,

Love never dies at all.

And when—and when—

Ing.—Go on!

Par.—I know no more.

Ing.—(*Impatiently*)—Try!—try!

Par.—I cannot now; but at some other time I may remember.

Ing.—(*Authoritatively*)—Now! Go on, I say!

Par.—(*Springing up*)—Not now; I want more roses for my wreath!—yonder they grow; I will fetch them for myself. Take care of all my flowers and the wreath!

[*Runs off.*]

Ing.—(*In deep abstraction*)—

Two souls with but a single thought,

Two hearts that beat as one.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

THE COMPETING RAILROADS.

A DIALOGUE FOR FOUR BOYS.

No. 1 meets No. 4, who has a valise, and asks,

GOING East, sir?

No. 4—Yes.

No. 1—Well, step right up to the Union Ticket Office. Great through line, sir. Land you in New York sixteen hours in advance of any other route. Finest sleeping and dining cars in the world! Chicken three times a day, and beds free from vermin. Butter on two plates, and molasses all over the table. Come right along, sir.

Here No. 2 appears and hurriedly inquires,

Going East, sir?

No. 4—Yes.

No. 2—Glad to meet you. Step over to the office. Shortest line to New York by twenty-seven miles. Put you in there nine hours ahead of any other line. Finest

eating-houses in the world. Soup three times a day, and fleas bulldozed by machinery. Come with me, sir.

No. 3 comes up from behind and asks,

Going East, sir?

No. 4—Yes.

No. 3—I'm just the man you want to see. Come along with me. Best and shortest route by a long shot to all points. Put you through in a jiffy. Splendid sleeping-cars on all night trains, and codfish-balls for breakfast. Conductors all of pious and respectable parentage, and fires kept up constantly. Come along, sir.

No. 1 takes No. 4 by the left shoulder, No. 2 takes him by the right shoulder, and No. 3 takes him by the coat-tail. In concert they all pull, and say,

Come with me, sir.

They all ease up, and each says to the others,

Let go of this gentleman.

Then they all ask,

To what point are you going?

No. 4—Going to Maria.

Each one of the agents jerks out a railroad map and studies it intently. After looking on the map several minutes, each looks at the others and then at No. 4, and asks,

Where is Maria?

No. 4—Where's Maria? Why I s'pose she's to hum. Maria is my wife, and lives six miles east of town.

ARRANGED FROM THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

SARACEN BROTHERS.

ATTENDANT—A stranger craves admittance to your Highness.

Saladin—Whence comes he?

Attendant—That I know not.

Enveloped with a vestment of strange form,
His countenance is hidden; but his step,
His lofty port, his voice in vain disguised,
Proclaim,—if that I dare pronounce it,—

Saladin—Whom?

Attendant—Thy royal brother!

Saladin—Bring him instantly. *[Exit attendant.]*

Now, with his specious, smooth, persuasive tongue,
Fraught with some wily subterfuge, he thinks
To dissipate my anger. He shall die!

[Enter attendant and Malek Adhel.]

Leave us together. *[Exit attendant.] [Aside.]* I should
know that form.

Now summon all thy fortitude, my soul,
Nor, though thy blood cry for him, spare the guilty!
[Aloud.] Well, stranger, speak; but first unveil thyself,
For Saladin must view the form that fronts him.

Malek Adhel—Behold it, then!

Saladin—I see a traitor's visage.

Malek Adhel—A brother's!

Saladin—No!

Saladin owns no kindred with a villain.

Malek Adhel—O, patience, Heaven! Had any tongue
but thine

Uttered that word, it ne'er should speak another.

Saladin—And why not now? Can this heart be more
pierced

By Malek Adhel's sword than by his deeds?

O thou hast made a desert of this bosom !
For open candor, planted sly disguise ;
For confidence, suspicion ; and the glow
Of generous friendship, tenderness and love,
Forever banished ! Whither can I turn,
When he, by blood, by gratitude, by faith,
By every tie, bound to support, forsakes me ?
Who, who can stand, when Malek Adhel falls ?
Henceforth I turn me from the sweets of love,
The smiles of friendship ; and this glorious world,
In which all find some heart to rest upon,
Shall be to Saladin a cheerless void,—
His brother has betrayed him !

Malek Adhel—Thou art softened ;
I am thy brother, then ; but late thou saidst,—
My tongue can never utter the base title !

Saladin—Was it traitor ? True !
Thou hast betrayed me in my fondest hopes !
Villain ? 'Tis just ; the title is appropriate !
Dissembler ? 'Tis not written in thy face ;
No, nor imprinted on that specious brow ;
But on this breaking heart the name is stamped,
Forever stamped with that of Malek Adhel !
Thinkest thou I'm softened ? By Mohammed ! these hands
Should crush these aching eye-balls, ere a tear
Fall from them at thy fate ! O monster, monster !
The brute that tears the infant from its nurse
Is excellent to thee ; for in his form
The impulse of his nature may be read ;
But thou, so beautiful, so proud, so noble,
O what a wretch art thou ! O ! can a term
In all the various tongues of man be found
To match thy infamy ?

Malek Adhel—Go on ! go on !

"Tis but a little time to hear thee, Saladin ;
And, bursting at thy feet, this heart will prove
Its penitence, at least.

Saladin—That were an end
Too noble for a traitor ! The bowstring is
A more appropriate finish ! Thou shalt die !

Malek Adhel—And death were welcome at another's
mandate !

What, what have I to live for ? Be it so,
If that, in all thy armies, can be found
An executing hand.

Saladin—O, doubt it not !
They're eager for the office. Perfidy,
So black as thine, effaces from their minds
All memory of thy former excellence.

Malek Adhel—Defer not, then, their wishes. *Saladin*,
If e'er this form was joyful to thy sight,
This voice seemed grateful to thine ear, accede
To my last prayer :—O, lengthen not this scene,
To which the agonies of death were pleasing !
Let me die speedily !

Saladin—This very hour !

[*Aside*]—For, O, the more I look upon that face,
The more I hear the accents of that voice,
The monarch softens, and the judge is lost
In all the brother's weakness ; yet such guilt,—
Such vile ingratitude,—it calls for vengeance ;
And vengeance it shall have ! What, ho ! who waits there ?
[*Enter attendant.*]

Attendant—Did your highness call ?

Saladin—Assemble quickly
My forces in the court. Tell them they come
To view the death of yonder bosom traitor.

And, bid them mark, that he who will not spare
His brother when he errs, expects obedience,
Silent obedience, from his followers. [*Exit attendant.*]

Malek Adhel—Now, Saladin,
The word is given ; I have nothing more
To fear from thee, my brother. I am not
About to crave a miserable life.
Without thy love, thy honor, thy esteem,
Life were a burden to me. Think not, either,
The justness of thy sentence I would question.
But one request now trembles on my tongue,
One wish still clinging round the heart ; which soon
Not even that shall torture. Will it, then,
Thinkest thou, thy slumbers render quieter,
Thy waking thoughts more pleasing, to reflect,
That when thy voice had doomed a brother's death,
The last request which e'er was his to utter
Thy harshness made him carry to the grave ?

Saladin—Speak, then ; but ask thyself if thou hast
reason

To look for much indulgence here.

Malek Adhel—I have not !
Yet will I ask for it. We part forever ;
This is our last farewell ; the king is satisfied ;
The judge has spoke the irrevocable sentence.
None sees, none hears, save that Omniscient Power,
Which, trust me, will not frown to look upon
Two brothers part like such. When, in the face
Of forces once my own, I'm led to death,
'Then be thine eye unmoistened ; let thy voice
'Then speak my doom untrembling ; then,
Unmoved, behold this stiff and blackened corse.
But now I ask,—nay, turn not, Saladin !—
I ask one single pressure of thy hand ;

From that stern eye, one solitary tear,—
O torturing recollection!—one kind word
From the loved tongue which once breathed naught but
kindness.

Still silent? Brother! friend! beloved companion
Of all my youthful sports!—are they forgotten?—
Strike me with deafness, make me blind, O Heaven!
Let me not see this unforgiving man
Smile at my agonies! nor hear that voice
Pronounce my doom, which would not say one word,
One little word, whose cherished memory
Would soothe the struggles of departing life!
Yet, yet thou wilt! O, turn thee, Saladin!
Look on my face,—thou canst not spurn me then;
Look on the once-loved face of Malek Adhel
For the last time, and call him—

Saladin—(*Seizing his hand*)—Brother! brother!

Malek Adhel—(*Breaking away*)—Now call thy fol-
lowers;

Death has not now

A single pang in store. Proceed! I'm ready.

Saladin—O, art thou ready to forgive, my brother?
To pardon him who found one single error,
One little failing, 'mid a splendid throng
Of glorious qualities—

Malek Adhel—O, stay thee, Saladin!
I did not ask for life—I only wished
To carry thy forgiveness to the grave.
No, Emperor, the loss of Cesarea
Cries loudly for the blood of Malek Adhel.
Thy soldiers, too, demand that he who lost
What cost them many a weary hour to gain,
Should expiate his offences with his life.

Lo! even now they crowd to view my death,
Thy just impartiality. I go,
Pleased by my fate to add one other leaf
To thy proud wreath of glory. [Going.]

Saladin—Thou shalt not. [Enter attendant.]

Attendant—My lord, the troops assembled by your order
Tumultuous throng the courts. The prince's death
Not one of them but vows he will not suffer.
The mutes have fled; the very guards rebel.
Nor think I, in this city's spacious round,
Can e'er be found a hand to do the office.

Malek Adhel—O faithful friends!—(To attendant)—
Thine shalt.

Attendant—Mine? Never!
The other first shall lop it from the body.

Saladin—They teach the Emperor his duty well.
Tell them he thanks them for it. Tell them, too,
That ere their opposition reached our ears,
Saladin had forgiven Malek Adhel.

Attendant—O joyful news!
I haste to gladden many a gallant heart,
And dry the tear on many a hardy cheek,
Unused to such a visitor. [Exit.]

Saladin—These men, the meanest in society,
The outcasts of the earth,—by war, by nature,
Hardened, and rendered callous,—these who claim
No kindred with thee,—who have never heard
The accents of affection from thy lips,—
O, these can cast aside their vowed allegiance,
Throw off their long obedience, risk their lives,
To save thee from destruction. While I,
I, who can not, in all my memory,
Call back one danger which thou hast not shared,
One day of grief, one night of revelry,
Which thy resistless kindness hath not soothed,

Or thy gay smile and converse rendered sweeter,—
 I, who have thrice in the ensanguined field,
 When death seemed certain, only uttered—"Brother!"
 And seen that form, like lightning, rush between
 Saladin and his foes, and that brave breast
 Dauntless exposed to many a furious blow
 Intended for my own,—I could forget
 That 't was to thee I owed the very breath
 Which sentenced thee to perish! O, 'tis shameful!
 Thou canst not pardon me!

Malek Adhel—By these tears, I can!
 O brother! from this very hour, a new,
 A glorious life commences! I am all thine!
 Again the day of gladness or of anguish
 Shall Malek Adhel share; and oft again
 May this sword fence thee in the bloody field.
 Henceforth, Saladin,
 My heart, my soul, my sword, are thine forever!

TABLEAU.

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE.

THE tableau represents the heroine of this popular verse standing to the right of the centre of the stage, with her face turned slightly towards the right, away from the young man, who stands beside her. Her right hand should be raised before her, as if putting him off. Her costume should be a Highland dress of plaid, or a blue skirt and white peasant-waist, with a scarf thrown over her shoulders.

The young man should stand at her left, and just in the act of putting his right arm around her waist, his left hand holding her left to his breast; while his head should be inclined forward, as if attempting to touch her cheek. He should be dressed in striped pants, white shirt, and Scotch cap. A landscape may form the background if scenery is used. Music, "Comin' thro' the Rye."

HOME RECREATIONS.

A PROVERB.—ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD.

CHARACTERS.

MRS. DELORME, a widow, <i>keeping up appearances</i>. MIRIAM, her daughter.	GERALD FITZHARDING, <i>Miriam's lover</i>. MR. STAFF, a police officer. MR. DUMN, a collector.
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SCENE—MRS. DELORME'S parlor. MIRIAM, in evening dress, standing opposite a glass, with a box of jewels before her. MRS. DELORME clasping jewels on MIRIAM'S arm.

MRS. DELORME—There, my dear, I think that will do. Too many jewels would betray their value. [*Takes up a necklace.*] These are really very pretty, my dear.

Miriam—Yes, mother, and such capital imitations. I think no one would suspect they were false.

Mrs. Delorme—Never! Now, my dear, you are ready, as soon as Gerald comes.

Miriam—In the meantime, mamma, I have a confession to make. Gerald and I will be married after the ball to-night. An elopement, of course! [*Laughs.*]

Mrs. Delorme—Have you really succeeded so well? It is time. The last work I sent out is not paid for, and sixty cents is, at this moment, the amount of my worldly possessions.

Miriam—My dress is not paid for yet, either. Never mind! I have succeeded in making Gerald believe me an heiress, and once married, his money will supply all our deficiencies. He is very wealthy.

Mrs. Delorme—Oh, he must be! He dresses beautifully, and has such a splendid span of horses. Then his diamonds are of the first water; I can tell that. He is quite a catch.

Miriam—Do not retire early, for an hour from the time we leave, we shall return to beg forgiveness. Do not be too easily subdued.

Mrs. Delorme—(*Laughing*)—The most relentless of parents could not be sterner. Return as early as you can. I am all impatience to greet my new son-in-law. [*Exit.*]

Miriam—Time to catch him! I should think so. It is impossible to believe him an impostor. He lives at our best hotel, drives a span of horses, and has sent me so many presents—valuable ones, too! I had my engagement-ring tested at a jeweler's, and he tells me it is a pure diamond, of great value. I had half a mind to sell it, and buy an imitation one with part of the proceeds, but that seemed going rather too far. [*Bell rings outside.*] Ah, there is Gerald!

[*Sits down, with casket of jewels in her hand.*]

Enter GERALD, hastily, not perceiving MIRIAM.

Gerald—What a run! But I am safe now. [*Sees MIRIAM.*] Ah, Miriam, I did not see you. You are superb! [*Aside*—Her jewels alone would furnish a house. [*Aloud*—Well, dearest, are you ready to become Mrs. — ?

Miriam—(*Interrupting him*)—Hush, Gerald! If mother should hear you.

Gerald—Ah, yes; I forgot for a moment. Did you receive the bouquet I sent this evening?

Miriam—No; how provoking!

Gerald—The stupid blockhead has mistaken his order. [*Aside*—Queer, if she had received what was never ordered.

Miriam—Never mind, dear Gerald; do not feel vexed about it. If I had had time to send to our country-seat,

the gardener would have forwarded one from our conservatory; but you see how little I cared for it, when this did not occur to me.

Gerald—(*Aside*)—A country-seat! Ah, she is indeed a treasure! [*Aloud*]—Miriam, my dear, you have a beautiful bracelet. Let me see it. [*Takes it from her arm.*] What a superb diamond! and the setting is exquisitely chased. See how it glitters!

Miriam—(*Aside*)—Cost just three dollars.

Gerald—(*Aside*)—If all her jewels are like this, we need not starve for some time.

Miriam—Will you excuse me a moment? I will go to my room for my cloak and hood, and then rejoin you.

Gerald—(*Kissing her hand*)—Every second is an hour till you return.

Miriam—Flatterer!

[*Exit.*]

Gerald—(*Sitting down, and sighing deeply*)—Poor girl, to what a fate I am dooming her! Yet, it is my last hope. If I remain here another day, I am lost; we must leave the city as soon as we are married, and her money will support us in Europe for some years—at least till I can return. Even now it may be too late. That last gold piece was my ruin, and the officers are in hot pursuit after me. No, I will not think of capture. Miriam, you are my only hope!

Miriam—(*Behind the scenes*)—Good-night, mother! We will return early.

[*Enters.*]

Gerald—Dearest, are you ready? Now, love, we will start. Ah, Miriam, how my heart throbs with happiness at the prospect of our union!

Miriam—And I, too, am happy, dear Gerald, in the thought of our coming marriage.

[*They start to go out, but are met at the door by MR. STAFF, a police officer.*]

Mr. Staff—You cannot pass, sir.

Gerald—Villain!

Mr. Staff—Oh, you needn't call hard names. I have a friend within call if you are unruly. You must go with me.

Miriam—What does this mean?

Mr. Staff—Do not be alarmed, miss. We will make no disturbance. We only want this man.

Miriam—For what?

Mr. Staff—My orders are to arrest him, miss. He is at the head of a gang who make and pass counterfeit money. My orders are imperative. [*To GERALD*].—Are you ready, sir, to come with me?

Gerald—(*Hoarsely*)—Yes; do your duty quickly. The game is up! *Miriam*, I am a villain, to have deceived you. [*Coming forward, with MIRIAM.*] I may own now, that I depended upon your money to take us out of the country. We might have been very happy had we escaped this fellow, for whatever else about me is false, my love for you is true. Will you not look at me, or say farewell?

Miriam—It is like some horrible dream. You, so elegant, so accomplished!

Gerald—(*Bitterly*)—It is not always the most winning appearance or address that covers the best heart. I must go. We part kindly, *Miriam*, as friends?

Miriam—(*Aside*)—What right have I to reproach him with deceit. [*Aloud, giving him her hand*].—Yes, *Gerald*, we (*in a broken voice*) part friends.

Gerald—Farewell, then, *Miriam*! *Mr. Staff*, I am ready. [*Exeunt GERALD and MR. STAFF.*]

Miriam—(*Sinking upon a chair, and weeping*)—Poor *Gerald*! Ah, in spite of his crimes, I love him. [*Is silent for a moment.*] Pshaw! I am getting sentimental! Let

him go! Yet—if he is so base, where can I look for real worth?

Enter MRS. DELORME.

Mrs. Delorme—This is a pretty business, truly! A man arrested in my house, as a counterfeiter. It makes me feel fairly sick.

Miriam—(*Sadly*)—It is a sad business.

Mrs. Delorme—He is the last man I should have suspected of such a thing. Such a perfect gentleman!

Miriam—Well, it ends my elopement, and prospects. We must now consider how we are to live. For my part, I am sick of this false show and glitter. We will take a small house, earn our living openly and honestly, and live as our means warrant.

Mrs. Delorme—It will ruin your prospects.

Miriam—Not so! I shall be less likely to be the victim of such a man as Gerald, if I live a more humble life. Where should we have been, if this arrest had not taken place? Each [*bitterly*] trusting to the other's fortune for support.

Enter MR. DUNN.

Mr. Dunn—Good-evening, ladies! I have called about some little accounts that have been put into my hands to be collected. [*Shows a large pile of bills.*] Mr. Flower, the baker, twenty-five dollars, fifty cents; Mr. Bull, the milkman, ten dollars, six cents; Mr. Smith, your dry goods merchant, two hundred and forty-seven dollars, twelve and a half cents: Mr. —

Miriam—Enough! Do not read any more. We are not able to pay these now.

Mr. Dunn—Not able? Why, you are one blaze of jewelry!

Miriam—(*Taking off some, and throwing it into the basket*)—I am weary of all this pretence. My heart is sick with deceit and sorrow.

*Mrs. Delorme—(Aside, sternly)—*Be quiet, you silly girl! [*Contemptuously*]*—*Are you whining for the loss of your lover?

*Miriam—(In a low, sad tone)—*Perhaps I am. Would it be very strange?

*Mr. Dunn—*I cannot stand here all night. If you have not the money, I will take this casket now, and see how far its contents will answer these demands.

*Mrs. Delorme—*You are insolent, sir! Those jewels—

*Mr. Dunn—*I will return all that are left. [*Takes casket.*] Good-evening, ladies! [*Exit.*]

*Miriam—*Another cheat! Another imposition!

*Mrs. Delorme—(Laughing)—*He will not have much to return, I think.

*Miriam—*No; when the jewels are tested, he will find that—you know the proverb?

*Mrs. Delorme—*I have forgotten.

*Miriam—*These ladies and gentlemen will tell you.

[*Curtain falls.*]

S. A. FROST, from the "*Parlor Stage.*"

TABLEAU.

LISTENERS HEAR NO GOOD OF THEMSELVES.

THE scene is a parlor.—In the foreground are two young girls, one of whom holds a miniature out to the other, who puts it aside, with an expression of angry contempt. The first girl is laughing heartily, and pointing her finger at the second, as if teasing her about the picture.

Peeping out from behind a window-curtain is a young man, who, with an expression of perfect rage, is shaking his fist at the ladies in the foreground.

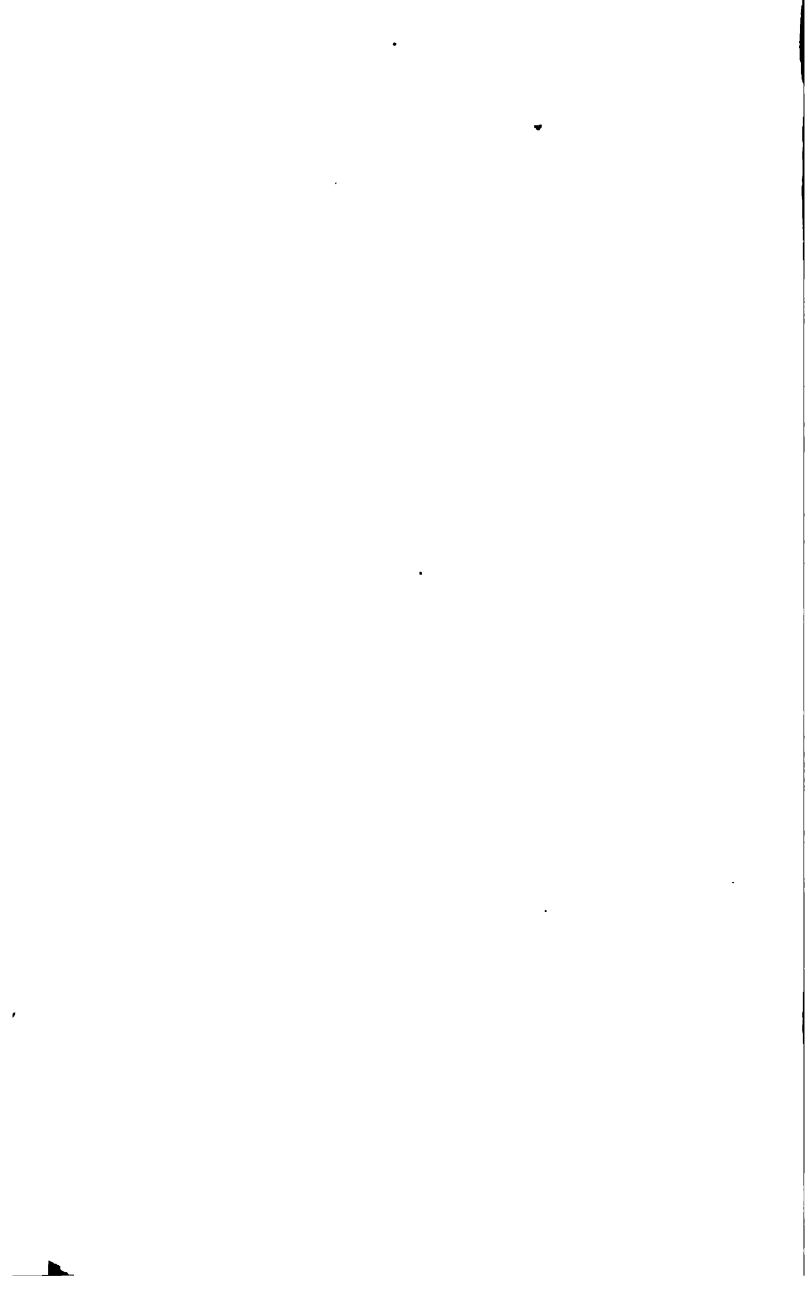
FROST'S DIALOGUES.

THE END.



PART THIRD.





THE ELOCUTIONIST'S ANNUAL.

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RELENTLESS TIME.

TRANSLATION FROM THE SPANISH, ABRIDGED.

O LET the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake :

Awake to see

How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently !

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day

With many sighs ;

The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past—the past
More highly prize.

Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave !

Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
 And tinkling rill.
There all are equal,—side by side
The poor man and the son of pride
 Lie calm and still.

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
 We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
 A weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought,
This world would school each wandering thought
 To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
 For which we wait.

Behold of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth,
 The shapes we chase,
Amid a world of treachery !
They vanish ere death shuts the eye,
 And leave no trace.

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts
 In life's first stage ;
These shall become a heavy weight,
When time swings wide his outward gate
 To weary age.

The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
 In long array ;
How, in the onward course of time,
The land-marks of the race sublime
 Were swept away !

Wealth and the high estate of pride,
With what untimely speed they glide,
 How soon depart !
Bid not the shadowy phantoms stay,
The vassals of a mistress they,
 Of fickle heart.

Earthly desires and sensual lust
Are passions springing from the dust—
 They fade and die ;
But, in the life beyond the tomb,
They seal the immortal spirit's doom
 Eternally !

The pleasures and delights, which mask
In treacherous smiles life's serious task,
 What are they all,
But the fleet coursers of the chase,
And death an ambush in the race,
 Wherein we fall ?

No foe, no dangerous pass we heed,
Brook no delay, but onward speed
 With loosened rein ;
And when the fatal snare is near,
We strive to check our mad career,
 But strive in vain.

Could we new charms to age impart,
And fashion with a cunning art
 The human face,
As we can clothe the soul with light,
And make the glorious spirit bright
 With heavenly grace,

How busily each passing hour
Should we exert that magic power,
 What ardor show,
To deck the sensual slave of sin,
Yet leave the free-born soul within
 In weeds of woe!

Monarchs, the powerful and the strong,
Famous in history and in song
 Of olden time,
Saw, by the stern decrees of fate,
Their kingdoms lost, and desolate
 Their race sublime.

Who is the champion? who the strong?
Pontiff and priest, and sceptered throng?
 On these shall fall
As heavily the hand of Death,
As when it stays the shepherd's breath
 Beside his stall!

• • • • •
O World! so few the years we live!
Would that the life which thou dost give
 Were life indeed!
Alas! thy sorrows fall so fast,
Our happiest hour is when at last
 The soul is freed.

Our pilgrimage begins in tears,
And ends in bitter doubts and fears,
Or dark despair ;
Midway so many toils appear,
That he who lingers longest here
Knows most of care.

Our goods are bought with many a groan,
By the hot sweat of toil alone,
And weary hearts ;
Fleet-footed is the approach of woe,
But with a lingering step, and slow,
Its form departs.

.
A life of honor and of worth
Has no eternity on earth—
'T is but a name ;
And yet its glory far exceeds
That base and sensual life, which leads
To want and shame.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above ;
So let us choose that narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot astray
From realms of love.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.



MALIBRAN AND THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

IN a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet; and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming, to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger; and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good sweet orange; and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands; his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It is only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who says if he can just see you, he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh! well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm; and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said: "I came to see you, because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that, perhaps, if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it, for a small sum; and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman rose from her seat; very tall and stately she was;—she took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked,—“you, a child! And the words?—Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"O yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness,—“but I could n't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother, for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets: come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came; and the child sat with his glance riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that

the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited,—the band, the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing;—many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song,—Oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said, "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song: and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside, and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his un-

dying affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to those great hearts who, from their high stations, send down bounty to the widow, and to the fatherless child.



ROBERT OF LINCOLN.

MERRILY swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain-side or mead,
Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Snug and safe is this nest of ours,
Hidden among the summer flowers;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln is gayly dressed,
Wearing a bright black wedding-coat;
White are his shoulders and white his crest;
Hear him call in his merry note,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink;
Look what a nice new coat is mine!
Sure there was never a bird so fine;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln's Quaker wife,
Pretty and quiet, with plain brown wings,
Passing at home a patient life,
Broods in the grass while her husband sings,

Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Brood, kind creature ; you need not fear
Thieves and robbers while I am here ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Modest and shy as a nun is she ;
One weak chirp is her only note ;
Braggart and prince of braggarts is he,
Pouring boasts from his little throat ;
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Never was I afraid of man :
Catch me, cowardly knaves, if you can ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Six white eggs on a bed of hay,
Flecked with purple, a pretty sight ;
There, as the mother sits all day,
Robert is singing with all his might,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nice good wife, that never goes out,
Keeping house while I frolic about ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Soon as the little ones chip the shell,
Six white mouths are open for food ;
Robert of Lincoln bestirs him well,
Gathering seeds for the hungry brood :
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
This new life is likely to be
Hard for a gay young fellow like me ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Robert of Lincoln at length is made
Sober with work and silent with care.
Off is his holiday garment laid,
Half forgotten that merry air,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
Nobody knows but my mate and I
Where our nest and nestlings lie ;
Chee, chee, chee.

Summer wanes, the children are grown ;
Fun and frolic no more he knows ;
Robert of Lincoln's a humdrum crone ;
Off he flies, and we sing as he goes,
Bob o' link, bob o' link,
Spink, spank, spink ;
When you can pipe that merry old strain,
Robert of Lincoln, come back again ;
Chee, chee, chee.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

GETTING UNDER WAY.

ALL day Sunday at anchor. The storm had gone down a great deal, but the sea had not. It was still piling its frothy hills in air outside, as we could plainly see with the glass. We must lie still until Munday, and we did. The next morning we weighed anchor and went to sea. It was a great happiness to get away after the dragging, dispiriting delay. I thought there never was such gladness in the air before, such brightness in the sun, such beauty in the sea. All my

malicious instincts were dead within me ; and as America faded out of sight, I think a spirit of charity rose up in their place, that was boundless, for the time, as the broad ocean that was heaving its billows about us. I wished to express my feelings, I wished to lift up my voice and sing ; but I did not know anything to sing, and so I was obliged to give up the idea. It was no loss to the ship, though, perhaps.

It was breezy and pleasant, but the sea was still very rough. One could not promenade without risking his neck ; at one moment the bowsprit was taking a deadly aim at the sun in mid-heaven, at the next it was trying to harpoon a shark in the bottom of the ocean. What a weird sensation it is to feel the stern of a ship sinking swiftly from under you, and see the bow climbing high away among the clouds ! One's safest course, that day, was to clasp a railing and hang on ; walking was too precarious a pastime.

Soon a remarkable fossil, shawled to the chin and bandaged like a mummy, appeared at the door of the after deck-house, and the next lurch of the ship shot him into my arms. I said :

" Good-morning, sir. It is a fine day."

He put his hand on his stomach and said, " O my !" and then staggered away and fell over the coop of a skylight.

Presently another old gentleman was projected from the same door with great violence. I said :

" Calm yourself, sir. There is no hurry. It is a fine day, sir."

He, also, put his hand on his stomach, and said, " O my !" and reeled away.

In a little while another veteran was discharged abruptly from the same door, clawing at the air for a saving support. I said :

"Good-morning, sir. It is a fine day for pleasuring. You were about to say—"

"O my!"

I thought so. I anticipated him anyhow. I stayed there and was bombarded with old gentlemen for an hour, perhaps; and all I got out of them was "O my!"

I went away then, in a thoughtful mood. I said, This is a grand pleasure excursion. I like it. The passengers are not garrulous, but still they are sociable. I like these old people, but somehow they all seem to have the "O my!" rather bad,—MARK TWAIN.

THE BATTLE OF IVRY.

NOW glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!

And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!

Now let there be the merry sound of music and the dance,

Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vales, O pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters;

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy,
For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry and King Henry of Navarre!

Oh, how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of
day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long
array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish
spears!
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our
land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
hand;
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's em-
purpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his
blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of
war,
To fight for His own holy Name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King has come to marshal us, in all his armor
drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant
crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern
and high.
Right graciously, he smiled on us, as rolled from wing
to wing,
Down all our line, in deafening shout, "God save our
lord, the King!"
"And if my standard-bearer fall,—as fall full well he
may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—

Press where ye see my white plume shine, amid the ranks
of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled
din

Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring
culverin!

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's
plain,

With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Al-
mayne.

Now, by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of
France,

Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the
lance!

A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in
rest,

A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-
white crest,

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a
guiding star,

Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Na-
varre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath
turned his rein,

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter—the Flemish Count-
is slain;

Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and
cloven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our
van,

"Remember St. Bartholomew!" was passed from man
to man;

But out spake gentle Henry, then,—“No Frenchman is
my foe;

Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren
go.”

Oh, was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in
war,

As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of
Navarre?

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep and rend your hair for those who never
shall return!

Ho! Philip, send for charity thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor
spearmen's souls.

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms
be bright!

Ho! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward
to-night!

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath
raised the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Na-
varre!—T. B. MACAULAY.



THE OLD SERGEANT.

THE carrier cannot sing to-day the ballads
With which he used to go
Rhyming the glad rounds of the happy New Years
That are now beneath the snow.

For the same awful and portentous shadow
That overcast the earth,
And smote the land last year with desolation,
Still darkens every hearth.

And the carrier hears Beethoven's mighty death-march
Come up from every mart;
And he hears and feels it breathing in his bosom,
And beating in his heart.

And to-day, a scarred and weather-beaten veteran,
Again he comes along,
To tell the story of the Old Year's struggles
In another New Year's song.

And the song is his, but not so with the story,
For the story, you must know,
Was told in prose to Assistant Surgeon Austin,
By a soldier of Shiloh,—

By Robert Burton, who was brought up on the "Adams,"
With his death-wound in his side;
And who told the story to the assistant surgeon
On the same night that he died.

But the singer feels it will better suit the ballad,
If all should deem it right,
To tell the story as if what it speaks of
Had happened but last night.

"Come a little nearer, doctor,—thank you,—let me take the cup ;

Draw your chair up,—draw it closer,—just another little sup !

Maybe you may think I'm better ; but I'm pretty well used up,—

Doctor, you've done all you could do, but I'm just a-going up !

"Feel my pulse, sir, if you want to, but it ain't much use to try—"

"Never say that," said the surgeon, as he smothered down a sigh ;

"It will never do, old comrade, for a soldier to say die !"

"What you *say* will make no difference, doctor, when you come to die."

"Doctor, what has been the matter ?" "You were very faint, they say ;

You must try to get some sleep now." "Doctor, have I been away ?"

"Not that anybody knows of !" "Doctor,—doctor, please to stay !

There is something I must tell you, and you won't have *long* to stay !

"I have got my marching orders, and I'm ready now to go ;

Doctor, did you say I fainted ?—but it could n't ha' been so,—

For as sure as I'm a sergeant, and was wounded at Shiloh,

I've this very night been back there, on the old field of Shiloh !

“This is all that I remember! The last time the lighter came,
And the lights had all been lowered, and the noises much the same,
He had not been gone five minutes before something called my name :
‘ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!’ just that way it called my name.

“And I wondered who could call me so distinctly and so slow,
Knew it could n’t be the lighter, he could not have spoken so,
And I tried to answer, ‘Here, sir!’ but I could n’t make it go!
For I could n’t move a muscle, and I could n’t make it go!

“Then I thought: ‘It’s all a nightmare, all a humbug and a bore ;
Just another foolish *grape-vine*,—and it won’t come any more ;’
But it came, sir, notwithstanding, just the same way as before :
‘ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON!’ even plainer than before.

“That is all that I remember, till a sudden burst of light,
And I stood beside the river, where we stood that Sunday night,
Waiting to be ferried over to the dark bluffs opposite,
When the river was perdition and all hell was opposite!

"And the same old palpitation came again in all its power,

And I heard a bugle sounding, as from some celestial tower;

And the same mysterious voice said: 'IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!

ORDERLY SERGEANT—ROBERT BURTON,—IT IS THE ELEVENTH HOUR!'

"Doctor Austin! what *day* is this?" "It is Wednesday night, you know."

"Yes,—to-morrow will be New Year's, and a right good time below!

What *time* is it, Doctor Austin?" "Nearly twelve."

"Then don't you go!

Can it be that all this happened—all this—not an hour ago?

"There was where the gunboats opened on the dark rebellious host;

And where Webster semicircled his last guns upon the coast;

There were still the two log-houses, just the same, or else their ghost!

And the same old transport came and took me over,—or its ghost!

"And the old field lay before me all deserted far and wide;

There was where they fell on Prentiss,—there McClelland met the tide;

There was where stern Sherman rallied, and where Hurlbut's heroes died,—

Lower down where Wallace charged them, and kept charging till he died.

" There was where Lew Wallace showed them he was of
the canny kin ;
There was where old Nelson thundered, and where Rous-
seau waded in ;
There McCook sent 'em to breakfast, and we all began
to win ;—
There was where the grape-shot took me, just as we began
to win.

" Now a shroud of snow and silence over everything was
spread ;
And but for this old blue mantle and the old hat on my
head,
I should not have even doubted, to this moment, I was
dead,
For my footsteps were as silent as the snow upon the
dead !

" Death and silence !—death and silence ! all around me
as I sped !
And behold a mighty tower, as if builded to the dead,
To the heaven of the heavens, lifted up its mighty head,
Till the stars and stripes of heaven all seemed waving
from its head !

" Round and mighty-based it towered,—up into the in-
finite,—
And I knew no mortal mason could have built a shaft
so bright ;
For it shone like solid sunshine ; and a winding stair of
light
Wound around it and around it till it wound clear out
of sight !

"And, behold, as I approached it, with a rapt and dazzled stare,—

Thinking that I saw old comrades just ascending the great stair,—

Suddenly the solemn challenge broke of—'Halt, and who goes there?'

'I'm a friend,' I said, 'if you are.' 'Then advance, sir, to the stair!'

"I advanced!—That sentry, doctor, was Elijah Ballantyne!—

First of all to fall on Monday, after we had formed the line!—

'Welcome, my old sergeant, welcome! Welcome by that countersign!'

And he pointed to the scar there, under this old cloak of mine!

"As he grasped my hand, I shuddered, thinking only of the grave;

But he smiled and pointed upward with a bright and bloodless glaive;

'That's the way, sir, to head-quarters!' 'What head-quarters?' 'Of the brave!'

'But the great tower?' 'That,' he answered, 'is the way, sir, of the brave!'

"Then a sudden shame came o'er me at his uniform of light;

At my own so old and tattered, and at his so new and bright.

'Ah!' said he, 'you have forgotten the new uniform to-night,—

Hurry back, for you must be here at just twelve o'clock to-night!'

"And the next thing I remember, you were sitting *there*,
and I—

Doctor,—did you hear a footstep? Hark!—God bless
you all! Good-by!

Doctor, please to give my musket and my knapsack,
when I die,

To my son—my son that's coming—he won't get here till
I die!

"Tell him his old father blessed him as he never did
before,—

And to carry that old musket—" Hark! a knock is at
the door—

"Till the Union—" See! it opens!—"Father! Father!
speak once more!"

"Bless you!" gasped the old gray sergeant,—and he lay
and said no more!—FORCEYTHE WILLSON.



FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.

FATHER BLAKE was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many, in the Romish church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for, with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick. .

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below, in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet, they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reprov'd very smartly by his reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy father was quite unconscious, in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way towards the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a side-long glance at her, sent her to the right-about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:

"*Agnus Dei*—You 'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there—"

Then he would turn to the altar, and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate, fratres!*—Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o' that, there's room below there. Thru for you, Mrs. Finn—it's a shame for him to be tramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there, and kneel in the rain—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you indeed!—*Orate, fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say—

"I hear you there—can't you be quiet, and not be disturbin' my mass, you haythens?"

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

"You'd better kill the child, I think, thrampin' on him, Lavery. Go out o' that—your conduct is scandalous—*Dominus vobiscum!*"

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

"Here it is," said Father Phil—"here it is, and no denying it—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howld up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowlding of the house of God. And isn't it ashamed o' y'ourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? And does n't it rain a'most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of

your duty?—Aren't you wet to the skin a'most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bittther cowlds that you are coughing and sneezin' every Sunday to that degree that you can't hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you'll go on sneezin' until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too, for don't I see this miunit a strame o' wather that might turn a mill running down Micky Macavoy's back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?"

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Macavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

"And is it laughing you are, you haythens?" said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. "Laughing is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God—laughing because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are under rain that might turn a mill—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng.) "Ha! ha! so you would n't like it, I see—very well, very well, take care, then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefac-

thors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say, your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor, (for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me!) and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you if I could n't; but no, them naked rafters grins in your face to no purpose—you chate the house of God—but take care, maybe you won't chate the Divil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation.) "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man, and depend on something better—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. Oh dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep his house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own; making *viva voce* marginal notes as it were upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed, from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders,

which Father Phil never permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass, when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against factions, fights, etc., are his themes. Then only they listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

For the Repairs and Enlargement of Ballysloughguthery Chapel.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hicky, £0 7s. 6d. "He might as well have made it ten shillings; but half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Plaze your reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." (A laugh.)

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3s. 4d. "Of course he means to subscribe again."

John Dwyer, £0 15s. 0d. "That's something like! I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brush full o' paint for the althar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscriber, as follows :

Peter Hefferman, £0 1s. 8d.

James Murphy, £0 2s. 6d.

Mat Donovan, £0 1s. 3d.

Luke Dannely, £0 3s. 0d.

Jack Quigley, £0 2s. 1d.

Pat Finnegan, £0 2s. 2d.

EDWARD O'CONNOR, Esq., £2 0s. 0d. "There's for you ! Edward O'Connor, Esq.—a *Protestant in the parish*—two pounds."

"Long life to him," cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen !" said Father Phil ; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2s. 6d.

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5s. 0d. "Young Nick is betther than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7s. 6d.

Owny Doyle, £1 0s. 0d. "Well done, Owny na Cop-pal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2s. 6d. ; Bridget Murphy, £0 10s. 0d. "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon ; a lone widow woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childers."

"That's not her fault," said the priest—"and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom, and had recently buried an old husband, and by all accounts was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Jude Moylan, £0 5s. 0d. "Very good, Judy ; the women are behaving like gentlemen ; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8s. 4d. "I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and fourpence I gave your reverence," said Pat, from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence, you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure, you would n't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would—that's the rule of backmannon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark you pay for it."

Here his reverence turned round, as if looking for some one, and called out, "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you, and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

SQUIRE EGAN, £5 0s. 0d. "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that—a *Protestant in the parish*—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 0s. 0d. "Not her own parish, either. A fine lady."

James Milligan, of Roundtown, £1 0s. 0d. "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown haven't been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a list from Roundtown—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town

and the pounds and the people in a most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden a pound of Poundtown also—there's an example for you!

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours—you are not a good gleaner—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see, getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, £0 2s. 6d. "*He* does n't belong to Roundtown—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d.; Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; John Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names—Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy of the name—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you!" (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Heunessy, your reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke, and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the faithful apostles—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked for it—do n't go by that other woman there— Oh ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? you ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now—afther that, remember—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fi'penny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 0s. 0d. "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 0s. 0d. "*A Protestant, out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh faith, the Protestants is shaming you!"

Dennis Fannin, £0 7s. 6d. "Very good indeed for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 5s. 0d. "Not bad for a hedge carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your reverence," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillin's."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil; "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and I forgot it afther: and indeed myself does n't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations—they were again a reverent flock, and he once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate, fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not unfrequent occurrence in Ireland—that country so long-suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people by love, whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?—SAM. LOVER.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

BETWEEN the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study, I see, in the lamplight,
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice and laughing Allegra,
And Edith, with golden hair.

A whisper, and then a silence;
Yet I know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!
By three doors left unguarded
They enter my castle wall!

They climb up into my turret
O'er the arms and back of my chair;
If I try to escape, they surround me;
They seem to be everywhere.

They almost devour me with kisses,
Their arms about me entwine,
Till I think of the Bishop of Bingen
In his Mouse-Tower on the Rhine!

Do you think, O blue-eyed banditti,
Because you have scaled the wall,
Such an old mustache as I am
Is not a match for you all?

I have you fast in my fortress,
And will not let you depart,
But put you down into the dungeon
In the round-tower of my heart.

And there will I keep you forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till the walls shall crumble to ruin,
And moulder in dust away!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.



THE RIDE OF JENNIE M'NEAL.

PAUL REVERE was a rider bold—
Well has his valorous deed been told;
Sheridan's ride was a glorious one—
Often it has been dwelt upon.
But why should men do all the deeds
On which the love of a patriot feeds?
Hearken to me, while I reveal
The dashing ride of Jennie M'Neal.
On a spot as pretty as might be found
In the dangerous length of the Neutral Ground,
In a cottage, cosy, and all their own,
She and her mother lived alone.
Safe were the two, with their frugal store,
From all of the many who passed their door;
For Jennie's mother was strange to fears,
And Jennie was large for fifteen years;
With vim her eyes were glistening,
Her hair was the hue of a blackbird's wing;
And while the friends who knew her well
The sweetness of her heart could tell,
A gun that hung on the kitchen wall
Looked solemnly quick to heed her call;
And they who were evil-minded knew
Her nerve was strong and her aim was true.
So all kind words and acts did deal
To generous, black-eyed Jennie M'Neal.

One night, when the sun had crept to bed,
And rain-clouds lingered overhead,
And sent their surly drops for proof
To drum a tune on the cottage roof,

Close after a knock at the outer door
There entered a dozen dragoons or more.
Their red coats, stained by the muddy road,
That they were British soldiers showed ;
The captain his hostess bent to greet,
Saying, " Madam, please give us a bit to eat ;
We will pay you well, and, if may be,
This bright-eyed girl for pouring our tea ;
Then we must dash ten miles ahead,
To catch a rebel colonel abed.

He is visiting home, as doth appear ;
We will make his pleasure cost him dear."
And they fell on the hasty supper with zeal,
Close-watched the while by Jennie M'Neal.

For the gray-haired colonel they hovered near,
Had been her true friend, kind and dear ;
And oft, in her younger days, had he
Right proudly perched her upon his knee,
And told her stories many a one
Concerning the French war lately done.
And oft together the two friends were,
And many the arts he had taught to her ;
She had hunted by his fatherly side,
He had shown her how to fence and ride ;
And once had said, " The time may be,
Your skill and courage may stand by me."
So sorrow for him she could but feel,
Brave, grateful-hearted Jennie M'Neal.
With never a thought or a moment more,
Bare-headed she slipped from the cottage door,
Ran out where the horses were left to feed,
Unhitched and mounted the captain's steed,
And down the hilly and rock-strewn way
She urged the fiery horse of gray.

Around her slender and cloakless form
Pattered and moaned the ceaseless storm;
Secure and tight a gloveless hand
Grasped the reins with stern command;
And full and black her long hair streamed,
Whenever the ragged lightning gleamed.
And on she rushed for the colonel's weal,
Brave, lioness-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

Hark! from the hills, a moment mute,
Came a clatter of hoofs in hot pursuit;
And a cry from the foremost trooper said,
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
She heeded it not; and not in vain
She lashed the horse with the bridle-rein.
So into the night the gray horse strode;
His shoes hewed fire from the rocky road;
And the high-born courage that never dies
Flashed from his rider's coal-black eyes.
The pebbles flew from the fearful race;
The rain-drops grasped at her glowing face.
"On, on, brave beast!" with loud appeal,
Cried eager, resolute Jennie M'Neal.

"Halt!" once more came the voice of dread;
"Halt! or your blood be on your head!"
Then, no one answering to the calls,
Sped after her a volley of balls.
They passed her in her rapid flight,
They screamed to her left, they screamed to her right;
But, rushing still o'er the slippery track,
She sent no token of answer back,
Except a silvery laughter-peal,
Brave, merry-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

So on she rushed, at her own good will,
Through wood and valley, o'er plain and hill ;
The gray horse did his duty well,
Till all at once he stumbled and fell,
Himself escaping the nets of harm,
But flinging the girl with a broken arm.
Still undismayed by the numbing pain,
She clung to the horse's bridle-rein,
And gently bidding him to stand,
Petted him with her able hand ;
Then sprung again to the saddle-bow,
And shouted, " One more trial now ! "
As if ashamed of the heedless fall,
He gathered his strength once more for all,
And, galloping down a hillside steep,
Gained on the troopers at every leap ;
No more the high-bred steed did reel,
But ran his best for Jennie M'Neal.

They were a furlong behind, or more,
When the girl burst through the colonel's door,
Her poor arm helpless hanging with pain,
And she all drabbled and drenched with rain,
But her cheeks as red as fire-brands are,
And her eye as bright as a blazing star,
And shouted, " Quick ! be quick, I say !
They come ! they come ! Away ! away ! "
Then sunk on the rude white floor of deal,
Poor, brave, exhausted Jennie M'Neal.

The startled colonel sprung, and pressed
The wife and children to his breast,
And turned away from his fireside bright,
And glided into the stormy night ;

Then soon and safely made his way
To where the patriot army lay.
But first he bent, in the dim fire-light,
And kissed the forehead broad and white,
And blessed the girl who had ridden so well
To keep him out of a prison-cell.
The girl roused up at the martial din,
Just as the troopers came rushing in,
And laughed, e'en in the midst of a moan,
Saying, "Good sirs, your bird has flown.
'Tis I who have scared him from his nest;
So deal with me now as you think best."
But the grand young captain bowed, and said,
"Never you hold a moment's dread.
Of womankind I must crown you queen;
So brave a girl I have never seen.
Wear this gold ring as your valor's due;
And when peace comes I will come for you."
But Jennie's face an arch smile wore,
As she said, "There's a lad in Putnam's corps,
Who told me the same, long time ago;
You two would never agree, I know.
I promised my love to be true as steel,"
Said good, sure-hearted Jennie M'Neal.

WILL CARLETON.

BROTHER ANDERSON'S SERMON.

I WAS to preach for Brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called upon a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare and for fifty cents towards his salary.

Punctual to the hour Brother Anderson came rolling

across the street, and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took for my text Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was, in the main, a reading of the fourteenth of Paul's first letter, with comments and application interspersed.

I spoke half an hour, and while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience, exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion. When you feel the glory of God in you, let it out, of course. Shout, Glory! Clap your hands, and all that, but stop now and then and let some wise elder stand up and tell you what it all means. Men and boys hang around your windows and laugh at you and your religion, because they don't understand you. Some men have religion all in the head, clear, sharp, dry, and dead; others all in the heart, they feel it all in their bones. Now I want you to have religion in your heads and hearts too. Let all things be done decently and in order.

I was well satisfied with my effort; at the time it seemed a success. As I sat down, Brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit step and gave out a hymn—

"Let saints below in concert sing."

I am not sure that he could read, for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the words of the hymn; he repeated the first and second stanzas with a deep, growing feeling. Of the third he read three lines:

"One army ob de libl in God
To Thy commands we bow;
Part ob de hos' lub crossed de flood,
And—"

There he stopped, and after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say:

"I lub Brudder Beecher; I lub to hear him preach dis af'ernoon; he tole us a good many things. He's our

good frien', and he sez, sez he, dat some folks goes up to glory noisy 'n shoutin', and some goes still like, 'z if they was ashamed ob what's in 'em, and he sez we better be more like de still kind, an' de white folks 'ill like us more, and den I thinks 'tain't much 'count no way, wedder we goes up still like, or shoutin', for heben is a mighty big place, brudders, an' wen we all goes marchin' up to see de Lord, an' I's so full ob de lub, an' de joy, an' de glory, dat I mus' clap my han's an' shout, de good Lord got some place whar we won't 'sturb nobody, an' we can shout 'Glory! b'ess de Lord!' I tell you, brudders an' sisters, heben's a mighty big place, an' dar's room for Brudder Beecher an' us too. Dat's so! B'ess de Lord.

"Brudder Beecher sez dat 'tis'n de folks as makes de mos' noise as does de mos' work. He sez de ingines on de railroad only puff, puff, puff, reg'lar breavin' like, when dey's at work haulin' de biggest loads, an' de bells an' de whistles do n't do no work, dey only make a noise. Guess dat's so. I do n't know 'bout ingines much, an' I do n't know wedder I's a puff, puff ingine, or wedder I's one dat blows de whistles an' rings de bells. I feel like bofe sometimes, an' I tell you what, wen de fire is a burnin' an' I gits de steam up, do n't dribe no cattle on de track, de ingine's a comin'. Cl'ar de track.

"An' de boys an' de gals, an' de clarks, an' de young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-nights, an' dey peep in de windows, an' stan' 'round de doors, an' dey larf an' make fun, an' Brudder Beecher sez, 'Why don't we stop de noise now 'n den an' go out an' tell 'em 'bout it—'splain it to 'em.' An' I 'member w'at de Bible says, 'bout de outer darkness, an' de weepin' an' de wailin', an' de 'nashin' ob teeth. An' if dese boys an' gals stan' dar outside larfin', biemby dey'll come to de weepin' an' de

wailin', fus' dey know. An' den wen we stan' 'roun' de great white temple ob de Lord, an' sec de glory shiniin' out, an' de harpers harpin', an' all de music, an' de elders bowin', an' all shoutin' like many waters, an' de saints a-singin'—'Glory! Glory to de Lam,' 'spose God 'll say, 'Stop dat noise dar, Gabriel. You Gabriel, go out an' 'splain.' Yes, I see dem stan' las' winter 'roun' de doors an' under de windows an' larf; an' dey peep in an' larf. An' I 'member wot I saw las' summer, 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice an' clean an' still, like 'spectable meetin's, an' de oders was bustin' wid honey, an' de bees kep' a-comin' and a-goin' in de clover, an' dey jes' kep' on a fillin' up de hive, till de honey was a flowin' like de lan' ob Canaan. An' I saw all roun' de hives was de ants, an' worms, an' de great drones, an' de black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey wasn't bees. Dey could n't make de honey for dareselves. Dey could n't fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jus' hang 'roun' de bustin' hive an' live on de drippin's. An' de boys an' de gals come up yar an' hang 'roun'. Jes' come in an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do. Come in, an' we'll lead you to de clover. Come in, we'll make your wings grow. Come in, won't ye? Well den, poor things, let 'em stan' 'roun' de outside an' hab de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive.—

" 'Part ob de hos' hab crossed de flood,
An' part are crossin' now.' "

THOMAS K. BEECHER.



EXTRACT FROM "THE LAST DAYS OF
HERCULANEUM."

THERE was a man,
A Roman soldier, for some daring deed
That trespass'd on the laws, in dungeon low
Chain'd down. His was a noble spirit, rough,
But generous, and brave, and kind.

He had a son ; it was a rosy boy,
A little, faithful copy of his sire
In face and gesture. From infancy the child
Had been his father's solace and his care.

Every sport
The father shared and heighten'd. But at length
The rigorous law had grasp'd him, and condemn'd
To fetters and to darkness.

The captive's lot
He felt in all its bitterness ; the walls
Of his deep dungeon answer'd many a sigh
And heart-heaved groan. His tale was known, and
touch'd
His jailer with compassion ; and the boy,
Thenceforth a frequent visitor, beguiled
His father's lingering hours, and brought a balm
With his loved presence that in every wound
Dropp'd healing.

But in this terrific hour
He was a poison'd arrow in the breast
Where he had been a cure. With earliest morn
Of that first day of darkness and amaze,

He came. The iron door was closed,—for them
Never to open more ! The day, the night,
Dragg'd slowly by ; nor did they know the fate
Impending o'er the city.

Well they heard
The pent-up thunders in the earth beneath,
And felt its giddy rocking ; and the air
Grew hot at length, and thick ; but in his straw
The boy was sleeping ; and the father hoped
The earthquake might pass by ; nor would he wake,
From his sound rest, the unfearing child, nor tell
The dangers of their state.

On his low couch
The fetter'd soldier sunk, and, with deep awe,
Listen'd to the fearful sounds. With upturn'd eye,
To the great gods he breathed a prayer ; then strove
To calm himself, and lose in sleep a while
His useless terrors. But he could not sleep :
His body burn'd with feverish heat ; his chains
Clank'd loud, although he moved not ; deep in earth
Groan'd unimaginable thunders ; sounds,
Fearful and ominous, arose and died,
Like the sad moanings of November's wind
In the blank midnight.

Deepest horror chill'd
His blood, that burn'd before ; cold, clammy sweats
Came o'er him ; then, anon, a fiery thrill
Shot through his veins. Now on his couch he shrunk,
And shiver'd as in fear ; now upright leap'd,
As though he heard the battle-trumpet sound
And long'd to cope with death. He slept, at last,—
A troubled, dreamy sleep. Well had he slept

Never to waken more! His hours are few,
But terrible his agony.

Soon the storm
Burst forth; the lightnings glanced; the air
Shook with the thunders. They awoke; they sprung
Amazed upon their feet. The dungeon glow'd
A moment as in sunshine, and was dark;
Again, a flood of white flame fills the cell,
Dying away upon the dazzled eye,
In darkening, quivering tints, as stunning sound
Dies, throbbing, ringing in the ear. Silence,
And blackest darkness!

With intensest awe
The soldier's frame was fill'd; and many a thought
Of strange foreboding hurried through his mind,
As underneath he felt the fever'd earth
Jarring and lifting, and the massive walls
Heard harshly grate and strain; yet knew he not,
While evils undefined and yet to come
Glanced through his thoughts, what deep and cureless
wound
Fate had already given.

Where, man of woe!
Where, wretched father! is thy boy? Thou call'st
His name in vain: he cannot answer thee.

Loudly the father call'd upon his child:
No voice replied. Trembling and anxiously
He searched their couch of straw; with headlong haste
Trode round his stunted limits, and, low bent,
Groped darkling on the earth: no child was there.
Again he called; again, at farthest stretch
Of his accursed fetters, till the blood

Seem'd bursting from his ears, and from his eyes
Fire flash'd; he strain'd, with arm extended far,
And fingers widely spread, greedy to touch
Though but his idol's garment.

Useless toil!

Yet still renew'd; still round and round he goes,
And strains, and snatches, and with dreadful cries
Calls on his boy. Mad frenzy fires him now:
He plants against the wall his feet; his chain
Grasps; tugs with giant strength to force away
The deep-driven staple; yells and shrieks with rage;
And, like a desert lion in the snare,
Raging to break his toils, to and fro bounds.

But see! the ground is opening; a blue light
Mounts, gently waving, noiseless; thin and cold
It seems, and like a rainbow-tint, not flame:
But by its lustre, on the earth outstretch'd,
Behold the lifeless child! His dress is sing'd;
And o'er his face serene a darken'd line
Points out the lightning's track.

The father saw,
And all his fury fled: a dead calm fell
That instant on him; speechless, fix'd, he stood;
And, with a look that never wander'd, gazed
Intensely on the corse. Those laughing eyes
Were not yet closed; and round those ruby lips
The wonted smile return'd.

Silent and pale
The father stands; no tear is in his eye;
The thunders bellow, but he hears them not;
The ground lifts like a sea,—he knows it not;
The strong walls grind and gape; the vaulted roof

Takes shapes like bubbles tossing in the wind ;
 See ! he looks up and smiles ; for death to him
 Is happiness. Yet, could one last embrace
 Be given, 'twere still a sweeter thing to die.

It will be given. Look ! how the rolling ground,
 At every swell, nearer and still more near,
 Moves toward his father's outstretch'd arms his boy :
 Once he has touch'd his garment ; how his eye
 Lightens with love, and hope, and anxious fears !
 Ha ! see ! he has him now ! he clasps him round,
 Kisses his face, puts back the curling locks
 That shaded his fine brow ; looks in his eyes,—
 Grasps in his own those little dimpled hands ;
 Then folds him to his breast, as he was wont
 To lie when sleeping, and resign'd awaits
 Undreaded death.

And death came soon, and swift,
 And pangless. The huge pile sunk down at once
 Into the opening earth. Walls—arches—roof—
 And deep foundation-stones—all—mingling—fell !

EDWIN ATHERTON.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

“MY sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're
 to wait, if you please,
 And says I might stay 'till she came, if I'd promise her
 never to tease,
 Nor speak till you spoke to me first. But that's non-
 sense, for how would you know
 What she told me to say, if I did n't ? Don't you really
 and truly think so ?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone! And you would n't know just where to sit ;
For that chair is n't strong on its legs, and we never use it a bit.

We keep it to match with the sofa. But Jack says it would be like you
To flop yourself right down upon it and knock out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid to! Oh! you're afraid they would think it was mean!

Well, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean.

For sister says sometimes I daub it, but she only says that when she's cross.

There's her picture. You know it? It's like her, but she ain't as good-looking, of course!

"This is me. It's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought

That once I was little as that? It's the only one that could be bought—

For that was the message to Pa from the photograph man where I sat—

That he would n't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting. Why, often she's longer than this.

There's all her back hair to do up and all of her front curls to friz.

But it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people, just you and me.

Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh, do!
But do n't come like Tom Lee.

"Tom Lee? Her last beau. Why, my goodness! He
used to be here day and night,
Till the folks thought that he'd be her husband, and
Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? for you're not a
rich man, they say.
Pa says you are poor as a church mouse. Now, are you?
And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, *I* am, for I
know now your hair *isn't* red;
But what there's left of it is mousy, and not what that
naughty Jack said.
But there! I must go. Sister's coming. But I wish I
could wait just to see
If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she
used to kiss Lee."—BRET HARTE.

NIAGARA.

THE thoughts are strange that crowd upon my brain
As I look upward to thee! It would seem
As if God poured thee from his hollow hand,
And hung His bow upon thine awful front,
And spake in that loud voice that seemed to him
Who dwelt in Patmos for his Saviour's sake,
The sound of many waters; and had bade
Thy flood to chronicle the ages back,
And notch his centuries in the eternal rock!

Deep calleth unto deep, and what are we
That hear the questions of that voice sublime,

O what are all the notes that ever rung
From war's vain trumpet, by thy thundering side?
Yea, what is all the riot man can make,
In his short life, to thine unceasing roar?
And yet, bold babbler, what art thou to Him
Who drowned a world, and heaped the waters far
Above its loftiest mountains? A light wave
That runs and whispers of thy Maker's might!

BRAINARD.

TO A FRIEND.

I SAW two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
I thought that morning cloud was blest,
It moved so sweetly to the West.

I saw two summer currents,
Flow smoothly to their meeting,
And join their course with silent force,
In peace each other greeting.
Calm was their course through banks of green,
While dimpling eddies played between.

Such be your gentle motion,
Till life's last pulse shall beat;
Like summer's beam, and summer's stream,
Float on in joy to meet
A calmer sea, where storms shall cease,
A purer sky, where all is peace.—BRAINARD.

SATAN AND THE GROG-SELLER.

THE grog-seller sat by his bar-room fire,
With his feet as high as his head and higher,
Watching the smoke as he puffed it out,
That in spiral columns curled about,
Veiling his face with its fleecy fold,
As lazily up from his lips it rolled,
While a doubtful scent and a twilight gloom
Were slowly gathering within the room.

To their drunken slumbers, one by one,
Foolish and fuddled, his friends had gone,
To wake in the morn to the drunkard's pain,
With a bloodshot eye and a whirling brain.
Drowsily rung the watchman's cry,
"Past two o'clock, and a cloudy sky,"
But our host sat wakeful still, and shook
His head, and winked with a knowing look.

"Ha, ha!" said he, with a chuckling tone,
"I know the way the thing is done!
Twice five are ten, and another V.
Two ones, two twos, and a ragged three,
Make twenty-four for my well-filled fob;
He! he! it was rather a good night's job,
Those fools have guzzled my brandy and wine,
Much good may it do them, the cash is mine."

And he winked again with a knowing look,
And from his cigar the ashes shook,
"He! he! those fellows are in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet;
There's Brown, what a jolly dog is he!
And he swells the way that I like to see;

Let him dash for a while at this reckless rate,
And his farm is mine as sure as fate.

"I've a mortgage now on Tompkins' lot,
What a fool he was to become a sot!
But it's luck to me; in a month or so
I shall foreclose and the scamp must go!
Zounds, won't his wife have a taking on,
When she hears that his house and lot are gone?
How she will blubber and sob and sigh!
But business is business, and what care I?

"And Gibson has murdered his child, they say,
He was drunk as a fool here yesterday,
And I gave him a hint, as I went to fill
His jug, but the brute WOULD have his will,
And the folks blame me! why, bless their gizzards,
If I did not sell he would go to Izard's;
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance where there's cash to be made.

"If men'll get drunk and go home to turn
Their wives out doors, 't is their own concern;
But I hate to have women coming to me,
With this tweedle-dum and that tweedle-dee,
With their swollen eyes and their haggard looks,
And their speeches learned from temperance books;
With their pale, lean children, whimpering fools,
Why can't THEY go to the public schools?

"Let the hussies mind their own affairs,
For never have I interfered with theirs;
No customer will I turn away
Who is able to buy and willing to pay;
For business is business—Tee, he! Tee, he!"
And he rubbed his hands in his chuckling glee.

"Many a lark I have caught in my net,
I have them safe, and I'll fleece them yet."

"Tee, he! Tee, he!" 't was an echo'd sound;
Amaz'd, the grog-seller looked around,
This side and that through the smoke peer'd he,
But nought but the chairs could the grog-seller see.
"Ho, ho! He, he!" 't was a guttural note,
It seem'd to have come from an iron throat,
And his knees they shook and his hair 'gan to rise,
And he opened his mouth and he strained his eyes.

And lo! in a corner dark and dim,
Sat an uncouth form, with an aspect grim;
From his grisly head, through his snaky hair,
Sprouted of hard rough horns a pair.
And fiercely those shaggy brows below,
Like sulphurous flame, did his green eyes glow,
And his lip was curled with a sinister smile,
And the smoke belched forth from his mouth the while.

In his hand he bore, if a hand it was,
Whose fingers were shaped like a vulture's claws,
A three-tined fork, and its prongs so dull
Through the sockets were thrust of a grinning skull.
Like a sceptre he waved it, to and fro,
As he softly chuckled "Ha, ha! Ho, ho!"
And all the while were his eyes, that burn'd
Like sulphurous flame, on the grog-seller turned.

And how did HE feel beneath that look?
Why, his jaw fell down, and he shivered and shook,
And quivered and quaked in every limb,
As an ague fit had hold of him;
And his eyes to that monster grim were glued,
And his tongue was as stiff as a billet of wood.

But the fiend laughed on, "Ho, ho! He, he!"
And switch'd his tail in his quiet glee.

"Why, what do you fear, my friend?" he said,
And nodded the horns of his grisly head;
"You're an ally of mine, and I love you well;
In a very warm country, that men call hell,
I hold my court, and I'm proud to say,
That I've not a more faithful friend in pay
Than you, dear sir, for a work of evil:
May hap' you do n't know me, I'm called the Devil."

Like a galvanized corpse, so pale and wan,
Up started instanter that horror-struck man.
And he turned up the whites of his goggle eyes,
With a look half terror and half surprise,
And his tongue was loosed, but his words were few,
"The Devil! you do n't!" "Yes, faith, I do,"
Interrupted old Nick, "and here is the proof;
Just look at my tail, and my horns, and my hoof."

As Satan bade, so the grog-seller did,
Filling the vessel with gin to the lid,
And when it boil'd and bubbled o'er,
The fiery draught to his guest he bore;
Nick in a jiffy the liquor did quaff,
And thanked his host with a guttural laugh;
But faint and few were the smiles I ween
That on the grog-seller's face were seen;

For a mortal fear had seized him then,
And he deemed that the ways of living men
He should tread no more, that his hour had come
And his master too, to call him home;
Thought went back to the darkened past,
And shrieks were heard on the wintry blast,

And gliding before him, pale and dim,
Were jibbering fiends and spectres grim.

"Ho, ho!" says Nick, "'t is a welcome cold
You give to a friend so true and old,
Who has been for years in your own employ,
Running about like an errand boy ;
But we'll not fall out, for I clearly see
That you are rather afraid, and 'tis strange, of ME!
Do you think I've come for you? never fear,
You can't be spared for a long while here.

"There are hearts to break, there are souls to win
From the ways of Peace to the paths of Sin ;
There are homes to be rendered desolate ;
There is trusting Love to be changed to Hate ;
There are hands that murder must crimson red ;
There are Hopes to crush, there is blight to be shed
Over the YOUNG and the PURE and the FAIR,
Till their lives are crush'd by the fiend, Despair.

"This is the work you have done so well,
Cursing this earth and peopling Hell ;
Quenching the light on the inner shrine
Of the human soul, till you make it mine ;
Want and sorrow, disease and shame,
And crimes that even I shudder to name,
Dance and howl in their hellish glee,
Around those spirits you've marked for me.

"Oh ! selling of grog is a good device
To make a hell of a paradise ;
Wherever may roll that fiery flood,
It is swollen with TEARS, it is stained with BLOOD.
And the voice, that was heard just now in prayer,
With its muttered curses stirs the air.

And the hand, that shielded the wife from ill,
In its drunken wrath is raised to kill.

“Hold on your course, you are filling up
With the wine of the wrath of God your cup,
And the fiends exult in their homes below,
As you deepen the pangs of human wo ;
Long shall it be, if I have MY way,
Ere the night of death shall close your day ;
For to pamper your lust for the glittering pelf,
You rival, in mischief, the Devil himself.”

No more said the fiend, for clear and high,
Rang out on the air the watchman's cry.
With a choking sob and a half-formed scream,
The grog-seller woke—it was all a dream ;
His grisly guest with the horns had flown,
The light was out and the fire was gone,
And sad and silent his bed he sought,
And long of that wondrous vision thought.

BURLEIGH.

ARTEMUS WARD'S LONDON LECTURE.

ADAPTED.

I DON'T expect to do great things here—but I have thought that if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain.

I don't want to live in vain.—I'd rather live in Chicago—or here. But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall they had given it a little more ventilation.

I really do n't care for money. I only travel round to

see the world and to exhibit my clothes. These clothes I have on were a great success in America.

How often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am.

I am not an artist, yet I have a passion for pictures. I have had a great many pictures—photographs—taken of myself. Some of them are very pretty—rather sweet to look at for a short time—and as I said before, I like them.

I could draw on wood at a very tender age. When a mere child I once drew a small cart-load of raw turnips over a wooden bridge. The people of the village noticed me. I drew their attention. They said I had a future before me. Up to that time I had an idea it was behind me.

Time passed on. It always does, by the way. You may possibly have noticed that time passes on. It is a kind of way time has.

I became a man. I haven't distinguished myself at all as an artist—but I have always been more or less mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs—and I have a servant who—takes anything he can get his hands on.

When I was in Rome—Rome in New York State I mean—a distinguished sculptist wanted to sculp me. But I said, "No." I saw through the designing man.

The remembrance often makes me ask, "Where are the boys of my youth?" I assure you this is not a conundrum. Some are amongst you here—some in America—some are in gaol.

Hence arises a most touching question, "Where are the girls of my youth?" Some are married—some would like to be.

O my Maria! Alas! she married another. They frequently do. I hope she is happy—because I am. Some people are not happy. I have noticed that.

A gentleman friend of mine came to me one day with tears in his eyes. I said, "Why these weeps?" He said he had a mortgage on his farm—and wanted to borrow \$200. I lent him the money—and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me forever. I ventured to remind him of the \$200 he borrowed. He was much cut up. I thought I would not be hard upon him—so told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened—shook my hand—and said, "Old friend, I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality,—I'll throw off the other hundred."

This story has n't anything to do with my lecture, I know—but one of the principal features of my lecture is that it contains so many things that do n't have anything to do with it.

I met a man in Oregon who had n't any teeth—not a tooth in his head; yet that man could play on the bass drum better than any man I ever met. He kept a hotel. They have queer hotels in Oregon. I remember one where they gave me a bag of oats for a pillow—I had nightmares of course. In the morning the landlord said, "How do you feel, old hoss, hay?" I told him I felt my oats.

I went to Great Salt Lake City by way of California. I went to California on the steamer "Ariel."

When I reached the "Ariel," at pier No. 4, New York, I found the passengers in a state of great confusion about their things, which were being thrown around by the ship's porters in a manner at once damaging and idiotic. So great was the excitement, my fragile form was smashed this way, and jammed that way, till finally

I was shoved into a state-room which was occupied by two middle-aged females, who said, "Base man, leave us, Oh, leave us!" I left them—Oh, I left them!

I here introduce a great work of art. It is an oil painting—done in petroleum. It is by the Old Masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired.

Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before—and they hope they never shall again.

When I first showed this picture in New York, the audience were so enthusiastic in their admiration of it that they called for the artist—and when he appeared they threw brickbats at him.

The Overland Mail Coach, the den on wheels in which we were crammed for ten days—and ten nights. Those of you who have been in the penitentiary—and stayed there any length of time—as visitors—can realize how I felt.

The American Overland Mail Route commences at Sacramento, California, and ends at Atchison, Kansas. The distance is two thousand two hundred miles, but you go part of the way by rail. The Pacific Railway is now completed from Sacramento, California, to Fulsom, California, which only leaves two thousand two hundred and eleven miles to go by coach. This breaks the monotony—it came very near breaking my back.

The actors of the Mormon theatre are all amateurs, who charge nothing for their services.

You must know that very little money is taken at the doors of their theatres. The Mormons mostly pay in grain and all sorts of articles.

The night I gave my little lecture there, among my

receipts were corn, flour, pork, cheese, chickens—on foot and in the shell. One family went in on a live pig.

I dislike to speak about it—but it was in Utah that I made the great speech of my life. I wish you could have heard it. I have a fine education. You may have noticed it. I speak four different languages—Maine, New York, California and Pennsylvania. My parents sold a cow, and sent me to college when I was quite young. I wish you could have heard that speech, however. If Cicero—he's dead now—he has gone from us—but if old Ciss could have heard that effort, it would have given him the rinderpest. I'll tell you how it was. There are stationed in Utah two regiments of U. S. troops—the 21st from California, and the 37th from Nevada. The 20-onesters asked me to present a stand of colors to the 37-sters, and I did it in a speech so abounding in eloquence of a bold and brilliant character, that I worked the enthusiasm of those soldiers up to such a pitch, that they came very near shooting me on the spot.

Brigham Young had two hundred wives. Just think of that! Oblige me, ladies and gentlemen, by thinking of that. That is, he had eighty actual wives, and was spiritually married to one hundred and twenty more.

So we may say he had two hundred wives. He loved not wisely, but two hundred well. He was dreadfully married. He was the most married man I ever saw in my life.

I saw his mother-in-law while I was there. I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal. It strikes me that one mother-in-law is about enough to have in a family—unless you're very fond of excitement.

By the way, Shakespeare indorses polygamy. He

speaks of the Merry Wives of Windsor. How many wives did Mr. Windsor have?

Brother Kimball is a gay and festive cuss of some seventy summers, or some'ers thereabout. He has one thousand head of cattle and a hundred head of wives.

Mr. Kimball had a son—a lovely young man—who was married to ten interesting wives. But one day, while he was absent from home, these ten wives went out walking with a handsome young man, which so enraged Mr. Kimball's son—which made Mr. Kimball's son so jealous—that he shot himself with a horse pistol.

The doctor who attended him—a very scientific man—informed me that the bullet entered the inner parallelogram of his diaphragmatic thorax, superinducing membranous hemorrhage in the outer cuticle of his basiliconthamaturgist. It killed him. I should have thought it would.

I hope his sad end will be a warning to all young wives who go out walking with handsome young men. Mr. Kimball's son is now no more. He sleeps beneath the cypress, the myrtle, and the willow. He died by request.

I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

It was leap-year when I was there, and seventeen young widows, the wives of a deceased Mormon, offered me their hearts and hands. I called on them one day, and taking their soft white hands in mine, which made eighteen hands altogether, I found them in tears.

And I said, "Why is this thus? What is the reason of this thusness?"

They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said:

"Oh, soon thou wilt be gonested away!"

I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I wentested.

They said, "Doth not like us?"

I said, "I doth—I doth!"

I also said, "I hope your intentions are honorable, as I am a lone child, my parents being far, far away."

They then said, "Wilt not marry us?"

I said, "Oh, no; it cannot was."

Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. When they cried—

"Oh, cruel man! This is too much, oh, too much!"

I told them that it was on account of the muchness that I declined.

While crossing the desert I was surrounded by a band of Ute Indians. They were splendidly mounted, they were dressed in beaver-skins, and they were armed with rifles, knives and pistols.

What could I do? What could a poor old orphan do? I'm a brave man. The day before the battle of Bull's Run I stood in the highway while the bullets—those dreadful messengers of death—were passing all around me thickly—in wagons—on their way to the battlefield. But there were too many of these Injuns—there were forty of them, and only one of me; and so I said:

"Great Chief, I surrender." His name was Wocky-bocky.

He dismounted and approached me. I saw his tomahawk glisten in the morning sunlight. Fire was in his eye. Wocky-bocky came very close to me and seized me by the hair of my head. He mingled his swarthy fingers with my golden tresses, and he rubbed his dreadful Thomashawk across my lily-white face. He said—

"Torsha arrah darrah mishky bookshean!"

I told him he was right.

Wocky-bocky again rubbed his tomahawk across my face, and said, "Wink-ho—loo-boo!"

Says I, "Mr. Wocky-bocky," says I, "Wocky, I have thought so for years, and so 's all our family."

He told me I must go to the tent of the Strong-Heart and eat raw dog. It don't agree with me. I prefer simple food. I prefer hash, because then I know what I'm eating. But as raw dog was all they proposed to give to me, I had to eat it or starve. So at the expiration of two days I seized a tin plate and went to the chief's daughter, and I said to her in a silvery voice—in a kind of German-silvery voice—I said:

"Sweet child of the forest, the pale-face wants his dog."

There was nothing but his paws! I had paused too long! Which reminds me that time passes. A way which time has.

I was told in my youth to seize opportunity. I once tried to seize one. He was rich. He had diamonds on. As I seized him—he knocked me down. Since then I have learned that he who seizes opportunity sees the penitentiary. I will seize this opportunity to close my lecture.—ARTEMUS WARD.



THE CANE-BOTTOMED CHAIR.



IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world, and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright, and the air rather pure;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

The snug little chamber is crammed in all nooks
With worthless old knickknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds, and foolish old ends,
Cracked bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armor, prints, pictures, pipes, china (all cracked),
Old rickety tables and chairs broken-backed;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see;
What matter? 't is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire;
And 't is wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn,
'T is a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long, thro' the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,
Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old
times,

As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia,
This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the old sweet treasures that garnish my nest,
There's one that I love and I cherish the best;
For the finest of couches that's padded with hair
I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high shouldered, worm-eaten seat,
With a creaking old back and twisted old feet;
But, since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,
I bless thee, and love thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling in holding such charms,
A thrill must have passed thro' your withered old arms;
I looked, and I longed, and I wished in despair;
I wished myself turned to a cane-bottomed chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,
She'd a scarf on her neck and a smile on her face;
A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,
And she sat there and bloomed in my cane-bottom'd
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,
Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince;
Saint Fanny, my patroness, sweet I declare,
The queen of my heart and my cane-bottomed chair.

When candles burn low, and the company is gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit alone, but we yet are a pair;
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottomed chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottomed chair.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.



ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH.

THE first thing that I remember was Carlo tugging
away

At the sleeve of my coat ;
Pulling, as much as to say, " Come, master, awake,
And tend to the switch. Lives now depend upon you.
Think of the souls in the coming train,
And the graves you are sending them to.
Think of them, doomed every one to lie
(As it were by your very hand)

In yon fathomless ditch ;
Murdered, by one who should guard them from harm,
Who now is asleep at the switch."

I sprang up amazed—scarce knew where I stood,
Sleep had o'ercome me so ;
I could hear the forest trees rustling,
As they by the tempest were tossed ;
But, what was that noise in the distance
That I could not understand ?
I heard it at first indistinctly,

Like the rolling of some muffled drum,
Then nearer and nearer it came to me,
And made my very ears hum ;
What light is this that surrounds me
And seems to set fire to my brain ?
What whistle that, yelling so shrilly ?
Ah ! I know now ; it's the train.

We often stand facing some danger,
And seem to take root to the place.
So I stood—with this demon before me,
Its heated breath fanning my face.

Its headlight made day of the darkness
And glared like the eyes of some witch,
The train was almost upon me
Before I remembered the switch.
I sprang to it, seizing it wildly,
The train dashing fast down the track ;
And on came the fiery-eyed monster,
And shot by my face like a flash.

I swooned to the earth the next moment,
And knew nothing after the crash.
How long I lay there unconscious
Was impossible for me to tell ;
My stupor was almost a heaven,
My waking almost a hell.
For I then heard the piteous shrieking and moaning
Of husbands and wives.
Mothers dashed past me like maniacs,
Their eyes staring madly and wild.

My mind was made up in a moment,
The river should hide me away,
When under the still burning rafter
I noticed there lay a little white hand ;
I lifted the last log from off her
And quietly laid it aside,
And, while searching for some spark of life,
Turned the little face up in the starlight,
And recognized—Maggie, my wife !

O God ! thy curse is a hard one,
At a blow thou hast humbled my pride ;
My life will be one endless nightmare,
With Maggie away from my side.
How often I'd sat down and pictured

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

IT was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping-car people slept—or tried to.

Some of them slept, like Christian men and women, peacefully, and sweetly, and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these, the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to a square snore with variations, you wanted to count "lower three" in, with a full hand, and a pocketful of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He did n't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh, no. There was more cold-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific—

"Gd-r-r-r-t!"

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it was an accident, however, and, trusting that he would n't do it again, we all forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn—

"Gw-a-h-h-h-hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on, in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities.

"Gwa-a-ah! Gwa-a-ah! Gahwahwah! Gah-wahwah! Gah-wa-a-a-ah! Gwa-wah-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder-storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful—

"Gwook!"

Which sounded as though his nose had got angry at him, and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death; nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural—

"Gurchoch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious—

"Kowpf!"

He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut, he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores, he ran through intricate and fearful variations until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night, and all night through, he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! Kowpff! Gaw-aw-wah! gawahhah! gwock! gwarrr! gwah-h-h-ll-whoof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together

how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made that beautiful sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great guns!

It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's.

BURLINGTON HAWKEYE.

GRADATIM.

HEAVEN is not reached at a single bound;
 But we build the ladder by which we rise
 From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
 And we mount to the summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true;
 That a noble deed is a step toward God—
 Lifting the soul from the common sod
 To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
 By what we have mastered of good and gain;
 By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
 And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust,
 When the *morning* calls us to life and light;
 But our hearts grow weary, and ere the *night*,
 Our lives are trailing the sordid dust.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we pray,
And we think that we mount the air on wings
Beyond the recall of sensual things,
While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men !
We may borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope, and resolve, and aspire, and pray;
But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Only in *dreams* is a ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire walls;
But the dreams depart, and the vision falls,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to the summit round by round.
J. G. HOLLAND.

THE SONG OF THE CRICKETS.

UNDER the grass, in the bright summer weather,
We little crickets live gayly together ;
When the moon shines, and the dew brightly glistens,
All the night long you may hear if you listen—
“Cheep ! cheep ! cheep !”

We are the crickets that sing you to sleep.

We have no houses to store up our treasure,
Gay little minstrels, we live but for pleasure ;
What shall we do when the summer is over,
When the keen frost nips the meadows of clover ?
Cheep ! cheep ! cheep !
Under the hearthstone for shelter we creep.

Then when the firelight is dancing and glowing,
Nothing we'll care how the winter is blowing ;
Down in our snug little cells we will sing you
Songs of the brightness the summer will bring you.

Cheep! cheep! cheep!

Summer is coming, though snows may be deep.

EMILY H. MILLER.

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS.

ONE more unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments,
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing!

Touch her not scornfully!
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly—
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny,
Into her mutiny,
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,—
One of Eve's family,—
Wipe those poor lips of hers,
Oozing so clammily.
Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,—
Her fair auburn tresses,—
Whilst wonderment guesses,
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly

Feelings had changed,—
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black, flowing river;
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled—
Anywhere, anywhere
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,—
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it!
Picture it,—think of it
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs, frigidly,
 Stiffen too rigidly,
 Decently, kindly,
 Smooth and compose them ;
 And her eyes, close them,
 Staring so blindly !—
 Dreadfully staring
 Through muddy impurity,
 As when with the daring
 Last look of despairing
 Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
 Spurred by contumely
 Cold inhumanity,
 Burning insanity,
 Into her rest !
 Cross her hands humbly,
 As if praying dumbly,
 Over her breast !
 Owning her weakness,
 Her evil behavior,
 And leaving, with meekness,
 Her sins to her Saviour !

THOMAS HOOD.

DOCTOR MARIGOLD.

I AM that sort of a tradesman known all over London as a Cheap Jack. With horse and cart I carry my wares, and supply the various wants of the people. My own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William.

but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum.

You'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. And my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work.

But I top him. For look here! I am on the foot-board of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here, my free and independent woters, I'm a-going to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am a-going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flat-iron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half a dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop. I'll throw you in another article, and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article's a looking-glass, in which you may see how ugly you look when

you do n't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you have n't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tally-man. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart, —there they are! razors, flat-iron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass,—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me the Cheap Jack.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is a article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound for, from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. I

mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times,—which, by the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet-ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Wiolence in a cart is *so* wiolent, and aggrawation in a cart is *so* aggrawating.

But the worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies, she beat the child. This got to be so shocking as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did.

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now, that I didn't go tearing

mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Yet in other respects her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but however she took it, once she got it, she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say, "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a dead-lock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I could n't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I had n't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "Tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line,—“Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She is a fortune-teller. She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether

you're a-going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Your well-known awkwardness would make it manslaughter. Now I am a-going to ask her what you do want." (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so, that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet;" and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father.") "This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine hot-pressed wire-wove pages, ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly-pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a camp-stool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch-dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already." (Then, making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) "Why, she says you are thinking of as little as three and threepence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well, then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little

Sophy's face, and asked her if she felt faint or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then turning from the pretty, patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd.) "She says the good luck is the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket and take the lot. The party so picked out in general does feel obliged to take the lot. Then we had another lot, the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always wery much enjoyed. Next came the ladies' lot,—the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half a dozen spoons, and caudle-cup,—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggers back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick. Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she's dead, and has flown away from you!"

Maybe those were harder words than I meant 'em, but

from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed and her eyes looking on the ground. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when, as we were coming into Exeter out of the further West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Do n't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears and ran away like a wild thing, and the next day she was found in the river.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself), but they got me down in private and rolled upon me.

It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant, otherwise Pickleson, mentioned to me, under the seal of confidence, that, beyond his being a burden to himself, his life was made a burden to him by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. He was such a very languid young man, which I attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities, that I do n't know how long it did n't take him to get this story out; but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant, otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I could n't see the giant through what stood in

my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence, for he was kept as short as he was long.

His master's name was Mim, a very hoarse man, and I knew him to speak to.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim, and said: "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a-going to do with you. I'm a-going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart. I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you, unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the reverse—it's according to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and say we was going to WINDSOR, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that same order 'again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. An-

other time I give her DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty ; but she caught the idea after long patience and trouble, and then we did get on swimmingly, I believe you ! We had our signs, too ; and they was hundreds in number.

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her.

So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman come to speak to us, I says to him : " Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can't produce a deafer nor yet a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her, in the shortest separation that can be named, state the figure for it, and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There ! " The gentleman smiled, and then, " Well, well," says he, " I must first know what she has learnt already. How do you

communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote, in printed writing, many names of things, and so forth, and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her, and which she was able to read. "This is very extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all. Finally says he, "Can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her good—yes, sir."

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her: "Can she part with you for two years?"

I do n't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to, and because I could think, when I was anyways down, that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves, and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I

could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head, which helped me over the two years' stile.

A kind of jealousy crept into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way the question got into my head, could n't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did; and having formed the resolution, then come the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I came to be called Doctor, and yet was no doctor. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into, through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had supposed me to be a doctor in a medical point of view. So thinks I, "Now, if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest—to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way,—it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty."

At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, who knows? The new cart was finished,—yellow outside, relieved with wermilion and brass fittings,—the old horse was put in it, a new un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart,—and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her.

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long; has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but—"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"*I feel*," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman, and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I did n't make of myself, until we all three settled down

into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

Every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the two carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped. I was as pleased and as proud as a pug-dog with his muzzle black-leaded for an evening party, and his tail extra curled by machinery.

But one time we were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights' more than fair average business in the open square there. Mim's travelling giant, otherwise Pickleson, happened at the self-same time to be a trying it on in the town. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson, owing much happiness to you, I did put you in my will for a fypunnote; but, to save trouble, here's fourpunten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity, and made his acknowledgments in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the travelling giant, otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold,"—I give his words without a hope of conveying their feebleness,—"who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?" "The strange young *man*?" I gives him back, thinking he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat them,

doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson, being forced to stretch his legs (not that they wanted it) only at times when he could n't be seen for nothing, to wit, in the dead of the night and towards daybreak, had twice seen, hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster, where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson. Towards morning I kept a lookout for the strange young man, and, what was more, I saw the strange young man. He was well dressed and well looking. He loitered very nigh my carts, watching them like, as if he was taking care of them, and soon after daybreak turned and went away. I sent a hail after him; but he never started nor looked round, nor took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way towards Carlisle. Next morning at daybreak I looked out again for the strange young man, and there he was once more. I sent another hail after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it, I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I, and where is all that I have worked and planned for?"—hoping—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might *not* favor him. I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on, leaning behind a fir-tree, without

their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a-going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked her if she did n't love him. Yes, she loved him dearly, dearly, but she could never disappoint her beloved, good, noble, generous, and I-do n't-know-what-all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved waistcoat), and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him, though it was to break her heart! Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

She had left the young man by that time, and my mind was in such an unsettled state that it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together, and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees,—of which there was a cluster,—with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf and dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She took up the book of my Prescriptions, and held it up with a forced smile; but seeing me keep still and look earnest, she softly laid it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only further words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat (blue and bright buttons) for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand.

So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service, and so as of old, when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know." When I wrote back, I hinted the question; but as Sophy never answered that question, I felt it to be a sad one, and I never repeated it. For a long time our letters were regular, but then they got irregular through Sophy's husband being moved to another station, and through my being always on the move. But

we were in one another's thoughts, I was equally sure, letters or no letters.

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was at a greater height of popularity than ever, and one Christmas evening found me in London, clean sold out.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas-eve dinner in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms, thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good-humor with everything except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self, that I saw her touching face quite plainly, before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf and dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me, that for half a moment I believed I was a-going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. A bright little comely girl, with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite

of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said, in a pretty voice :

“Grandfather!”

“Ah!” I cries out. “She can speak!”

In a moment Sophy was round my neck as well as the child, and her husband was a-wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

Adapted from CHARLES DICKENS.

HOME SONG.

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;

To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east and they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;

To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;

To stay at home is best.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THANATOPSIS.

TO him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice,—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,—
To be a brother to the insensible rock.
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world, with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between ;
The venerable woods ; rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green ; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man ! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings,—yet the dead are there !
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,—the dead reign there alone !
So shalt thou rest ; and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure ? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favorite phantom ; yet all these shall leave

Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall, one by one, be gathered to thy side
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



LITTLE ALLIE.

THE day was gloomy and chill. At the freshly-opened grave stood a little, delicate girl of five years, the only mourner for the silent heart beneath. Friendless, hopeless, homeless, she had wept till she had no more tears to shed, and now she stood, with her scanty clothing fluttering in the chill wind, pressing her little hands tightly over her heart, as if to still its beating.

"It's no use fretting," said the rough man, as he stamped the last shovelful of earth over all the child had left to love. "Fretting won't bring dead folks to life. Pity you had n't got no ship's cousins somewheres to take

you. It's a tough world, this ere, I tell ye. I don't see how ye're going to weather it. Guess I'll take ye round to Miss Fetherbee's; she's got a power of children, and wants a hand to help her; so come along. If you cry enough to float the ark, it won't do you no good."

Allie obeyed him mechanically, turning her head every few minutes to take another look where her mother lay buried.

The morning sun shone in upon an underground kitchen in the crowded city. Mrs. Fetherbee, attired in a gay-colored calico dress, with any quantity of tinsel jewelry, sat sewing some showy cotton lace on a cheap pocket-handkerchief. A boy of five years was disputing with a little girl of three about an apple; from big words they had come to hard blows, and peace was finally declared at the price of an orange apiece and a stick of candy—each combatant "putting in" for the biggest. Poor Allie, with pale cheeks and swollen eyelids, was staggering up and down the floor under the weight of a mammoth baby, who was amusing himself by pulling out at intervals little handfuls of her hair.

"Quiet that child, can't ye?" said Mrs. Fetherbee, in no very gentle tone. "I don't wonder the darling is cross to see such a solemn face. You must get a little life into you somehow, or you won't earn the salt to your porridge here. There, I declare, you've half put his eyes out with those long curls, dangling round. Come here, and have 'em cut off; they don't look proper for a charity child," and she glanced at the short, stubby crops on the heads of the little Fetherbees.

Allie's lip quivered as she said, "Mother used to love to brush them smooth every morning. She said they were like little dead sister's; please, don't!" said she, beseechingly.

"But I tell you I do please to cut 'em off; so there's an end of that!" said she, as the severed ringlets fell in a shining heap on the kitchen floor. "And do, for creation's sake, stop talking about 'dead folks;' and now eat your breakfast, if you want it. I forgot you had n't had any. There's some the children's left; if you're hungry, it will go down; and if you ain't, you can go without."

Poor Allie! the daintiest morsel would n't have "gone down." Her eyes filled with tears that would n't be forced back, and she sobbed out, "I must cry, if you beat me for it; my heart pains me so bad."

"H-i-t-y T-i-t-y! What's all this?" said a broad-faced, rosy milkman, as he set his shining can down on the kitchen table. "What's all this, Miss Fetherbee? I'd as lief eat pins and needles as hear a child cry. Who is she?" pointing at Allie, "and what's the matter of her?"

"Why, the long and the short of it is, she's a poor pauper that we've taken in out of charity, and she's crying at her good luck,—that's all," said the lady, with a vexed toss of her head. "That's the way benevolence is always rewarded. Nothing on earth to do here, but tend the baby, and amuse the children, and run to the door, and wash the dishes, and dust the furniture, and tidy the kitchen, and go of a few errands. Ungrateful little baggage!"

Jemmy's heart was as big as his farm, and that covered considerable ground. Glancing pitifully at the little weeper, he said, skilfully, "That child's going to be sick, Miss Fetherbee, and then what are you going to do with her? Besides, she's too young to be of much use to you. You'd better let me take her."

"Well, I should n't wonder if you was half right,"

said the frightened woman. "She's been trouble enough already. I'll give her a 'quit-claim.'"

"Will you go with me, little maid?" said Jemmy, with a bright, good-natured smile.

"If you please," said Allie, laying her little hand confidently in his rough palm.

"Sit up closer," said Jemmy, as he put one arm round her to steady her fragile figure as they rattled over the stony pavements. "We shall soon be out of this smoky old city. Consarn it! I always feel as if I was poisoned every time I come into town. And then we'll see what sweet hay-fields, and new milk, and clover blossoms, and kind hearts will do for you, you poor little plucked chicken! Where did you come from when you came to live with that old Jezebel?"

"From my mother's grave!" said Allie.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" said Jemmy, wiping away a tear with his coat-sleeve. "Well, never mind. I wish I had n't asked you. I'm always running my head ag'in a beam. Do you like to feed chickens, hey? Did you ever milk a cow, or ride on top of a hay-cart, or go a-berrying? Do you love bouncing red apples, and peaches as big as your fist? It shall go hard if you don't have 'em all. What's come of your hair, child? Have you had your head shaved?"

"Mrs. Fetherbee cut it off," said Allie.

"The old vixen! I wish I'd come in a little quicker. Was it your curls them young 'uns was playing with? Well, never mind," said he, looking admiringly at the sweet face before him, "you don't need 'em; and they might get you to looking in the glass oftener than was good for you.

"Well, here we are, I declare; and there stands my old woman in the door-way, shading her eyes from the sun. I guess she wonders where I raised you!

"Look here, Betsey ; do you see this child ? The earth is fresh on her mother's grave ! She has neither kith nor kin. I have brought her from that old skinflint of a Fetherbee's, and here she is. If you like her, it's well and good ; and if you don't, she'll stay here just the same. But I know you will !" said he, coaxingly, as he passed his brawny arm round her capacious waist. "And now get her something that will bring the color to her cheeks ; for, mind you, I'll have no white slaves on my farm !"

How sweetly Allie's little, tired limbs rested in the fragrant lavendered sheets ! A tear lingered on her cheek, but its birth was not of sorrow. Jemmy pointed it out to his wife, as they stood looking at her before retiring to rest.

"Never forget it, Betsey !" said he. "Harsh words ain't for the motherless. May God forget me, if she ever hears one from my lips !" — FANNY FERN.



AVE MARIA.

A BRETON LEGEND.



IN the ages of faith, before the day
When men were too proud to weep or pray,
There stood in a red-roofed Breton town
Snugly nestled 'twixt sea and down,
A chapel for simple souls to meet,
Nightly, and sing with voices sweet,

Ave Maria !

There was an idiot, palsied, bleared,
With unkempt locks and a matted beard,
Hunched from the cradle, vacant-eyed,
And whose head kept rolling from side to side;
Yet who, when the sunset glow grew dim,
Joined with the rest in the twilight hymn,
Ave Maria!

But when they up-got and wended home,
Those up the hillside, these to the foam,
He hobbled along in the narrowing dusk,
Like a thing that is only hull and husk;
On as he hobbled, chanting still,
Now to himself, now loud and shrill,
Ave Maria!

Others might plough, and reap, and sow,
Delve in the sunshine, spin in snow,
Make sweet love in a shelter sweet,
Or trundle their dead in a winding-sheet;
But he, through rapture, and pain, and wrong,
Kept singing his one monotonous song,
Ave Maria!

When thunder growled from the ravelled wrack,
And ocean to welkin bellowed back,
And the lightning sprang from its cloudy sheath
And tore through the forest with jagged teeth,
Then leaped and laughed o'er the havoc wreaked,
The idiot clapped with his hands, and shrieked,
Ave Maria!

Children mocked, and mimick'd his feet,
As he slouched or sidled along the street;
Maidens shrank as he passed them by,
And weary mothers eschewed his eye;

And half in pity, half scorn, the folk
Christened him, from the words he spoke,
Ave Maria!

One year, when the harvest feasts were done,
And the mending of tattered nets begun,
And the kittiwake's scream took a weirder key
From the wailing wind, and the moaning sea,
He was found, at morn, on the fresh-strewn snow,
Frozen, and faint, and crooning low,
Ave Maria!

They stirred up the ashes between the dogs,
And warmed his limbs by the blazing logs,
Chafed his puckered and bloodless skin,
And strove to quiet his chattering chin;
But, ebbing with unreturning tide,
He kept on murmuring till he died,
Ave Maria!

Idiot, soulless, brute from birth,
He could not be buried in sacred earth;
So they laid him afar, apart, alone,
Without or a cross, or turf, or stone,
Senseless clay unto senseless clay,
To which none ever came nigh to say,
Ave Maria!

Hunchbacked, gibbering, blear-eyed, halt,
From forehead to footstep one foul fault,
Crazy, contorted, mindless-born,
The gentle's pity, the cruel's scorn,
Who shall bar you the gates of day,
So you have simple faith to say,
Ave Maria!

ALFRED AUSTIN.

THE GREEN MOUNTAIN JUSTICE.

“THE snow is deep,” the Justice said ;
“There’s mighty mischief overhead.”
“High talk, indeed !” his wife exclaimed ;
“What, sir ! shall Providence be blamed ?”
The Justice, laughing, said, “Oh no !
I only meant the loads of snow
Upon the roofs. The barn is weak ;
I greatly fear the roof will break.
So hand me up the spade, my dear,
I’ll mount the barn, the roof to clear.”
“No !” said the wife ; “the barn is high,
And if you slip, and fall, and die,
How will my living be secured ?—
Stephen, your life is not insured.
But tie a rope your waist around,
And it will hold you safe and sound.”
“I will,” said he. “Now for the roof—
All snugly tied, and danger-proof !
Excelsior ! Excel— But no !
The rope is not secured below !”
Said Rachel, “Climb, the end to throw
Across the top, and I will go
And tie that end around my waist.”
“Well, every woman to her taste ;
You always would be tightly laced.
Rachel, when you became my bride,
I thought the knot securely tied ;
But lest the bond should break in twain,
I’ll have it fastened once again.”

Below the arm-pits tied around,
She takes her station on the ground,

While on the roof, beyond the ridge,
He shovels clear the lower edge.
But, sad mischance! the loosened snow
Comes sliding down, to plunge below.
And as he tumbles with the slide,
Up Rachel goes on t'other side.
Just half-way down the Justice hung;
Just half-way up the woman swung.
"Good land o' Goshen!" shouted she;
"Why, do you see it?" answered he.

The couple, dangling in the breeze,
Like turkeys hung outside to freeze,
At their rope's end and wit's end, too,
Shout back and forth what best to do.
Cried Stephen, "Take it coolly, wife;
All have their ups and downs in life."
Quoth Rachel, "What a pity 't is
To joke at such a time as this!
A man whose wife is being hung
Should know enough to hold his tongue."
"Now, Rachel, as I look below,
I see a tempting heap of snow.
Suppose, my dear, I take my knife,
And cut the rope to save my life."
She shouted, "Don't! 't would be my death—
I see some pointed stones beneath.
A better way would be to call
With all our might, for Phebe Hall."
"Agreed!" he roared. First he, then she
Gave tongue: "O Phebe! Phebe! *Phee-*
be Hall!" in tones both fine and coarse,
Enough to make a drover hoarse.

Now Phebe, over at the farm,
Was sitting, sewing, snug and warm ;
But hearing, as she thought, her name,
Sprang up, and to the rescue came,
Beheld the scene, and thus she thought :
“ If now a kitchen chair were brought,
And I could reach the lady's foot,
I'd draw her downward by the boot,
Then cut the rope, and let him go ;
He cannot miss the pile of snow.”
He sees her moving towards his wife,
Armed with a chair and carving-knife,
And, ere he is aware, perceives
His head ascending to the eaves ;
And, guessing what the two are at,
Screams from beneath the roof, “ Stop that !
You make me fall too far, by half ! ”
But Phebe answers, with a laugh,
“ Please tell a body by what right
You've brought your wife to such a plight ! ”
And then, with well-directed blows,
She cuts the rope and down he goes.

The wife untied, they walk around,
When, lo ! no Stephen can be found.
They call in vain, run to and fro ;
They look around, above, below ;
No trace or token can they see,
And deeper grows the mystery.
Then Rachel's heart within her sank ;
But, glancing at the snowy bank,
She caught a little gleam of hope—
A gentle movement of the rope.
They scrape away a little snow ;
What's this ? A hat ! Ah ! he's below.

Then upward heaves the snowy pile,
And forth he stalks in tragic style.
Unhurt, and with a roguish smile;
And Rachel sees, with glad surprise,
The missing found, the fallen rise.

SCHOOL "CALLED."

DON'T you hear the children coming,
Coming into school?
Don't you hear the master drumming
On the window with his rule?
Master drumming, children coming
Into school?

Tip-toed fingers reach the catch,
Tiny fingers click the latch,
Curly-heady girls throng in,
Lily-free from toil and sin;
Breezy boys bolt in together,
Bringing breaths of winter weather,
Bringing baskets Indian-checked,
Dinners in them sadly wrecked;
Ruddy-handed, mittens off,
Soldiers from the Malakoff—
Built of snow, all marble white,
Bastions shining in the light,
Marked with many a dint and dot
Of the ice-cold cannon shot!
Hear the last assaulting shout,
See the gunners rally out,
Charge upon the battered door,
School is called, and battle o'er!

B. F. TAYLOR.

VALLEY FORGE.

[Extract from an oration delivered upon the occasion of the first Centenary Anniversary of the Encampment at Valley Forge.]

MY COUNTRYMEN:—The century that has gone by has changed the face of nature and wrought a revolution in the habits of mankind. We stand to-day at the dawn of an extraordinary age. Freed from the chains of ancient thought and superstition, man has begun to win the most extraordinary victories in the domain of science. One by one he has dispelled the doubts of the ancient world. Nothing is too difficult for his hand to attempt—no region too remote—no place too sacred for his daring eye to penetrate. He has robbed the earth of her secrets and sought to solve the mysteries of the heavens! He has secured and chained to his service the elemental forces of nature—he has made the fire his steed—the winds his ministers—the seas his pathway—the lightning his messenger. He has descended into the bowels of the earth, and walked in safety on the bottom of the sea. He has raised his head above the clouds, and made the impalpable air his resting-place. He has tried to analyze the stars, count the constellations, and weigh the sun. He has advanced with such astounding speed that, breathless, we have reached a moment when it seems as if distance had been annihilated, time made as naught, the invisible seen, the inaudible heard, the unspeakable spoken, the intangible felt, the impossible accomplished. And already we knock at the door of a new century which promises to be infinitely brighter and more enlightened and happier than this. But in all this blaze of light which illuminates the present and casts its reflection into the distant recesses of the past, there is not a single ray that shoots into the future. Not

one step have we taken toward the solution of the mystery of life. That remains to-day as dark and unfathomable as it was ten thousand years ago.

- We know that we are more fortunate than our fathers. We believe that our children shall be happier than we. We know that this century is more enlightened than the last. We believe that the time to come will be better and more glorious than this. We think, we believe, we hope, but we do not know. Across that threshold we may not pass; behind that veil we may not penetrate. Into that country it may not be for us to go. It may be vouchsafed to us to behold it, wonderingly, from afar, but never to enter in. It matters not. The age in which we live is but a link in the endless and eternal chain. Our lives are like the sands upon the shore; our voices like the breath of this summer breeze that stirs the leaf for a moment and is forgotten. Whence we have come and whither we shall go, not one of us can tell. And the last survivor of this mighty multitude shall stay but a little while.

But in the impenetrable To Be, the endless generations are advancing to take our places as we fall. For them as for us shall the earth roll on and the seasons come and go, the snowflakes fall, the flowers bloom, and the harvests be gathered in. For them as for us shall the sun, like the life of man, rise out of darkness in the morning and sink into darkness in the night. For them as for us shall the years march by in the sublime procession of the ages. And here, in this place of sacrifice, in this vale of humiliation, in this valley of the shadow of that Death, out of which the life of America arose, regenerate and free, let us believe with an abiding faith that, to them, Union will seem as dear and Liberty as sweet and Progress as glorious as they were to our fathers and are to you and

me, and that the institutions which have made us happy, preserved by the virtue of our children, shall bless the remotest generations of the time to come. And unto Him who holds in the hollow of His hand the fate of nations, and yet marks the sparrow's fall, let us lift up our hearts this day, and into His eternal care commend ourselves, our children, and our country.

HENRY ARMITT BROWN.

JANE CONQUEST.

ABOUT the time of Christmas
(Not many months ago),
When the sky was black
With wrath and rack,
And the earth was white with snow,
When loudly rang the tumult
Of winds and waves and strife,
In her home by the sea,
With her babe on her knee,
Sat Harry Conquest's wife.

And he was on the ocean,
Although she knew not where,
For never a lip
Could tell of the ship,
To lighten her heart's despair.
And her babe was fading and dying;
The pulse in the tiny wrist
Was all but still,
And the brow was chill,
And pale as the white sea mist.

Jane Conquest's heart was hopeless ;
She could only weep and pray
That the Shepherd mild
Would take her child
Without a pain away.

The night was dark and darker,
And the storm grew stronger still,
And buried in deep
And dreamless sleep
Lay the hamlet under the hill.

The fire was dead on the hearthstone
Within Jane Conquest's room,
And still sat she,
With her babe on her knee,
At prayer amid the gloom.
When, borne above the tempest,
A sound fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through,
For well she knew
'T was the voice of mortal fear.
And a light leaped in at the lattice,
Sudden and swift and red ;
Crimsoning all
The whited wall,
And the floor, and the roof o'erhead.

For one brief moment, heedless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the frenzied start
Of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she.

And through the quaint old casement
She looks upon the sea :
Thank God that the sight
She saw that night,
So rare a sight should be!

Hemmed in by many a billow
With mad and foaming lip,
A mile from shore,
Or hardly more,
She saw a gallant ship,
Aflame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern ;
For there seemed no speck
On all that wreck
Where the fierce fire did not burn :
Till the night was like a sunset,
And the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and shore
Were bathed all o'er
And drenched with the gory flood.

She looked and looked, till the terror
Went creeping through every limb ;
And her breath came quick,
And her heart grew sick,
And her sight grew dizzy and dim ;
And her lips had lost their utterance,
For she tried but could not speak ;
And her feelings found
No channel of sound
In prayer, or sob, or shriek.

Once more that cry of anguish
Thrilled through the tempest's strife,
And it stirred again
In heart and brain
The active thinking life;
And the light of an inspiration
Leap'd to her brightened eye,
And on lip and brow
Was written now
A purpose pure and high.

Swiftly she turns, and softly
She crosses the chamber floor,
And faltering not,
In his tiny cot
She laid the babe she bore.
And then with a holy impulse
She sank to her knees, and made
A lowly prayer,
In the silence there,
And this was the prayer she prayed :

"O Christ, who didst bear the scourging,
And who now dost wear the crown,
I at Thy feet,
O True and Sweet,
Would lay my burden down.
Thou badst me love and cherish
The babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept
Thy word, nor stept
Aside from following Thee.

"And lo! my boy is dying!
And vain is all my care;
And my burden's weight
Is very great,
Yea, greater than I can bear!
O Lord, Thou knowst what peril
Doth threat these poor men's lives,
And I, a woman,
Most weak and human,
Do plead for their waiting wives.
Thou canst not let them perish;
Up, Lord, in Thy strength, and save
From the scorching breath
Of this terrible death
On this cruel winter wave.

"Take Thou my babe and watch it,
No care is like to Thine;
And let Thy power,
In this perilous hour,
Supply what lack is mine."

And so her prayer she ended,
And rising to her feet,
Gave one long look
At the cradle nook
Where the child's faint pulses beat;
And then with softest footsteps
Retrod the chamber floor,
And noiselessly groped
For the latch, and oped
And crossed the cottage door.

And through the tempest bravely
Jane Conquest fought her way,
By snowy deep
And slippery steep,
To where her duty lay.
And she journeyed onward, breathless,
And weary and sore and faint,
Yet forward pressed
With the strength, and the zest,
And the ardor of a saint.

• Solemn, and weird, and lonely,
Amid its countless graves,
Stood the old gray church
On its tall rock perch,
Secure from the sea and its waves ;
And beneath its sacred shadow
Lay the hamlet safe and still ;
For however the sea
And the wind might be,
There was quiet under the hill.

Jane Conquest reached the churchyard,
And stood by the old church door,
But the oak was tough,
And had bolts enough,
And her strength was frail and poor ;
So she crept through a narrow window,
And climbed the belfry stair,
And grasped the rope,
Sole cord of hope
For the mariners in despair.

And the wild wind helped her bravely,
And she wrought with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell
Spoke out right well
To the hamlet under the hill.

And it roused the slumbering fishers,
Nor its warning task gave o'er
Till a hundred fleet
And eager feet
Were hurrying to the shore.
And then it ceased its ringing,
For the woman's work was done,
And many a boat
That was now afloat
Showed man's work had begun.

But the ringer in the belfry
Lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope,
The church-bell rope,
Still in her frozen hold.

How long she lay it boots not,
But she woke from her swoon at last,
In her own bright room,
To find the gloom,
And the grief, and the peril past,
With the sense of joy within her,
And the Christ's sweet presence near ;
And friends around,
And the cooing sound
Of her babe's voice in her ear.

And they told her all the story,
How a brave and gallant few
O'ercame each check,
And reached the wreck,
And saved the hopeless crew.
And how the curious sexton
Had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fright
When, cold and white,
He found her lying there ;
And how, when they had borne her
Back to her home again,
The child she left
With a heart bereft
Of hope, and weary with pain,
Was found within his cradle
In a quiet slumber laid ;
With a peaceful smile
On its lips the while,
And the wasting sickness stayed.

And she said, " 'T was the Christ who watched it,
And brought it safely through ; "
And she praised His truth
And His tender ruth
Who had saved her darling too.



EASTER MORNING.

O STERA! spirit of spring-time,
Awake from thy slumbers deep!
Arise! and with hands that are glowing,
Put off the white garments of sleep!
Make thyself fair, O goddess!
In new and resplendent array,
For the footsteps of Him who has risen
Shall be heard in the dawn of day.

Flushes the trailing arbutus
Low under the forest leaves—
A sign that the drowsy goddess
The breath of her Lord perceives.
While He suffered, her pulse beat numbly;
While He slept, she was still with pain;
But now He awakes—He has risen—
Her beauty shall bloom again.

O hark! in the budding woodlands,
Now far, now near, is heard
The first prelude warble
Of rivulet and of bird.
O listen! the Jubilate
From every bough is poured,
And earth in the smile of spring-time
Arises to greet her Lord!

Radiant goddess Aurora!
Open the chambers of dawn:
Let the Hours like a garland of graces
Enrich the chariot of morn.

Thou dost herald no longer Apollo,
The god of the sunbeam and lyre;
The pride of his empire is ended,
And pale is his armor of fire.

From a loftier height than Olympus
Light flows, from the Temple above,
And the mists of old legends are scattered
In the dawn of the Kingdom of Love.
Come forth from the cloudland of fable,
For day in full splendor make room—
For a triumph that lost not its glory
As it paused in the sepulchre's gloom.

She comes! the bright goddess of morning,
In crimson and purple array;
Far down on the hill-tops she tosses,
The first golden lilies of day.
On the mountains her sandals are glowing,
O'er the valleys she speeds on the wing,
Till earth is all rosy and radiant
For the feet of the new-risen King.

Open the gates of the Temple;
Spread branches of palm and of bay;
Let not the spirits of nature
Alone deck the Conqueror's way.
While Spring from her death sleep arises
And joyous His presence awaits,
While Morning's smile lights up the heavens,
Open the Beautiful Gates!

He is here! The long watches are over,
The stone from the grave rolled away.
"We shall sleep," was the sigh of the midnight;
"We shall rise," is the song of to-day.

O Music! no longer lamenting,
 On pinions of tremulous flame
 Go soaring to meet the Beloved,
 And swell the new song of His fame!

The altar is snowy with blossoms,
 The font is a vase of perfume,
 On pillar and chancel are twining
 Fresh garlands of eloquent bloom.
Christ is risen! with glad lips we utter,
 And far up the infinite height
 Archangels the pæan re-echo,
 And crown Him with Lilies of Light!

FRANCES L. MACE.

EVE AND THE SERPENT.

A FRENCHMAN'S idea of the *modus operandi* by which that objectionable reptile, the serpent, carried out his programme with Eve, is thus pleasingly narrated in the French gentleman's broken English:

"Monsieur Adam he walked up, he sees une belle demoiselle aslip in ze garden. Viola de la chance. 'Bon jour, Madame Iv.' Madame Iv she wake; she hole her fan before to her face. Adam put up his eyeglass to admire ze tableau. Zey make one promenade. Madame Iv she feel hungry. She sees appel on ze arbre. Serpent ze promene sur l'arbre, make one walk on ze tree. 'Monsieur Serpent,' says Iv, 'Weel you have not ze bonte to peek me some appel, j'ai faime?' 'Certainment, madame,' say ze serpent, 'charme de vous voir.' 'Holo, mon ami, ar-r-eter vous,' say Adam; 'stop que songez vous faire! What madness is zees? You must

not peek ze appel.' Ze snake he take one pinch of snuff; he say : 'Ah, Monsieur Adam, do you not know there is nothing probebeet for ze ladies? Madame Iv, permeet me to offer you some of this fruit defendu.' Iv she make one courtesy. Ze snake he fill her whole parasol wiz appel."

TOM.

YES, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this:—

When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell
through,

And I with it, helpless there, full in my view
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted, "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!"

Again and again

They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man!
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could. He sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side; and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept

The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again. O God, what a cry!

The axes went faster: I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them,—when, suddenly, there at their
feet,

The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash,—
Jumped to get out of the way,—and I thought,
“All’s up with poor little Robin!” and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there,—when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame,
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him, choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound.

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh! you’d admire
To see Robin now: he’s as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now, is n’t it true
Tom’s the best fellow that ever you knew?
There’s Robin now! See, he’s strong as a log!
And there comes Tom, too—

Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ST. JOHN THE AGED.

I'M growing very old. This weary head
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed him, my Master, oft!
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
Refuse to bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull; they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered 'round my couch;
My eyes so dim, they cannot see their tears.
God lays his hand upon me,—yea, his HAND,
And not his ROD—the gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passeth woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I cannot recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word HE spoke,
Grow more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with him and th' holy dead
More than with living.

Some seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Bathed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills, and in its wake

Soft purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields!
And then he came and called me. Then I gazed
For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes,
From out of which, as from a window, shone
Divinity, looked on my inmost soul,
And lighted it forever. Then his words
Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
The whole world musical. Incarnate love
Took hold of me and claimed me for its own;
I followed in the twilight, holding fast
His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
Thro' harvest fields, and desolate, dreary wastes;
And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
And so upbore him. Lord! now I am weak,
And old, and feeble. Let me rest on thee!
So, put thine arm around me. Closer still!
How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace;
Come, let us leave these noisy streets and take
The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
Come, James, the Master waits, and Peter, see,
Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
Back to his kingdom? Ay, 't is so, 't is so.
I know it all; and yet, just now, I seemed
To stand once more upon my native hills
And touch my Master! Oh! how oft I've seen
The touching of his garments bring back strength

To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
Up! bear me once more to my church—once more!
There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
For by the sweetness of my Master's voice
Just now, I think he must be very near—
Coming, I trust, to break the veil which time
Has worn so thin that I can see beyond,
And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.

How dark it is! I cannot seem to see
The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
My little children! God so loveth the world
He gave his Son; so love ye one another;
Love God and man, Amen. Now bear me back.
My legacy unto an angry world is this,
I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
What call the folks my name? "The holy John?"
Nay, write me rather Jesus Christ's beloved,
And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul at eve,
When, in the dreary Isle of Patmos, Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before!
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who crowd

The shining way? O joy! it is the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather 'round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master. O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom, full of perfect peace.

A DAY AT NIAGARA.

NIAGARA FALLS is one of the finest structures in the known world. I have been visiting this favorite watering-place recently, for the first time, and was well pleased. A gentleman who was with me said it was customary to be disappointed in the Falls, but that subsequent visits were sure to set that all right. He said that the first time he went, the hack fares were so much higher than the Falls, that the Falls appeared insignificant. But that is all regulated now. The hackmen have been tamed, numbered, and placarded, and blackguarded, and brought into subjection to the law, and dosed with moral principle till they are as meek as missionaries. There are no more outrages and extortions. That sort of thing cured itself. It made the Falls unpopular by getting into the newspapers; and whenever a public evil achieves that sort of success for itself, its days are numbered. It became apparent that either the Falls had to be discontinued, or the hackmen had to subside. They could not

dam the Falls, and so they did the hackmen. One can be comfortable and happy there now.

I drank up most of the American Fall before I learned that the waters were not considered medicinal. Why are people left in ignorance that way? I might have gone on and ruined a fine property, merely for the want of a little trifling information. And yet the sources of information at Niagara Falls are not meagre. You are sometimes in doubt there about what you ought to do, but you are seldom in doubt about what you must *not* do. No, the signs keep you posted. If an infant can read, that infant is measurably safe at Niagara Falls. In your room at the hotel you will find your course marked out for you in the most convenient way, by means of placards on the wall like these:

"Pull the bell-rope gently, but do n't jerk."

"Bolt your door."

"Do n't scrape matches on the wall."

"Turn off your gas when you retire."

"Tie up your dog."

"If you place your boots outside the door, they will be blacked, but the house will not be responsible for their return." (This is a confusing and tanglesome proposition, because it moves you to deliberate long and painfully as to whether it will really be any object to you to have your boots blacked unless they are returned.)

"Give your key to the omnibus-driver, if you forget and carry it off with you."

Outside the hotel, wherever you wander, you are intelligently assisted by the signs. You cannot come to grief as long as you are in your right mind. But the difficulty is to *stay* in your right mind with so much instruction to keep track of. For instance:

"Keep off the grass."

"Do n't climb the trees."

"Hands off the vegetables."

"Do not hitch your horses to the shrubbery."

"Visit the Cave of the Winds."

"Have your portrait taken in your carriage."

"Forty per cent. in gold levied on all peanuts or other Indian curiosities purchased in Canada."

"Photographs of the Falls taken here."

"Visitors will please notify the superintendent of any neglect on the part of employes to charge for commodities or services."

"Do n't throw stones down; they may hit people below."

"The proprietors will not be responsible for parties who jump over the Falls."

To tell the plain truth, the multitude of signs annoyed me. It was because I noticed at last that they always happened to prohibit exactly the very thing I was just wanting to do. I desired to roll on the grass; the sign prohibited it. I wished to climb a tree; a sign prohibited it. I longed to smoke; the sign prohibited it. And I was just in the act of throwing a stone over to astonish and pulverize such parties as might be picnicing below, when a sign I have just mentioned forbade that. Even that satisfaction was denied me (and I a friendless orphan). There was no resource now but to seek consolation in the flowing bowl. I drew my flask from my pocket, but it was all in vain. A sign confronted me, which said:

"No drinking allowed on these premises."

On that spot I might have perished of thirst but for the saving words of an honored maxim that flitted through my memory at that critical moment, "All signs fail in a dry time." Common law takes precedence of the statutes. I was saved.

The noble Red Man has always been a darling of mine. I love to read about him in tales and legends and romances. I love to read of his inspired sagacity; and of his love of the wild, free life of mountain and forest; and his grand truthfulness; his hatred of treachery; and his general nobility of character; and his stately metaphorical manner of speech; and his chivalrous love for his dusky maiden; and the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. Especially the picturesque pomp of his dress and accoutrement. When I found the shops at Niagara Falls full of dainty Indian bead-work and stunning moccasins, and equally stunning toy figures representing human beings who carried their weapons in holes bored through their arms and bodies, and had feet shaped like a pie, I was filled with emotion. I knew that now, at last, I was going to come face to face with the noble red man. A lady clerk in the shop told me, indeed, that all her grand array of curiosities were made by the Indians, and that there were plenty about the Falls, and that they were friendly, and it would not be dangerous to speak to them. And sure enough, as I approached the bridge leading over to Luna Island, I came upon a noble old son of the forest sitting under a tree, diligently at work on a bead reticule. He wore a slouch hat and brogans, and had a short black pipe in his mouth. Thus does the baneful contact with our effeminate civilization dilute the picturesque pomp which is so natural to the Indian when far removed from us in his native haunts. I addressed the relic as follows:

"Is the Wawhoo-Wang-wang of the Wack-a-Whack happy? Does the great Speckled Thunder sigh for the war-path, or is his heart contented with dreaming of his dusky maiden, the Pride of the Forest? Does the mighty sachem yearn to drink the blood of his enemies,

or is he satisfied to make bead reticules for the papooses of the paleface? Speak, sublime relic of by-gone grandeur—venerable ruin, speak!”

The relic said :

“An’ is it meself, Dinnis Hooligan, that ye ’d be takin’ for a bloody Injin, ye drawlin’, lantern-jawed, spider-legged ruffin? By the piper that played before Moses, I’ll ate ye!”

I went away.

I made one more attempt to fraternize with them, and only one. I came upon a camp of them gathered in the shade of a great tree, making wampum and moccasins, and addressed them in the language of friendship:

“Noble Red Men, Braves, Grand Sachems, War-chiefs, Squaws, and I High-you-Muck-a-Mucks, the paleface from the land of the setting sun greets you! You, Beneficent Polecat—you, Devourer-of-Mountains—you, Roaring-Thundergust—you, Bully-Boy-with-a-Glass-Eye—the paleface from beyond the great waters greets you all! War and pestilence have thinned your ranks and destroyed your once proud nation. Poker, and seven-up, and a vain modern expense for soap, unknown to your glorious ancestors, have depleted your purses. Appropriating, in your simplicity, the property of others has gotten you into trouble. Misrepresenting facts, in your sinless innocence, has damaged your reputation with the soulless usurper. Trading for forty-rod whiskey, to enable you to get drunk and happy and tomahawk your families, has played the everlasting mischief with the picturesque pomp of your dress, and here you are, in the broad light of the nineteenth century, gotten up like the rag-tag and bob-tail of the purlieus of New York! For shame! Remember your ancestors! Recall their mighty deeds! Remember Uncas!—and Red Jacket!—

and Holc-in-the-Day!—and Horace Greeley! Emulate their achievements! Unfurl yourselves under my banner, noble savages, illustrious guttersnipes—”

“Down wid him!”

“Scoop the blagyard!”

“Hang him!”

“Dhrownd him!”

It was the quickest operation that ever was. I simply saw a sudden flash in the air of clubs, brickbats, fists, bead-baskets and moccasins—a single flash, and they all appeared to hit me at once, and no two of them in the same place. In the next instant the entire tribe was upon me. They tore all the clothes off me, they broke my arms and legs, they gave me a thump that dented the top of my head till it would hold coffee like a saucer; and to crown their disgraceful proceedings and add insult to injury, they threw me over the Horse-shoe Fall, and I got wet.

About ninety-nine or a hundred feet from the top, the remains of my vest caught on a projecting rock, and I was almost drowned before I could get loose. I finally fell, and brought up in a world of white foam at the foot of the Fall, whose celled and bubbly masses towered up several inches above my head. Of course I got into the eddy. I sailed round and round in it forty-four times—chasing a chip, and gaining on it—each round trip a half a mile—reaching for the same bush on the bank forty-four times, and just exactly missing it by a hair's breadth every time. At last a man walked down and sat down close to that bush, and put a pipe in his mouth and lit a match, and followed me with one eye and kept the other on the match while he sheltered it in his hands from the wind. Presently a puff of wind blew it out. The next time I swept round him he said:

"Got a match?"

"Yes—in my other vest. Help me out, please!"

"Not for Joe."

When I came round again, I said:

"Excuse the seemingly impertinent curiosity of a drowning man, but will you explain this singular conduct of yours?"

"With pleasure. I am the coroner. Do n't hurry on my account. I can wait for you. But I wish I had a match."

I said, "Take my place, and I'll go and get you one."

He declined. This lack of confidence on his part created a coolness between us, and from that time forward I avoided him. It was my idea, in case anything happened to me, to so time the occurrence as to throw my custom into the hands of the opposition coroner over on the American side. At last a policeman came along and arrested me for disturbing the peace by yelling at people on shore for help. The judge fined me, but I had the advantage of him. My money was with my pantaloons, and my pantaloons were with the Indians.

Thus I escaped. I am now lying in a very critical condition. At least I am lying, any way—critical or not critical.

I am hurt all over, but I cannot tell the full extent yet, because the doctor is not done taking the inventory. He will make out my manifest this evening. However, thus far, he thinks only six of my wounds are fatal. I don't mind the others.

I shall not be able to finish my remarks about Niagara Falls until I get better.—MARK TWAIN.

THE PALMETTO AND THE PINE.

THEY planted them together—our gallant sires of
old—

Though one was crowned with crystal snow, and one with
solar gold.

They planted them together,—on the world's majestic
height;

At Saratoga's deathless charge; at Eutaw's stubborn
fight;

At midnight on the dark redoubt, 'mid plunging shot
and shell;

At noontide, gasping in the crush of battle's bloody
swell.

With gory hands and reeking brows, amid the mighty
fray

Which surged and swelled around them on that memor-
able day

When they planted Independence as a symbol and a
sign,

They struck deep soil, and planted the palmetto and the
pine.

They planted them together,—by the river of the
years,—

Watered with our fathers' hearts' blood, watered with our
mothers' tears;

In the strong, rich soil of freedom, with a bounteous
benison

From their prophet, priest, and pioneer—our father,
Washington!

Above them floated echoes of the ruin and the wreck,
Like "drums that beat at Louisburg, and thundered at
Quebec;"

But the old lights sank in darkness as the new stars rose
to shine
O'er those emblems of the sections, the palmetto and the
pine.

And we'll plant them still together—for 't is yet the self-
same soil

Our fathers' valor won for us by victory and toil;
On Florida's fair everglades, by bold Ontario's flood,—
And through them send electric life, as leaps the kin-
dred blood!

For thus it is they taught us who for freedom lived and
died,—

The Eternal's law of justice must and shall be justified,
That God has joined together, by a fiat all divine,
The destinies of dwellers 'neath the palm-tree and the
pine.

.

God plant them still together! Let them flourish side
by side

In the halls of our Centennial, mailed in more than
marble pride!

With kindly deeds and noble names we'll grave them
o'er and o'er,

With brave historic legends of the glorious days of
yore;

While the clear, exultant chorus, rising from united
bands,

The echo of our triumph peals to earth's remotest
lands;

While "faith, fraternity, and love" shall joyfully en-
twine

Around our chosen emblems, the palmetto and the pine.

"Together!" shouts Niagara, his thunder-toned decree;
 "Together!" echo back the waves upon the Mexic
 Sea;

"Together!" sing the sylvan hills where old Atlantic
 roars;

"Together!" boom the breakers on the wild Pacific
 shores;

"Together!" cry the people. And "*together*" it shall
 be,

An everlasting charter-bond forever for the free!

Of liberty the signet-seal, the one eternal sign,

Be those *united emblems*—the palmetto and the pine.

VIRGINIA L. FRENCH.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOOSE.

AND are ye sure the news is true?
 And are ye sure he's weel?

Is this a time to talk o' wark?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel!

Is this a time to think o' wark

When Colin's at the door?

Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay

And see him come ashore;

For there's nae luck about the hoose,

There's nae luck at a',

There's little pleasure in the hoose

When our gudeman's awa'.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,

Put on the muckle pot,

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jack his Sunday coat,

And mak' their shoes as black as sloes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's been long awa'.
For there's nae luck, etc.

There are twa hens upon the bank,
Bin fed this month and mair,
Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare :
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw ;
For wha can tell how Colin's fared
When he was far awa' ?
For there's nae luck, etc.

Come, gie me doon my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And rin and tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town :
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My hose of pearly blue ;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he's baith leal and true.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like summer air !
His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair ;
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, etc.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind,
That thrilled through my heart,
They're a' blawn by, I hae him safe,
Till death we'll never part.
But what puts parting in my head?
It may be far awa';
The present moment is our ain,
The neist we never saw.
For there's nae luck, etc.

Since Colin's well, I'm weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought,
In truth I'm like to greet;
For there's nae luck about the hoose.
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the hoose
When our gudeman's awa'.



A THANKSGIVING.

—
FOR the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall;
For the winds that haunt the branches;
The young bird's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod;
For the waving of the forests
I thank thee, O my God!

For the sound of water gushing
In bubbling beads of light ;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight ;
For the reeds among the eddies ;
The crystal on the clod ;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the rosebud's break of beauty
Along the toiler's way ;
For the violet's eye that opens
To bless the new-born day ;
For the bare twigs that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod ;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the lifting up of mountains,
In brightness and in dread ;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread ;
For the dark of silent gorges,
Whence mighty cedars nod ;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the splendor of the sunsets,
Vast mirrored on the sea ;
For the gold-fringed clouds that curtain
Heaven's inner mystery ;
For the molten bars of twilight,
Where thought leans glad, yet awed ;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the earth and all its beauty ;
The sky and all its light ;
For the dim and soothing shadows,
That rest the dazzled sight ;
For unfading fields and prairies,
Where sense in vain has trod ;
For the world's exhaustless beauty,
I thank thee, O my God !

For an eye of inward seeing ;
A soul to know and love ;
For these common aspirations,
That our high heirship prove ;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod ;
For the amaranth saved from Eden,
I thank thee, O my God !

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear name adored ;
For the heavenly in the human,—
The spirit in the Word ;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad ;
For thine own great gift of Being,
I thank thee, O my God !

LUCY LARCOM.



THE DUKITE SNAKE.

AN AUSTRALIAN BUSHMAN'S STORY.

WELL, mate, you 've asked me about a fellow
You met to-day, in a black-and-yellow
Chain-gang suit, with a peddler's pack,
Or with some such burden, strapped to his back.
Did you meet him square? No, passed you by?
Well, if you had, and had looked in his eye,
You 'd have felt for your irons then and there;
For the light in his eye is a madman's glare.
Ay, mad, poor fellow! I know him well,
And if you 're not tired just yet, I 'll tell
His story,—a strange one as ever you heard
Or read; but I 'll vouch for it, every word.

That man who goes
Through the bush with the pack and the convict's
clothes
Has been mad for years; but he does no harm,
And our lonely settlers feel no alarm
When they see or meet him. Poor Dave Sloane
Was a settler once, and a friend of my own.
Some eight years back, in the spring of the year,
Dave came from Scotland, and settled here.
A splendid young fellow he was just then,
And one of the bravest and truest men
That I ever met: he was kind as a woman
To all who needed a friend, and no man—
Not even a convict—met with his scorn,
For David Sloane was a gentleman born.
Ay, friend, a gentleman, though it sounds queer:
There 's plenty of blue blood flowing out here.

Well, Sloane came here with an axe and a gun ;
He bought four miles of a sandal-wood run.
This bush at that time was a lonesome place,
So lonesome the sight of a white man's face
Was a blessing, unless it came at night,
And peered in your hut, with the cunning fright
Of a runaway convict ; and even they
Were welcome, for talk's sake, while they could stay.
Dave lived with me here for a while, and learned
The tricks of the bush,—how the snare was laid
In the wallaby track, how traps were made,
How 'possums and kangaroo rats were killed ;
And when that was learned, I helped him to build
From mahogany slabs a good bush hut,
And showed him how sandal-wood logs were cut.
I lived up there with him, days and days,
For I loved the lad for his honest ways.
I had only one fault to find : at first
Dave worked too hard ; for a lad who was nursed,
As he was, in idleness, it was strange
How he cleared that sandal-wood off his range.
From the morning light till the light expired
He was always working, he never tired ;
Till at length I began to think his will
Was too much settled on wealth, and still
When I looked at the lad's brown face, and eye
Clear, open, my heart gave such thought the lie.
But one day—for he read my mind—he laid
His hand on my shoulder : " Do n't be afraid,"
Said he, " that I'm seeking alone for pelf.
I work hard, friend : but 't is not for myself."

And he told me, then, in his quiet tone,
Of a girl in Scotland, who was his own,—

His wife,—’t was for her : ’t was all he could say,
And his clear eye brimmed as he turned away.
After that he told me the simple tale :
They had married for love, and she was to sail
For Australia when he wrote home and told
The oft-watched-for story of finding gold.

In a year he wrote, and his news was good :
He had bought some cattle and sold his wood.
He said, “ Darling, I ’ve only a hut,—but come.”
Friend, a husband’s heart is a true wife’s home ;
And he knew she ’d come. Then he turned his hand
To make neat the house, and prepare the land
For his crops and vines ; and he made that place
Put on such a smiling and homelike face,
That when she came, and he showed her round
His sandal-wood and his crops in the ground,
And spoke of the future, they cried for joy,
The husband’s arm clasping his wife and boy.

Well, friend, if a little of heaven’s best bliss
Ever comes from the upper world to this,
It came into that manly bushman’s life,
And circled him round with the arms of his wife.
God bless that bright memory ! Even to me,
A rough, lonely man, did she seem to be,
While living, an angel of God’s pure love,
And now I could pray to her face above.
And David he loved her as only a man
With a heart as large as was his heart can.
I wondered how they could have lived apart,
For he was her idol, and she his heart.

Friend, there is n’t much more of the tale to tell :
I was talking of angels a while since. Well,

Now I'll change to a devil,—ay, to a devil !
You need n't start : if a spirit of evil
Ever came to this world its hate to slake
On mankind, it came as a Dukite Snake.

Like ? Like the pictures you 've seen of Sin,
A long red snake,—as if what was within
Was fire that gleamed through his glistening skin.
And his eyes!—if you could go down to hell
And come back to your fellows here and tell
What the fire was like, you could find no thing,
Here below on the earth, or up in the sky,
To compare it to but a Dukite's eye!

Now, mark you, these Dukites do n't go alone :
There 's another near when you see but one ;
And beware you of killing that one you see
Without finding the other ; for you may be
More than twenty miles from the spot that night,
When camped, but you 're tracked by the lone Dukite,
That will follow your trail like Death or Fate,
And kill you as sure as you killed its mate !

Well, poor Dave Sloane had his young wife here
Three months,—'t was just this time of the year.
He had teamed some sandal-wood to the Vasse,
And was homeward bound, when he saw in the grass
A long red snake : he had never been told
Of the Dukite's ways,—he jumped to the road,
And smashed its flat head with the bullock-goat !

He was proud of the red skin, so he tied
Its tail to the cart, and the snake's blood dyed
The bush on the path he followed that night.

He was early home, and the dead Dukite
Was flung at the door to be skinned next day.
At sunrise next morning he started away
To hunt up his cattle. A three hours' ride
Brought him back: he gazed on his home with pride
And joy in his heart; he jumped from his horse
And entered—to look on his young wife's corse,
And his dead child clutching its mother's clothes
As in fright; and there, as he gazed, arose
From her breast, where 't was resting, the gleaming head
Of the terrible Dukite, as if it said,
"I've had vengeance, my foe: you took all I had."

And so had the snake—David Sloane was mad!
I rode to his hut just by chance that night,
And there on the threshold the clear moonlight
Showed the two snakes dead. I pushed in the door
With an awful feeling of coming woe:
The dead were stretched on the moonlit floor,
The man held the hand of his wife,—his pride,
His poor life's treasure,—and crouched by her side.
O God! I sank with the weight of the blow.
I touched and called him: he heeded me not,
So I dug her grave in a quiet spot,
And lifted them both,—her boy on her breast,—
And laid them down in the shade to rest.
Then I tried to take my poor friend away,
But he cried so wofully, "Let me stay
Till she comes again!" that I had no heart
To try to persuade him then to part
From all that was left to him here,—her grave;
So I stayed by his side that night, and, save
One heart-cutting cry, he uttered no sound,—
O God! that wail—like the wail of a hound!

'Tis six long years since I heard that cry,
 But 't will ring in my ears till the day I die.
 Since that fearful night no one has heard
 Poor David Sloane utter sound or word.
 You have seen to-day how he always goes :
 He's been given that suit of convict's clothes
 By some prison officer. On his back
 You noticed a load like a peddler's pack ?
 Well, that's what he lives for : when reason went,
 Still memory lived, for his days are spent
 In searching for Dukites ; and year by year
 That bundle of skins is growing. 'Tis clear
 That the Lord out of evil some good still takes ;
 For he's clearing this bush of the Dukite snakes.
J. BOYLE O'REILLY.

ZEKLE.

ZEKLE crep' up, quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru the winder,
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

Agin' the chimbly crooknecks hung,
 An' in amongst 'em rusted
 The ole queen's arm thet gran'ther Young
 Fetched back from Concord busted.

The wannut logs shot sparkles out
 Towards the pootiest, bless her !
 An' leetle fires danced all about
 The chiny on the dresser.

The very room, coz she wuz in,
Looked warm frum floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez th' apples she wuz peelin'.

She heerd a foot, an' knowed it, tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelin's flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfe o' the seekle ;
His heart kep' goin' pitypat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yet she gin her cheer a jerk,
Ez though she wished him funder,
An' on her apples kep' to work
Ez ef a wager spurred her.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal, no ; I come designin'—"
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrow's i'nin'."

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He could n't ha' told ye, nuther.

Sez he, "I'd better call agin ;"
Sez she, "Think likely, *Mister* ;"
The last word pricked him like a pin,
An'—wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kind o' smily round the lips
Au' teary round the lashes.

Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is, they wuz cried
In meetin', come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE FRUITS OF LABOR.

TO the youthful aspirant of to-day, who is willing to take so humble a sentiment as Labor for his watch-word, there are noble examples among the great names of the past to cheer him on his way. Some of the brightest lights that have adorned the generations in which they lived, and have led the way wherever they have appeared, are those that have been obliged to trust to their own hands for maintenance and aid. With strong wills and trusting hearts, their lives have exhibited that majesty which action, steady, noble, successful, alone can give.

James Watt, the inventor of the steam engine, was in early life a toiling mechanic in indigent circumstances. He was employed by the university to repair and keep in order the apparatus used in illustrating the principles of natural philosophy and chemistry. Had he been like many mechanics, he would have been content with doing the work assigned, receiving his pay, and then smoking and drinking a portion of it, with such companions as he

could induce to join him in the nearest saloon. But his mind, lit up with thought, was busy in inquiring into those laws which the apparatus he was employed to repair was designed to illustrate; and the thinking of that one man has performed more actual labor than all the slaves that have toiled and sweat since creation. The thinking of that man has revolutionized modern society, and unborn generations will rise up to bless his name.

Nathaniel Bowditch was a Boston sailor boy, and spent the greater portion of his years as a practical navigator. He had no instructor, and no opportunities for study, except such as the deck or the cabin of his vessel could afford. On one occasion his vessel was wind-bound for a week in Boston harbor. On commencement day at the university, he walked over to Cambridge to hear the performance. At the close the president conferred some honorary titles, and among them he thought he heard the degree of A. M. conferred on Nathaniel Bowditch. He was not mistaken. They indeed gave their degrees to the sailor, and well they might, for he was writing books which scarcely one of the faculty of the university could understand. The "Practical Navigator," which was the result of his studies, has carried many a sailor through the storms and darkness of a tempestuous ocean, and has guided him safely over unknown seas. He died lamented as the man, the Christian, and the first mathematical scholar of his age.

Elihu Burritt, the linguist, antiquary, and philanthropist, was left fatherless when a youth, in company with a numerous family of children, dependent upon their own exertions for support. He apprenticed himself to a blacksmith. But his mind was not satisfied with blowing bellows, turning his iron, and pounding it into shapes desired. He had, previous to this, acquired considerable

knowledge of history from the school district library. He was seized with a desire of learning Latin; and while the iron was heating, with his book secured in the chimney where the page could meet his eye, he conned the declensions and acquired the rudiments of that great language, and in the evenings of one winter he read Virgil, that masterpiece of Latin poetry. From Latin he passed to Greek, then to the modern languages, and finally back again to the oriental tongues. And thus, with no aid but his own right hand, and with no teacher but his untiring mind, he has acquired a knowledge of upwards of fifty of the leading languages of the earth, and has earned a world-wide reputation as the "Learned Blacksmith." I have seen, in the Antiquarian Hall, in Worcester, Massachusetts, writing done by him in fifty-two languages. When a scholar at the preparatory school, just commencing my classical education, I used frequently to meet him upon the streets of that city, and I never gazed upon that massive front, but with the veneration of a worshipper.

Need I mention in this connection a name which has become a household word, the cherished and honored name of Franklin? Thrown upon the mercies of the world while yet a boy, with no opportunities for school education, it is like listening to a fairy tale to read the simple narrative of his life as he tells it himself. We are carried along with magic interest, as the panorama of his years passes by. We see him enter the printing office as an apprentice—the wearisome days and sleepless nights at his books. We accompany the youth as he leaves his native city, on that then perilous voyage from Boston to Philadelphia, wandering from his home a stranger, without friends, except such as by his intelligence and kindness he never failed to make. We behold

him an awkward boy, wandering up the streets of a strange city, with his three rolls of bread. This was indeed the day of small things, but he did not despise it. He is deluded across the ocean by the false promises of a knavish governor. He teaches the London printers temperance by his example, and philosophy with his tongue. He becomes the proprietor of a printing establishment, and edits a newspaper; nor is he now ashamed of labor, for he carries the paper from the warehouse to the office upon a wheelbarrow, pushing it with his own hands. He becomes a master spirit in literature, and penetrates the intricacies of science. Step by step he steadily mounts the heights of fame. It was no flashing meteoric light that dashes athwart the heavens, which he sent forth in the domain of thought, but the warm, steady, genial rays of the summer's sun. When the colonies became involved in trouble with the parent country, and storms and darkness seemed gathering in the political heavens, the intelligence of America pointed to the humble and self-taught Franklin as their safest counselor, and we find him at the bar of the British House of Lords, pleading for the interests of those weak and struggling colonies, the objects of his affection, and advising an infatuated ministry not to proceed to violence against his American brethren. He joins hands with the Father of his Country, and those other patriots, in making and securing the adoption of a constitution for the independent United States. In his age he goes, the venerable man with white locks and thoughtful brow, to represent a sovereign nation at the court of France, there to mingle with the wise men and philosophers of that land of letters, and to stand in presence of Louis XVI., the proudest monarch of his age.—SAMUEL P. BATES.

MY COUNTRY, 'T IS OF THEE

MY country, 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

REV. SAMUEL F. SMITH, D. D.

THE DAGGER SCENE.

MACBETH, Act II., Scene I.

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee:—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible

To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but

A dagger of the mind, a false creation,

Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?

I see thee yet, in form as palpable

As this which now I draw.

Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going,

And such an instrument I was to use.

Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,

Or else worth all the rest: I see thee still;

And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,

Which was not so before,—There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business, which informs

Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one-half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleep: witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing strides, toward his design

Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,

Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear

Thy very stones prate of my where-about,

And take the present horror from the time,

Which now suits with it.—Whiles I threat, he lives:

Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan ; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE LITTLE HATCHET STORY.

AND so, smiling, we went on.
“ Well, one day, George’s father—”

“ George who ? ” asked Clarence.

“ George Washington. He was a little boy, then, just like you. One day his father—”

“ Whose father ? ” demanded Clarence, with an encouraging expression of interest.

“ George Washington’s ; this great man we are telling you of. One day George Washington’s father gave him a little hatchet for a—”

“ Gave who a little hatchet ? ” the dear child interrupted, with a gleam of bewitching intelligence. Most men would have got mad, or betrayed signs of impatience, but we did n’t. We know how to talk to children. So we went on :

“ George Washington. His—”

“ Who gave him the little hatchet ? ”

“ His father. And his father—”

“ Whose father ? ”

“ George Washington’s.”

“ Oh ! ”

“ Yes, George Washington. And his father told him—”

“ Told who ? ”

“ Told George.”

“ Oh, yes, George.”

And we went on, just as patient and as pleasant as you could imagine. We took up the story right where the boy interrupted, for we could see he was just crazy to hear the end of it. We said :

"And he was told—"

"George told him?" queried Clarence.

"No, his father told George—"

"Oh!"

"Yes; told him he must be careful with the hatchet—"

"Who must be careful?"

"George must."

"Oh!"

"Yes; must be careful with his hatchet—"

"What hatchet?"

"Why, George's."

"Oh!"

"With the hatchet, and not cut himself with it, or drop it in the cistern, or leave it out in the grass all night. So George went round cutting everything he could reach with his hatchet. And at last he came to a splendid apple-tree, his father's favorite, and cut it down, and—"

"Who cut it down?"

"George did."

"Oh!"

"But his father came home and saw it the first thing, and—"

"Saw the hatchet?"

"No, saw the apple-tree. And he said, 'Who has cut down my favorite apple-tree?'"

"What apple-tree?"

"George's father's. And everybody said they did n't know anything about it, and—"

"Anything about what?"

"The apple-tree."

"Oh!"

"And George came up and heard them talking about it—"

"Heard who talking about it?"

"Heard his father and the men."

"What were they talking about?"

"About this apple-tree."

"What apple-tree?"

"The favorite tree that George cut down."

"George who?"

"George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up and heard them talking about it, and he—"

"What did he cut it down for?"

"Just to try his little hatchet."

"Whose little hatchet?"

"Why, his own, the one his father gave him."

"Gave who?"

"Why, George Washington."

"Oh!"

"So George came up, and he said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I—' "

"Who could n't tell a lie?"

"Why, George Washington. He said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie. It was—' "

"His father could n't?"

"Why, no; George could n't."

"Oh! George? oh, yes!"

"'It was I cut down your apple-tree; I did—' "

"His father did?"

"No, no; it was George said this."

"Said he cut his father?"

"No, no, no; said he cut down his apple-tree."

"George's apple-tree?"

"No, no; his father's."

"Oh!"

"He said—"

"His father said?"

"No, no, no; George said, 'Father, I cannot tell a lie, I did it with my little hatchet.' And his father said, 'Noble boy, I would rather lose a thousand trees than have you tell a lie.'"

"George did?"

"No, his father said that."

"Said he'd rather have a thousand apple-trees?"

"No, no, no; said he'd rather lose a thousand apple-trees than—"

"Said he'd rather George would?"

"No, said he'd rather he would than have him lie."

"Oh! George would rather have his father lie?"

We are patient and we love children, but if Mrs. Caruthers had n't come and got her prodigy at that critical juncture, we do n't believe all Burlington could have pulled us out of the snarl. And as Clarence Alencon de Marchemont Caruthers pattered down the stairs, we heard him telling his ma about a boy who had a father named George, and he told him to cut down an apple-tree, and he said he'd rather tell a thousand lies than cut down one apple-tree.—R. N. BURDETTE.

ORGAN CREATIONS.

SOUND seeks for sympathetic things,
Whose sleeping harmony
It gently wakes and deftly rings
By touch of symphony.

The silent universe awaits
The man who finds its chords ;
To its own music then translates
His feelings, thoughts, and words.

I lay my hands on organ-keys,
And its creating breath
Embodies forth whate'er I please,
From realms of life or death.

A fountain tinkles in my room,
As if the blue-bell flowers
Rang through the rainbow's bloom,
Struck by those diamond showers.

I hear a brook on summer hills—
Sun-flecked, flower-decked, fern-sprent—
The sighing pines, the wild birds' trills,
And droue of bees content.

Then murm'rous air is full of sighs ;
The wronged wail forth their prayer,
Implore God's help in dying cries ;
Storms mutter in the air :
Then mighty pulses throb : I feel
The tramp of myriad men,
The cannon's roar, the bugle's peal,
Wild battle's thrill again,
Till shouts of victory fire the soul
Because oppressions cease.
Then all the murm'rous air is full
Of gentle sounds of peace.

Like thunder roars the ocean storm,
The breakers sweep the deck,
The cordage shrieks, the timbers groan,
Then cries and crash of wreck.

Sub-bass is deep foundation meet,
Where clustered columns climb,
And arches spring and spires complete
Cathedrals, vast, sublime.
Then chants break forth from sculptured forms,
Melodious chimes from spire ;
Through arches breathe the dreams of storms,
And wingéd prayers from choir.
Like Borealis' light and shade
And forms in changing play
I build, and hold, and tint, and fade,
Then quite exhale away.

Vast multitudes of sainted souls
Like mighty waters shout,
As from the conscious organ rolls
The Halleluia Chorus out.
Unutterable things are heard
Of saints, and orders grand,
Of vaster meanings in the Word
Than all we understand.
O list! 'mid mighty harmonies,
Unutterably clear,
Like flutes in orchestries
Sweet voices I loved here.

God's breathed creations stand
Through boundless time and sky.
O joy! Like Him I can command,
Though my creations die.

H. W. WARREN, D. D.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,
Leaving door and windows wide:
Careless tenants they!

All within is dark as night;
In the windows is no light;
And no murmur at the door,
So frequent on its hinge before.

Close the doors, the shutters close,
Or thro' the windows we shall see
The nakedness and vacancy
Of the dark, deserted house.

Come away: no more of mirth
Is here, or merry-making sound.
The house was builded of the earth,
And shall fall again to ground.

Come away: for Life and Thought
Here no longer dwell;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have bought
A mansion incorruptible.
Would they could have stayed with us!

TENNYSON.

HO, EVERY ONE THAT THIRSTETH!

Isaiah IV.

HO, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

Incline your ear, and come unto me: hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return

unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.—BIBLE.

ORATORY.

ORATORY has this test and mark of divine providence, that God, when he makes things perfect, signifies that he is done, by throwing over them the robe of beauty; for beauty is the divine thought of excellence. All growing things, in their earlier stages, are rude. All of them are in vigorous strength, it may be; but not until the blossom comes, and the fruit hangs pendant, has the vine evinced for what it was made. God is a God of beauty; and beauty is everywhere the final process. When things have come to that, they have touched their limit.

A living force that brings to itself all the resources of imagination, all the inspirations of feeling, all that is influential in body, in voice, in eye, in gesture, in posture, in the whole animated man, is in strict analogy with the divine thought and the divine arrangement; and there is no misconception more utterly untrue and fatal than this: that oratory is an artificial thing, which deals with baubles and trifles, for the sake of making bubbles of pleasure for transient effect on mercurial audiences. So far from that, it is the consecration of the whole man to

the noblest purposes to which one can address himself—the education and inspiration of his fellow-men by all that there is in learning, by all that there is in thought, by all that there is in feeling, by all that there is in all of them, sent home through the channels of taste and of beauty. And so regarded, oratory should take its place among the highest departments of education.

But oratory is disregarded largely; and one of the fruits of this disregard is, that men fill all the places of power with force misdirected; with energy not half so fruitful as it might be; with sincerity that knows not how to spread its wings and fly. If you were to trace and to analyze the methods which prevail in all the departments of society, you would find in no other such contempt of culture, and in no other such punishment of this contempt.

How much squandering there is of the voice! How little is there of the advantage that may come from conversational tones! How seldom does a man dare to acquit himself with pathos and fervor! And the men are themselves mechanical and methodical in the bad way, who are most afraid of the artificial training that is given in the schools, and who so often show by the fruit of their labor that the want of oratory is the want of education.

How remarkable is sweetness of voice in the mother, in the father, in the household! The music of no chorded instruments brought together is, for sweetness, like the music of familiar affection when spoken by brother and sister, or by father and mother.

Conversation itself belongs to oratory. How many men there are who are weighty in argument, who have abundant resources, and who are almost boundless in their power at other times and in other places, but who, when in company among their kind, are exceedingly unapt in

their methods. Having none of the secret instruments by which the elements of nature may be touched, having no skill and no power in this direction, they stand as machines before living, sensitive men. A man may be as a master before an instrument ; only the instrument is dead ; and he has the living hand ; and out of that dead instrument what wondrous harmony springs forth at his touch ! And if you can electrify an audience by the power of a living man on dead things, how much more should that audience be electrified when the chords are living and the man is alive, and he knows how to touch them with divine inspiration !

I advocate, therefore, in its full extent, and for every reason of humanity, of patriotism, and of religion, a more thorough culture of oratory.

First, in the orator, is the man. Let no man who is a sneak try to be an orator. A man who is to be an orator must have something to say. He must have something that in his very soul he feels to be worth saying. He must have in his nature that kindly sympathy which connects him with his fellow-men, and which so makes him a part of the audience which he moves as that his smile is their smile, that his tear is their tear, and that the throb of his heart becomes the throb of the hearts of the whole assembly. A man that is humane, a lover of his kind, full of all earnest and sweet sympathy for their welfare, has in him the original element, the substance, of oratory, which is truth ; but in this world truth needs nursing and helping ; it needs every advantage ; for the underflow of life is animal, and the channels of human society have been taken possession of by lower influences beforehand. The devil squatted on human territory before the angel came to dispossess him. Pride and intolerance, arrogance and its cruelty, selfishness and its greed, all the

lower appetites and passions, swarm, and hold in thrall the under-man that each one of us yet carries—the man of flesh, on which the spirit-man seeks to ride, and by which too often he is thrown and trampled under foot. The truth, in its attempt to wean the better from the worse, needs every auxiliary and every adjuvant.

The first work, therefore, is to teach a man's body to serve his soul; and in this work, the education of the bodily presence is the very first step. What power there is in posture and in gesture! By it, how many discriminations are made; how many smooth things are rolled off; how many complex things men are made to comprehend!

Among other things, the voice—perhaps the most important of all, and the least cultured—should not be forgotten. The human voice is like an orchestra. It ranges high up, and can shriek betimes like the scream of an eagle; or it is low as a lion's tone; and at every intermediate point is some peculiar quality. It has in it the mother's whisper and the father's command. It has in it warning and alarm. It has in it sweetness. It is full of mirth and full of gayety. It glitters, though it is not seen with all its sparkling fancies. It ranges high, intermediate, or low, in obedience to the will, unconsciously to him who uses it; and men listen through the long hour, wondering that it is so short, and quite unaware that they have been bewitched out of their weariness by the charm of a voice, not artificial, not pre-arranged in the man's thought, but by assiduous training made to be his highest nature. Such a voice answers to the soul, and is its beating.

"But," it is said, "does not the voice come by nature?" Yes; but is there anything that comes by nature which stays as it comes, if it is worthily handled? We receive

one talent that we may make it five; and we receive five talents that we may make them ten. There is no one thing in man that he has in perfection till he has it by culture. We know that in respect to everything but the voice. Is not the ear trained to acute hearing? Is not the eye trained in science? Do men not school the eye, and make it quick-seeing by patient use? Is a man, because he has learned a trade, and was not born with it, thought to be less a man? Because we have made discoveries of science, and adapted them to manufacture; because we have developed knowledge by training, are we thought to be unmanly? Shall we, because we have unfolded our powers by the use of ourselves for that noblest of purposes, the inspiration and elevation of mankind, be less esteemed? Is the school of human training to be disdained, when by it we are rendered more useful to our fellow-men?

If you go from our land to other lands; if you go to the land which has been irradiated by parliamentary eloquence; if you go to the people of Great Britain; if you go to the great men in ancient times who lived in the intellect; if you go to the illustrious names that every one recalls,—Demosthenes and Cicero,—they represent a life of work.

Not until Michael Angelo had been the servant and the slave of matter, did he learn to control matter; and not until he had drilled and drilled and drilled himself were his touches free and easy as the breath of summer, and full of color as the summer itself. Not until Raphael had subdued himself by color, was he the crowning artist of beauty. You shall not find one great sculptor, nor one great architect, nor one great painter, nor one eminent man in any department of art, nor one great scholar, nor one great statesman, nor one divine of universal gifts,

whose greatness, if you inquire, you will not find to be the fruit of study, and of the evolution that comes from study.

Great is the advance of civilization; mighty are the engines of force, but man is greater than that which he produces. Vast is that machine which stands in the dark, unconsciously lifting, lifting—the only humane slave—the iron slave—the Corliss engine; but he that made the engine is greater than the engine itself. Wonderful is the skill by which that most exquisite mechanism of modern life, the watch, is constructed; but greater is the man that made the watch than the watch that is made. Great is the Press, great are the hundred instrumentalities and institutions and customs of society; but above them all is man. The living force is greater than any of its creations—greater than society, greater than its laws. “The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath,” saith the Lord. Man is greater than his own institutions. And this living force is worthy of all culture—of all culture in the power of beauty; of all culture in the direction of persuasion; of all culture in the art of reasoning.

To make men patriots, to make men Christians, to make men the sons of God, let all the doors of heaven be opened, and let God drop down charmed gifts—winged imagination, all-perceiving reason, and all-judging reason. Whatever there is that can make men wiser and better—let it descend upon the head of him who has consecrated himself to the work of mankind, and who has made himself an orator for man's sake and for God's sake.

H. W. BEECHER.

DIALOGUES AND MISCELLANEOUS EXERCISES.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF KING JOHN.

PART I.—KING JOHN *instigates* HUBERT to *assassinate* ARTHUR PLANTAGENET, *nephew of the king, and rightful heir of the crown of England, usurped by John.*

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

KING JOHN—Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,

We owe thee much : within this wall of flesh
There is a soul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love :
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand. I had a thing to say,—
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I am almost ashamed
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hubert—I am much bounden to your majesty.

K. J.—Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet ;
But thou shalt have ; and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come, for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to say,—But, let it go :
The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day,
Attended with the pleasures of the world,

Hub.—My lord?

K. J. A grave!

Hub. He shall not live.

K. J. Enough.

I could be merry, now :—Hubert, I love thee—

Well. I 'll not say what I intend for thee :

Remember :—

PART II.—*Interview of HUBERT with ARTHUR, in which HUBERT purposes to fulfil the murderous commission described in the preceding exercise, on which he was sent by KING JOHN.*

Enter HUBERT and two Attendants.

Hub.—Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1st Attendant.—I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub.—Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.
[*Attendants retire.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur.—Good-morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good-morrow, little prince.

Arth.—As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub.—Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks nobody should be sad but I:

Yet I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night

And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time :
 Saying, What lack you ? and, Where lies your grief ?
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;
 But you at your sick service had a prince.
 Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
 And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
 If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes ?
 These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
 So much as frown on you ?

Hub. I have sworn to do it ;
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth.—Ah, none but in this iron age would do it !
 The iron, of itself, though heat red-hot,
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
 And quench its fiery indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence ;
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harm mine eyes.
 Are you more stubborn-hard than ham:nered iron ?
 And if an angel should have come to me,
 And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub.—Come forth. [Stamps.]

Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, etc.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth.—O save me, Hubert, save me ! My eyes are out,
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub.—Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth.—Alas ! what need you be so boisterous rough ?

I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound !
Nay, hear me, Hubert ! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb ;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily ;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torments you do put me to.

Hub.—Go, stand within ; let me alone with him.

1st Atten.—I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Attendants retire.*]

Arth.—Alas ! I then have chid away my friend :
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth.—Is there no remedy ?

Hub.—None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth.—O heaven ! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense !
Then feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub.—Is this your promise ? Go to ; hold your tongue.

Arth.—Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes ; oh, spare mine eyes :
Though to no use, but still to look on you !
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth.—No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,—

Being create for comfort—to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub.—But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth.—And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert ;
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes,
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,—
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub.—Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasures that thine uncle owes;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very irou to burn them out.

Arth.—Oh, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu!—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth.—O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub.—Silence: no more. Go closely in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

PART III.—PRINCE ARTHUR is supposed to have been assassinated.

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

Hub.—My lord, they say five moons were seen to-night :

Four fixed ; and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wondrous motion.

K. J.—Five moons ?

Hub. Old men, and heldams, in the streets
Do prophesy upon it dangerously ;
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths :
And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
And whisper one another in the ear ;
And he that speaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
While he that hears makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news ;
Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet),
Told of many thousand warlike French,
That were embattled and ranked in Kent :
Another lean, unwashed artificer
Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. J.—Why seekst thou to possess me with these fears ?

Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death ?

Thy hand hath murdered him : I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub.—Had none, my lord! Why, did not you provoke me?

K. J.—It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life:
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous majesty, when, perchance, it frowns
More upon humor than advised respect.

Hub.—Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

L. J.—Oh, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth

Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
Witness against us to damnation!
How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes deeds ill done! Hadst not thou been by,
A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
This murder had not come into my mind:
But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employed in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death,
And thou, to be endeared to a king,
Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub.—My lord—

K. J.—Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,

When I spake darkly what I purposed;
Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words:
Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
But thou didst understand me by my signs,

And didst in signs again parley with sin ;
Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
Out of my sight, and never see me more !
My nobles leave me ; and my state is braved,
Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers :
Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hostility and civil tumult reigns
Between my conscience and my cousin's death.

Hub.—Arm you against your other enemies ;
I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
Young Arthur is alive. This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.
Within this bosom never entered yet
The dreadful motion of a murderous thought,
And you have slandered nature in my form ;
Which, howsoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. J.—Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
Throw this report on their incensed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience !
Forgive the comment that my passion made
Upon thy features ; for my rage was blind,
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Presented thee more hideous than thou art.
O, answer not ; but to my closet bring
The angry lords, with all expedient haste :
I conjure thee but slowly ; run more fast.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

THE PROFESSOR PUZZLED.

PROFESSOR. PUPIL.

SCENE.—*The PROFESSOR'S Study. PROFESSOR seated by table examining some manuscript's.*

PUPIL—Good-evening, Professor.
[*Throws himself into a chair.*]

Prof.—Good-evening, sir. As this is the last lesson of your course, I wish to call your attention to the different topics that we have taken up in your previous lessons. I must say, Mr. S., that your success has not been as great as it might have been. You have been in too great a hurry. You wished to be drilled on the "Raven" and Shakspeare before you fully understood the tones of voice. Emphasis and slide, the great beauty of good reading, have been almost wholly overlooked by you, notwithstanding my repeated cautions. It is not my intention to criticize your performance this evening. I shall take up all the essential elements that constitute an orator, and I am confident that from the drill you have had, you ought to be able to give them correctly. I therefore consider this lesson a sort of an examination. You may place yourself where the audience can see you, and take first position, sitting. [*Pupil takes position.*]

Pupil—Shall I now give a personation of a band of minstrels opening an entertainment?

Prof.—You may, and then be done with burlesque.

Pupil—(*Picking up programme from floor*)—Colored folks, seein' you 've 'sembled yourself dis evening fer de purpose of entertaining de white population, de fus' thing dat strikes my optical observation on dis evening's programme am de overture, so throw yourself away.

[*Throws himself upon the PROFESSOR.*]

Prof.—Let us now leave the minstrels to finish their own performance, and go on with ours. Rise, take first position. Give the sentence, "Let me grasp thee," in the orotund.

Pupil—(*Takes position*)—"Let me grasp thee."

[*Catches hold of PROFESSOR.*]

Prof.—Back! I asked for the tone, not the action.

Pupil—But what power have words without action?

Prof.—Without action all oratory sinks into insignificance. Demosthenes gave action as the first, second and third requisites to a perfect orator. But you are now not performing the part of a speaker, you are simply giving the elements that constitute one. Take now the selection, "She loved me," etc.

Pupil.

"She loved me for the tales I told,
I loved her for the beer she sold."

Prof.—Is your memory so weak, or is the burlesque so deeply seated in you that you murder the most beautiful passages?

Pupil—You gave me to understand that it was tone you wanted, not action, so I concluded that if I gave you the tone correctly, even words were of minor importance.

Prof.—Different selections require different tones. Words have all to do with tone. As you are inclined to the comic, you may recite a stanza from the "Irish Picket."

Pupil.

"I'm standing in the mud, Biddy,
With not a spalpeen near;
And silence speechless as the grave
Is the only sound I hear;
This southern climate 's quare, Biddy,
A quare and beastly thing,
Wid winter absent all the year,
And summer in the spring."

Prof.—A little too much of the dramatic, but we will

pass on. You may now sit. (PUPIL sits.) Recite an extract from the "Hypochondriac."

Pupil—The "Hypochondriac?" I never saw him.

Prof.—We have had that selection during your course. You are to personate a man that is ever complaining, one who imagines he has all the "many ills to which the flesh is heir."

Pupil—I remember. Give me a towel to tie on my head.

Prof.—This will do as well.

[Hands him red silk handkerchief. He ties it on.]

Pupil—Good-morning, doctor; how do you do? I haint quite as well as I have been; but I think I am somewhat better than I was. I don't think that last medicin' you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the carache last night; my wife got up and drapped a few draps of walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I didn't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous headache; it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I am the most afflictedst human being that ever lived. (Coughs.) Oh, dear! but that aint all, doctor; I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm going to have the yellow jaundice. (Coughs.)

Prof.—We will now drop the comic. You may next give the closing part of Catiline's speech.

Pupil—(Rises)—"I go; but not to leap the guif alone."
[Makes desperate leap on stage.]

Prof.—Hold! Mr. S., you well know that there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous, and why do you murder that sublime passage?

Pupil—I was merely following out the teachings of

Demosthenes—action is the essential element in true oratory.

Prof.—Proper action, but not monkey-shines. At the word leap you may make a gesture with your hand. How often have I told you that stamping, or feet gestures, were entirely out of place! Try it again.

Pupil.

"I go; but not to leap alone,
I go; but when I come, 't will be the burst
Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
In swift and mountainous ruin. *Good-by now.*"

Prof.—"Good-by now;" are those words in the original?

Pupil—Words of the same import are, and as the words "Fare thee well," imply the same as "good-by," I know of no reason why we may not use them.

Prof.—The rules of oratory, I admit, are many and variable. You are now reciting a classical production, and the words "good-by" cannot be considered classical. Begin again at that point.

Pupil.

"Fare you well!
You build my funeral pile; but your best blood
Shall quench its flame! Back, Contrabanda, I will return."

Prof.—Contraband is a word not in use at that time. I tell you, Mr. S., I am becoming discouraged. You are too careless. Take for your last selection Hamlet's soliloquy.

Pupil.

"To marry, or not to marry? that is the question,
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The jeers and banter of outrageous females,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by proposing, end them. To court; to marry
To be a back no more; and, by a marriage, end
The heart-ache, and the thousand and one ills
Bachelors are heir to; 't is a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. But the dread of something after
Makes us rather bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

[*Comical exit.*]

F. B. WILSON.

MARY STUART.

From SCHILLER. *Act III., Scene II.*

CHARACTERS.

MARY—*Queen of Scotland.*ELIZABETH—*Queen of England.*ROBERT—*Earl of Leicester.*TALBOT—*A friend of Mary.**Enter MARY and TALBOT.*

MARY—Talbot, Elizabeth will soon be here. I cannot see her. Preserve me from this hateful interview.

Talbot—Reflect a while. Recall thy courage. The moment is come upon which everything depends. Incline thyself; submit to the necessity of the moment. She is the stronger. Thou must bend before her.

Mary—Before her? I cannot!

Tal.—Thou must do so. Speak to her humbly; invoke the greatness of her generous heart; dwell not too much upon thy rights. But see first how she bears herself towards thee. I myself did witness her emotion on reading thy letter. The tears stood in her eyes. Her heart, 't is sure, is not a stranger to compassion; therefore place more confidence in her, and prepare thyself for her reception.

Mary—(*Taking his hand*)—Thou wert ever my faithful friend. Oh, that I had always remained beneath thy kind guardianship, Talbot! Their care of me has indeed been harsh. Who attends her?

Tal.—Leicester. You need not fear him; the earl doth not seek thy fall. Behold, the queen approaches.

[*Retires.*]

Enter ELIZABETH and LEICESTER.

Mary—(*Aside*)—O heavens! Protect me! her features say she has no heart!

Elizabeth—(To LEICESTER)—Who is this woman? (*Feigning surprise.*) Robert, who has dared to—

Lei.—Be not angry, queen, and since heaven has hitherto directed thee, suffer pity to triumph in thy noble heart.

Tal.—(*Advancing*)—Deign, royal lady, to cast a look of compassion on the unhappy woman who prostrates herself at thy feet.

[MARY, having attempted to approach ELIZABETH, stops short, overcome by repugnance, her gestures indicating internal struggle.]

Eliz.—(*Haughtily*)—Sirs, which of you spoke of humility and submission? I see nothing but a proud lady, whom misfortune has not succeeded in subduing.

Mary—(*Aside*)—I will undergo even this last degree of ignominy. My soul discards its noble but, alas! impotent pride. I will seek to forget who I am, what I have suffered, and will humble myself before her who has caused my disgrace. (*Turns to ELIZABETH.*) Heaven, O sister, has declared itself on thy side, and has graced thy happy head with the crown of victory. (*Kneeling.*) I worship the Deity who hath rendered thee so powerful. Show thyself noble in thy triumph, and leave me not overwhelmed by shame! Open thy arms, extend in mercy to me thy royal hand, and raise me from my fearful fall.

Eliz.—(*Drawing back*)—Thy place, Stuart, is there, and I shall ever raise my hands in gratitude to heaven that it has not willed that I should kneel at thy feet, as thou now crouchest in the dust at mine.

Mary—(*With great emotion*)—Think of the vicissitudes of all things human! There is a Deity above who punisheth pride. Respect the Providence who now doth

prostrate me at thy feet. Do not show thyself insensible and pitiless as the rock, to which the drowning man, with failing breath and outstretched arms, doth cling. My life, my entire destiny, depend upon my words and the power of my tears. Inspire my heart, teach me to move, to touch thine own. Thou turnest such icy looks upon me, that my soul doth sink within me, my grief parches my lips, and a cold shudder renders my entreaties mute. [Rises.]

Eliz.—(*Coldly*)—What wouldst thou say to me? thou didst seek converse with me. Forgetting that I am an outraged sovereign, I honor thee with my royal presence. 'Tis in obedience to a generous impulse that I incur the reproach of having sacrificed my dignity.

Mary—How can I express myself? how shall I so choose every word that it may penetrate, without irritating, thy heart? God of mercy! aid my lips, and banish from them whatever may offend my sister! I cannot relate to thee my woes without appearing to accuse thee, and this is not my wish. Towards me thou hast been neither merciful nor just. I am thine equal, and yet thou hast made me a prisoner, a suppliant, and a fugitive. I turned to thee for aid, and thou, trampling on the rights of nations and of hospitality, hast immured me in a living tomb! Thou hast abandoned me to the most shameful need, and finally exposed me to the ignominy of a trial! But, no more of the past; we are now face to face. Display the goodness of thy heart; tell me the crimes of which I am accused! Wherefore didst thou not grant me this friendly audience when I so eagerly desired it? Years of misery would have been spared me, and this painful interview would not have occurred in this abode of gloom and horror.

Eliz.—Accuse not fate, but thine own wayward soul

and the unreasonable ambition of thy house. There was no quarrel between us until thy most worthy ally inspired thee with the mad and rash desire to claim for thyself the royal titles and my throne! Not satisfied with this, he then urged thee to make war against me, to threaten my crown and my life. Amidst the peace which reigned in my dominions, he fraudulently excited my subjects to revolt. But heaven doth protect me, and the attempt was abandoned in despair. The blow was aimed at my head, but 't is on thine that it will fall.

Mary—I am in the hand of my God, but thou wilt not exceed thy power by committing a deed so atrocious?

Eliz.—What could prevent me? Thy kinsman has shown monarchs how to make peace with their enemies! Who would be surety for thee if, imprudently, I were to release thee? How can I rely on thy pledged faith? Nought but my power renders me secure. No! there can be no friendship with a race of vipers.

Mary—Are these thy dark suspicions? To thine eyes, then, I have ever seemed a stranger and an enemy. If thou hadst but recognized me as heiress to thy throne—as is my lawful right—love, friendship, would have made me thy friend—thy sister.

Eliz.—What affection hast thou that is not feigned? I declare thee heiress to my throne! Insidious treachery! In order, forsooth, to overturn the state, and—wily Armida that thou art—entrap within thy snares all the youthful spirits of my kingdom, so that during my own lifetime all eyes would turn towards thee—the new constellation!

Mary—Reign on in peace! I renounce all right to thy sceptre. The wings of my ambition have long drooped, and greatness has no longer charms for me. 'Tis thou who hast it all; I am now only the shade of Mary

Stuart! My pristine ardor has been subdued by the ignominy of my chains. Thou hast nipped my existence in the bud. But pronounce those magnanimous words for which thou cam'st hither; for I will not believe that thou art come to enjoy the base delight of insulting thy victim! Pronounce the words so longed for, and say, "Mary, thou art free! Till now thou hast known only my power; now know my greatness." Woe to thee, shouldst thou not depart from me propitious, beneficent, like an invoked Deity. O sister! not for all England, not for all the lands the vast ocean embraces, would I present myself to thee with the inexorable aspect with which thou now regardest me.

Eliz.—At length thou confessest thyself vanquished! Hast thou emptied thy quiver of the artifices it contained? Hast thou no more assassins? Does there not remain to thee one single hero to undertake in thy defence the duties of knight-errant? Gone, Mary, gone forever are those days. Thou canst no longer seduce a follower of mine; other causes now inflame men's hearts. In vain didst thou seek a fourth husband among my English subjects; they knew too well that thou murderedst thy husbands, as thou dost thy lovers.

Mary—(*Shuddering*)—O heavens! sister! Grant me resignation.

Eliz.—(*To LEICESTER, with contempt*)—Earl, are these the boasted features, on which no mortal eye could gaze with safety? Is this the beauty to which no other woman's could be compared? In sooth, the reputation appears to have been easily won. To be thus celebrated as the reigning beauty of the universe seems merely to infer that she has been universal in the distribution of her favors.

Mary—Ah, 't is too much!

Eliz.—(*With a smile of satisfaction*)—Now thou showest thyself in thine own form. Till now thou hast worn a mask.

Mary—(*With dignified pride*)—They were mere human errors that overcame my youth. My grandeur dazzled me. I have nought to conceal, nor deny my faults; my pride has ever disdained the base artifices of vile intriguers. The worst I ever did is known, and I may boast myself far better than my reputation. But woe to thee, thou malignant hypocrite, if thou ever lettest fall the mantle beneath which thou concealest thy shameless amours! Thou, the daughter of Anne Boleyn, hast not inherited virtue! The causes that brought thy sinful mother to the block are known to all.

Tal.—(*Stepping between them*)—Is this, O Mary, thine endurance? Is this thy humility?

Mary—Endurance? I have endured all that a mortal heart can bear. Hence, abject humility! Insulted patience, get ye from my heart! And thou, my long pent-up indignation, break thy bonds, and burst forth from thy lair! Oh, Thou gavest to the angry serpent his deadly glance; arm my tongue with poisonous stings.

Tal.—(*To ELIZABETH*)—Forgive the angry transports which thou hast thyself provoked.

Lei.—(*Inducing ELIZABETH to withdraw*)—Hear not the ravings of a distracted woman. Leave this ill—

Mary—The throne of England is profaned by a base-born—the British nation is duped by a vile pretender! If right did prevail, thou wouldst be grovelling at my feet, for 'tis I who am thy sovereign. (*ELIZABETH retires. LEICESTER and TALBOT follow.*) She departs, burning with rage, and with bitterness of death at heart. Now happy I am! I have degraded her in Leicester's presence. At last! at last! After long years of insult and contumely, I have at least enjoyed a season of triumph and revenge.—Adapted by J. HOWARD GORE.

COOL REASON.

EXTRACT FROM "THE RIVALS."

CHARACTERS.

FAG.
CAPTAIN ABSOLUTE.ACRES.
SIR ANTHONY ABSOLUTE.

FAG—Sir, there is a gentleman below desires to see you—Shall I show him into the parlor?

Capt. Absolute—Ay—you may.

Acres—Well, I must be gone—

Capt. A.—Stay ; who is it, Fag?

Fag—Your father, sir.

Capt. A.—You puppy, why didn't you show him up directly? [*Exit FAG.*]

Acres—You have business with Sir Anthony.—I expect a message from Mrs. Malaprop, at my lodgings. I have sent also to my dear friend, Sir Lucius O'Trigger.—Adieu, Jack, we must meet at night, when you shall give me a dozen bumpers to little Lydia. [*Exit.*]

Capt. A.—That I will, with all my heart. Now for a parental lecture—I hope he has heard nothing of the business that has brought me here—I wish the gout had held him fast in Devonshire, with all my soul!

Enter SIR ANTHONY.

Sir, I am delighted to see you here, and looking so well!—your sudden arrival at Bath made me apprehensive for your health.

Sir Anthony—Very apprehensive, I dare say, Jack.—What, you are recruiting here, hey?

Capt. A.—Yes, sir; I am on duty.

Sir A.—Well, Jack, I am glad to see you, though I did not expect it; for I was going to write to you on a little matter of business. Jack, I have been considering

that I grow old and infirm, and shall probably not trouble you long.

Capt. A.—Pardon me, sir, I never saw you look more strong and hearty, and I pray fervently that you may continue so.

Sir A.—I hope your prayers may be heard, with all my heart. Now, Jack, I am sensible that the income of your commission, and what I have hitherto allowed you, is but a small pittance for a lad of your spirit.

Capt. A.—Sir, you are very good.

Sir A.—And it is my wish, while yet I live, to have my boy make some figure in the world.—I have resolved, therefore, to fix you at once in a noble independence.

Capt. A.—Sir, your kindness overpowers me.—Yet, sir, I presume you would not wish me to quit the army?

Sir A.—Oh! that shall be as your wife chooses.

Capt. A.—My wife, sir!

Sir A.—Ay, ay, settle that between you—settle that between you.

Capt. A.—A wife, sir, did you say?

Sir A.—Ay, a wife—why, did not I mention her before?

Capt. A.—Not a word of her, sir.

Sir A.—Odd so! I must n't forget her, though—Yes, Jack, the independence I was talking of, is by a marriage—the fortune is saddled with a wife—but I suppose that makes no difference?

Capt. A.—Sir! sir! you amaze me!

Sir A.—Why, what's the matter with the fool? Just now you were all gratitude and duty.

Capt. A.—I was, sir,—you talked to me of independence and a fortune, but not a word of a wife.

Sir A.—Why—what difference does that make? Odds life, sir! if you have the estate, you must take it with the live stock on it, as it stands.

Capt. A.—Pray, sir, who is the lady?

Sir A.—What's that to you, sir?—Come, give me your promise to love, and to marry her directly.

Capt. A.—Sure, sir, this is not very reasonable, to summon my affections for a lady I know nothing of!

Sir A.—I am sure, sir, 't is more unreasonable in you to object to a lady you know nothing of.

Capt. A.—You must excuse me, sir, if I tell you, once for all, that in this point I cannot obey you.

Sir A.—Harkye, Jack!—I have heard you for some time with patience—I have been cool—quite cool; but take care—you know I am compliance itself—when I am not thwarted; no one more easily led—when I have my own way;—but do n't put me in a frenzy.

Capt. A.—Sir, I must repeat it—in this, I cannot obey you.

Sir A.—Now, hang me if ever I call you Jack again while I live!

Capt. A.—Nay, sir, but hear me.

Sir A.—Sir, I won't hear a word—not a word! not one word! so give me your promise by a nod—and I'll tell you what, Jack—I mean, you dog—if you do n't—

Capt. A.—What, sir, promise to link myself to some mass of ugliness?

Sir A.—Zounds! Sirrah! the lady shall be as ugly as I choose: she shall have a hump on each shoulder; she shall be as crooked as the Crescent; her one eye shall roll like the bull's in Cox's Museum—she shall have a skin like a mummy, and the beard of a Jew—she shall be all this, sirrah!—yet I'll make you ogle her all day, and sit up all night to write sonnets on her beauty.

Capt. A.—This is reason and moderation indeed!

Sir A.—None of your sneering, puppy! no grinning, jackanapes!

Capt. A.—Indeed, sir, I never was in a worse humor for mirth in my life.

Sir A.—'Tis false, sir; I know you are laughing in your sleeve; I know you'll grin when I am gone, sirrah!

Capt. A.—Sir, I hope I know my duty better.

Sir A.—None of your passion, sir! none of your violence, if you please—it won't do with me, I promise you.

Capt. A.—Indeed, sir, I never was cooler in my life.

Sir A.—'Tis a confounded lie!—I know you are in a passion in your heart; I know you are, you hypocritical young dog—but it won't do.

Capt. A.—Nay, sir, upon my word—

Sir A.—So, you will fly out! Can't you be cool, like me?—What good can passion do?—Passion is of no service, you impudent, insolent, overbearing reprobate!—There, you sneer again!—don't provoke me! but you rely upon the mildness of my temper—you do, you dog! you play upon the meekness of my disposition! Yet take care—the patience of a saint may be overcome at last!—But mark!—I give you six hours and a half to consider of this: if you then agree, without any condition, to do everything on earth that I choose, whv—confound you, I may in time forgive you—If not, zounds! don't enter the same hemisphere with me! don't dare to breathe the same air, or use the same light with me, but get an atmosphere and a sun of your own! I'll strip you of your commission; I'll lodge a five-and-threepence in the hands of trustees, and you shall live on the interest. I'll disown you, I'll disinherit you, I'll unget you! and hang you if ever I call you Jack again! [*Exit.*]

Capt. A.—Mild, gentle, considerate father! I kiss your hands.—SHERIDAN.

WASHINGTON.

TABLEAU I. [WASHINGTON.]

THE STAGE is arranged as a kitchen.—There are two benches to the right and left, upon them two tubs, and behind the tubs two women, dressed as Irish girls. One is rubbing a piece of cloth on the board, and the other wringing out a piece. In the background is another girl, carrying a basket of clothes out of the room. In the centre of the stage, between the benches, is a little girl, with a small tub and bench, washing, with a face of grave earnestness, a doll-baby's frock.

TABLEAU II. [TON.]

The scene is a parlor, handsomely furnished.—Rising from a sofa is a lady, dressed in a rich *négligé*, receiving two callers, whose walking-dress should be in the height of the prevailing fashion. A footman is leaving the room.

TABLEAU III. [WASHINGTON.]

This tableau, if arranged with taste, is very beautiful and effective. In the background, the middle, stands a high sideboard, upon which is a bust of Washington. Over it is draped a flag, the stars and stripes. Upon two chairs, one on each side of the sideboard, which should be covered with drapery, are two little girls, dressed in white, with blue rosettes and crimson sashes, who hold above the head of Washington a laurel wreath. In the foreground, two soldiers, in the Continental uniform, present arms to the conqueror.

The uniforms and bust can, if not owned by the per-

formers, be hired at a very trifling expense. This tableau is very effective, if well grouped.

"Hail, Columbia," or "The Star-spangled Banner," played slowly, adds very much to the effect.

From "THE PARLOR STAGE."



A HARD SHAVE.



ONE GENTLEMAN.

THIS tableau is represented by one gentleman, who is seated on a stool in the centre of the stage, at a small table. On the table is a small mirror leaning against a broken pitcher, and shaving materials. He is seated with his left side towards the audience, and looking towards the right at the glass. He should be in his shirt-sleeves, his chin covered with lather, his right hand with the razor just shaving the soap off, while his face wears an expression of great pain. He should have his right shirt-sleeve turned up, his left hand resting on his knee.

The effect depends upon the comic expression produced by the actor, and may be made very laughable. Music lively.—From "HOME RECREATIONS."

THE END.

B

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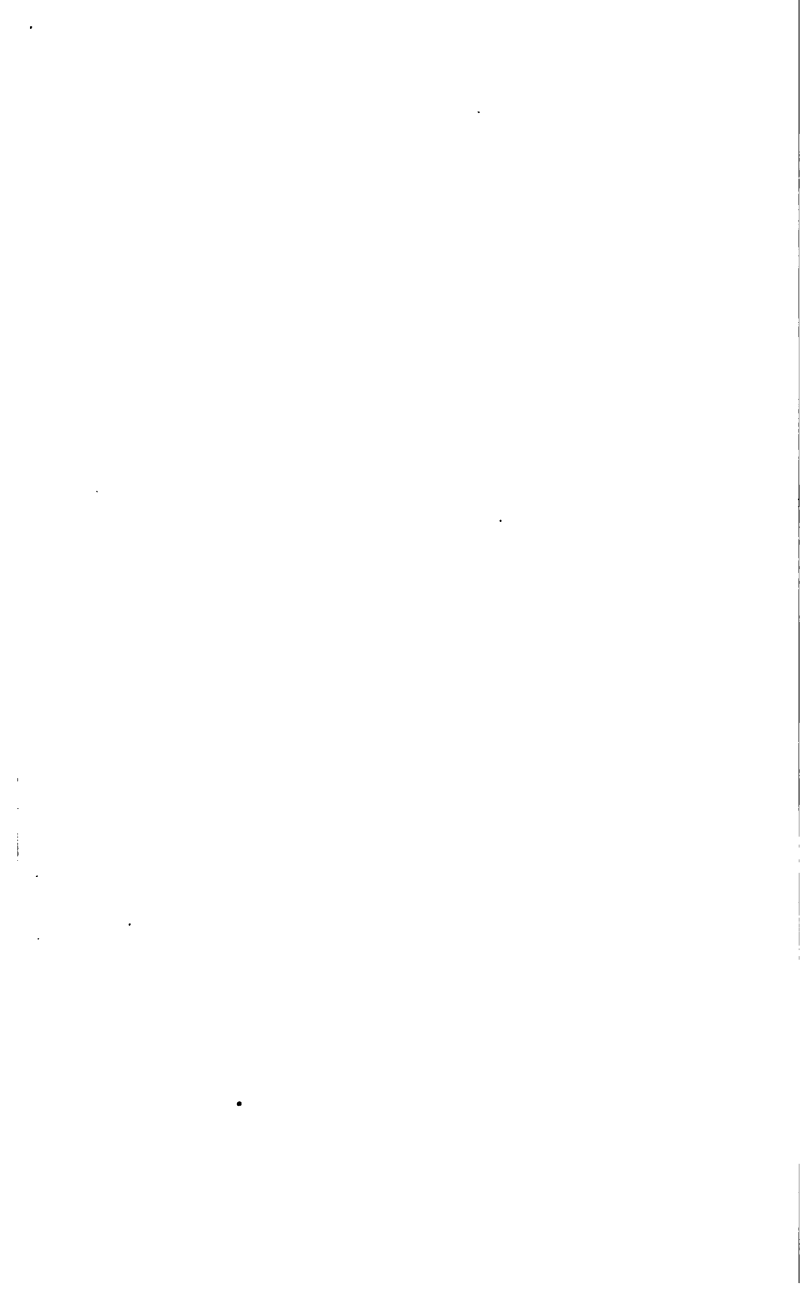
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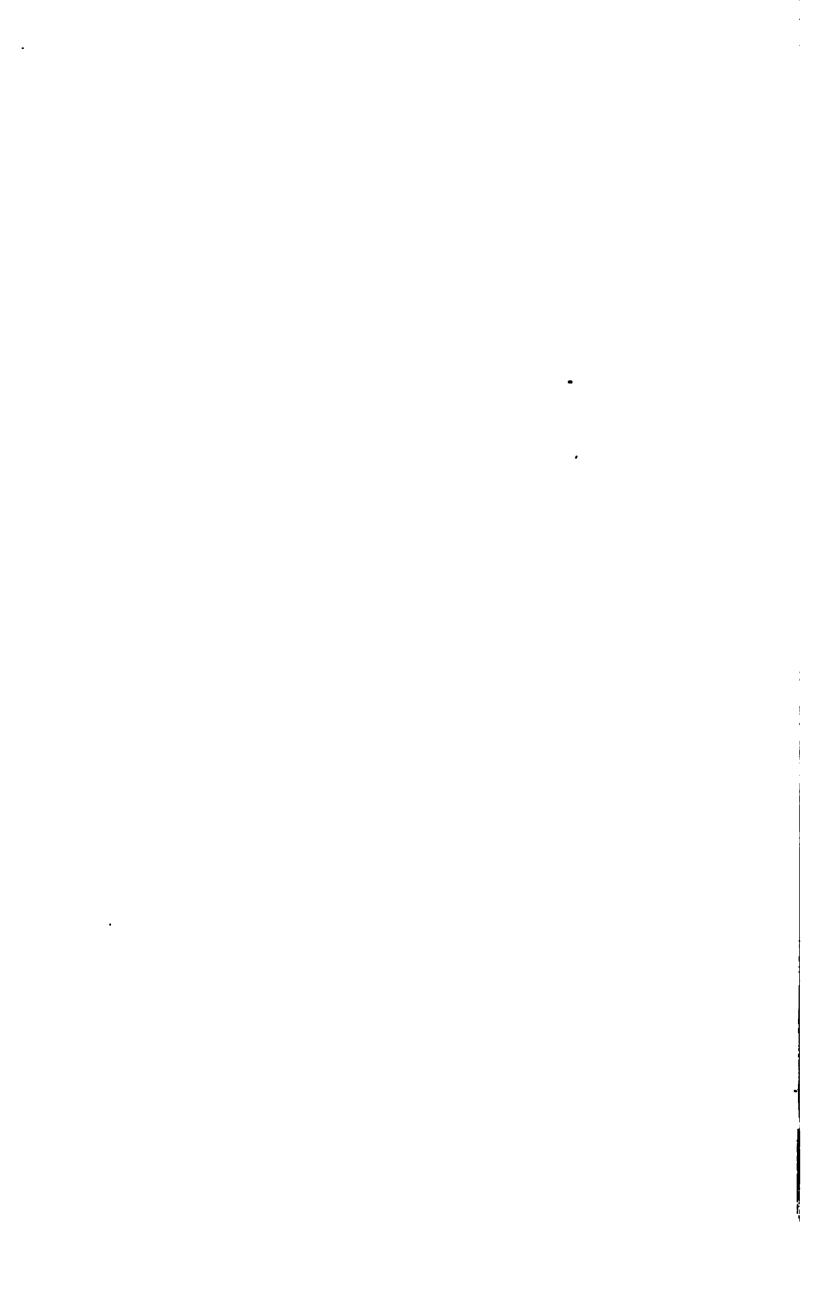
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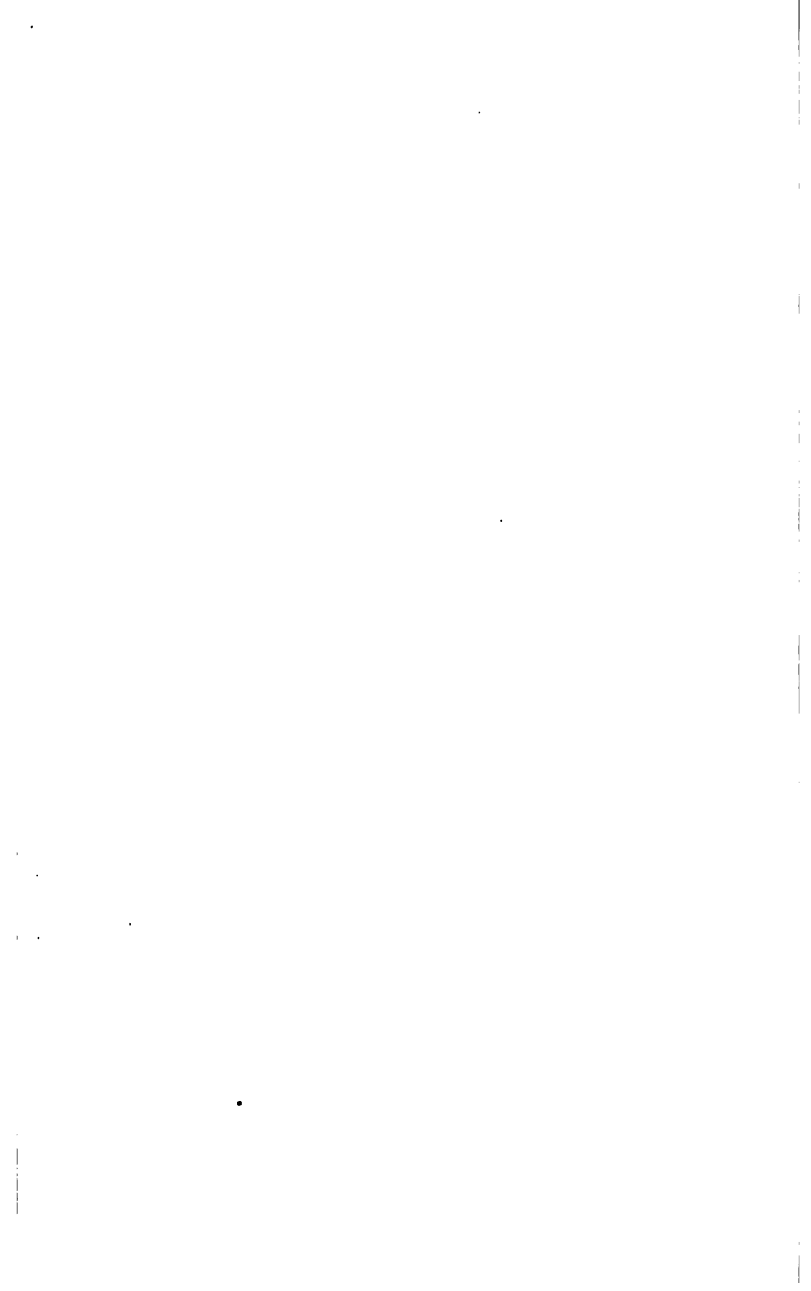


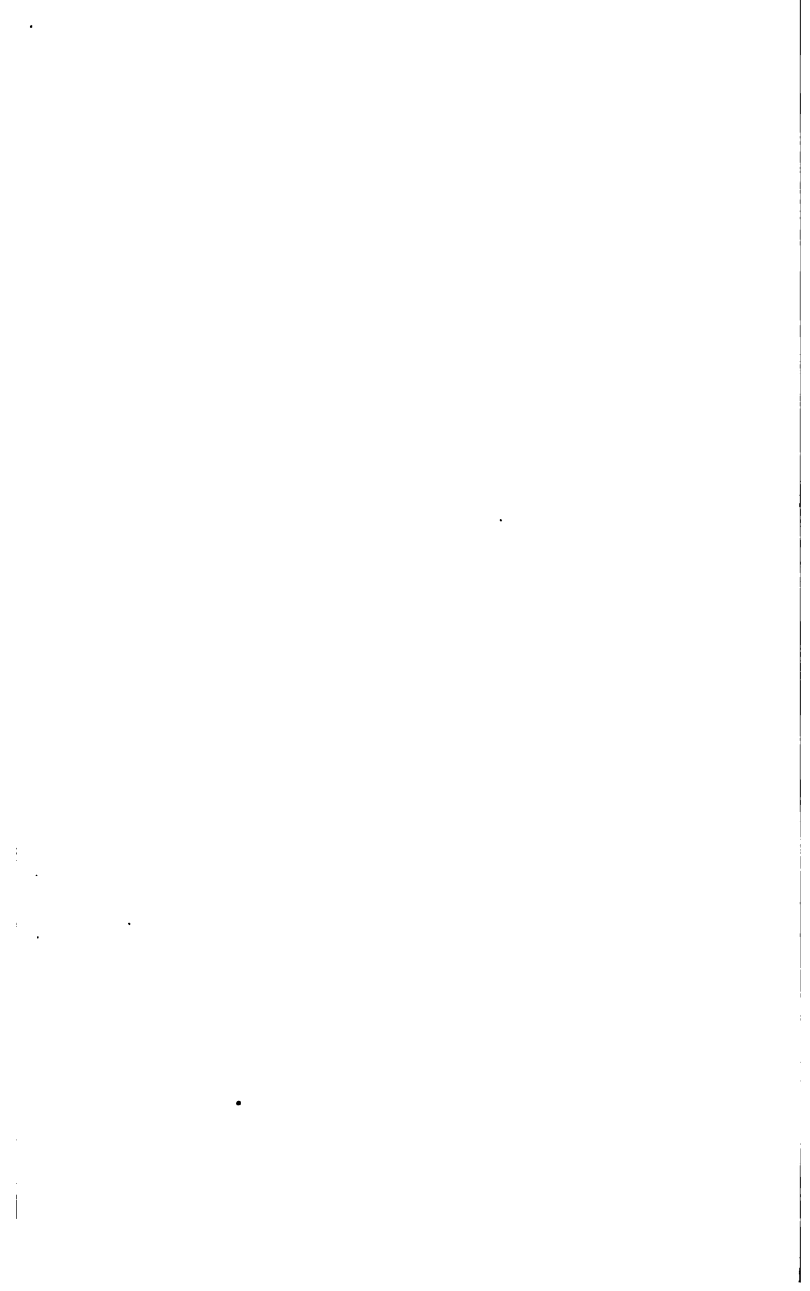


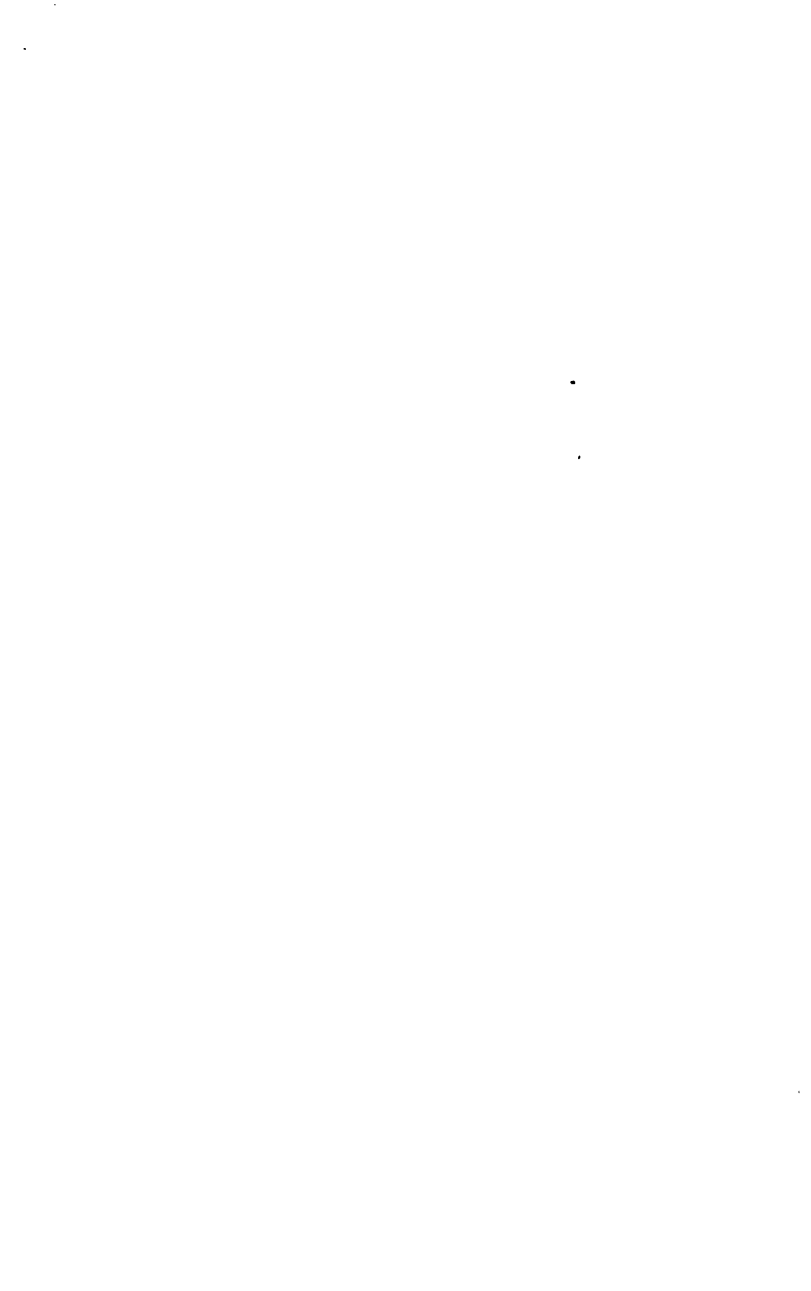














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